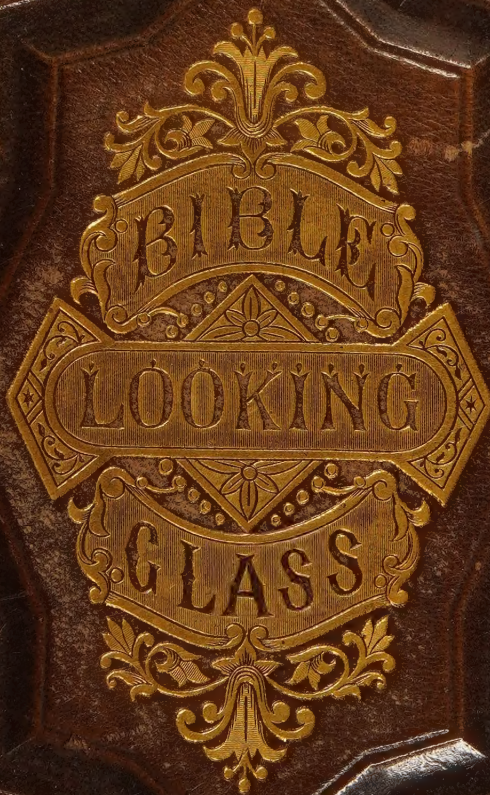
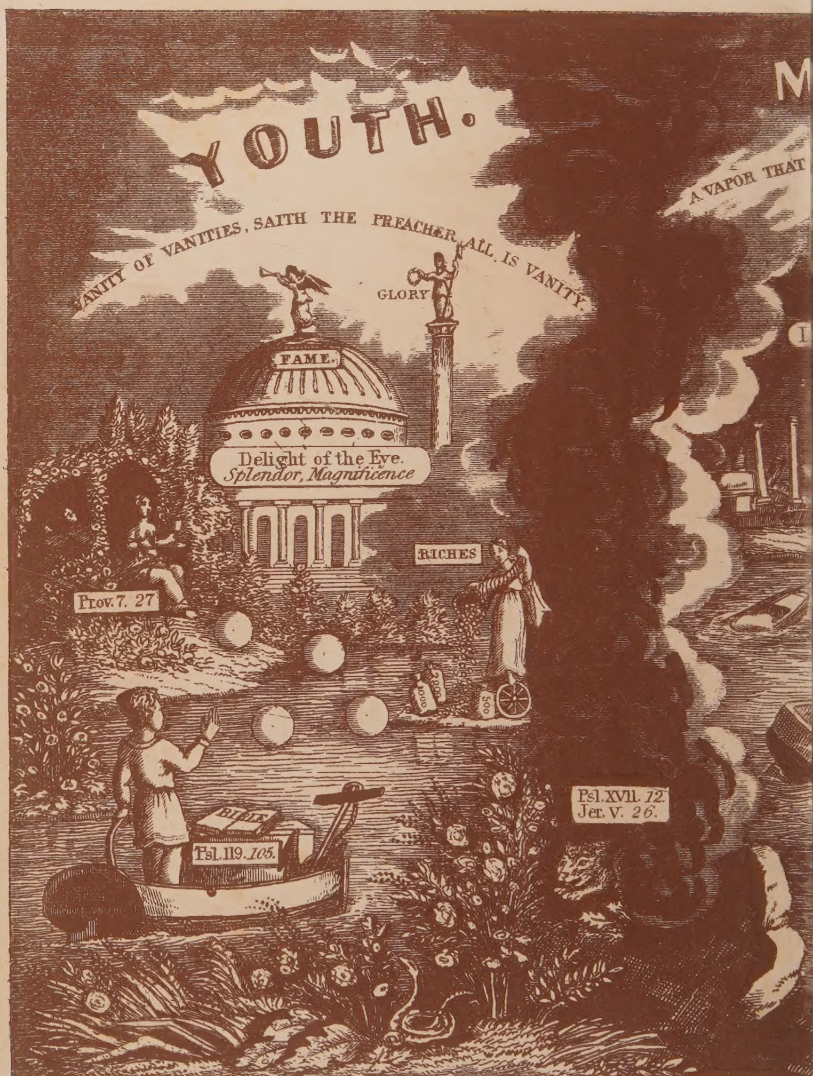






Designed & Eng'd by J.W. Barber.

The Voyage

YOUTH begins "Life's Voyage" mid flowery scenes:— dangers lurk around: For Guide-book he safely makes his passage:— MANHOOD sees youthful visions pass: laden with Infirmities, with shattered bark passes into the sea unknown; shor

HOOD.

TH... THEN VANISHETH AWAY. Jam IV 4.
VEKATION OF SPIRIT. Eccl 2 11

OLD AGE.

Rev 11 7

the Righteous
into Life Eternal
Matt. XXV. 46

James IV. 1.

Eccl 2 22 23.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

CARES

CARES

THOU HAST APPOINTED HIS BOUNDS HIS DAYS ARE DETERMINED.
THAT HE CANNOT PASS Job 12 4

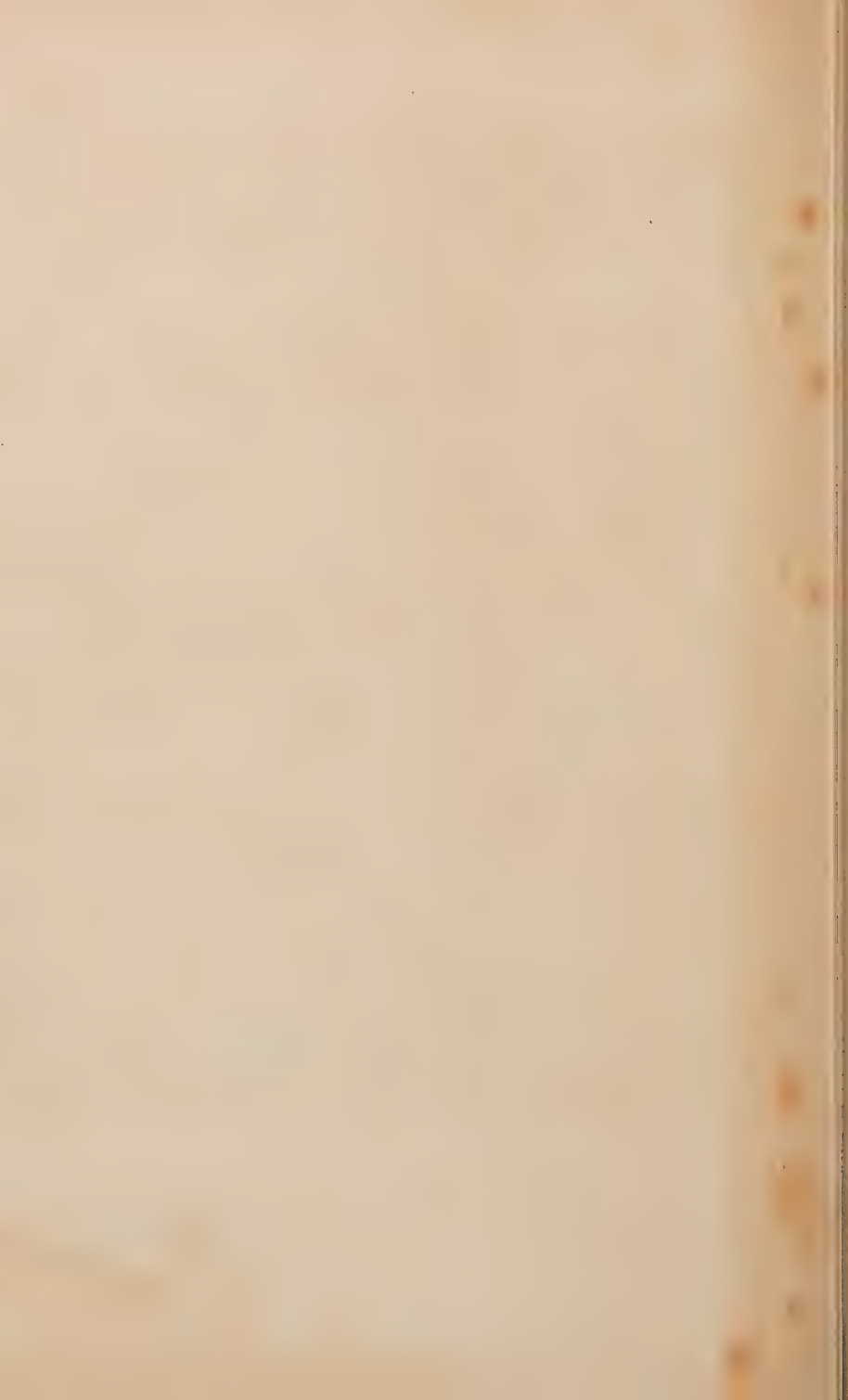
The Wicked
to whom is reserved
the blackness of dark-
ness forever.
Jude 13.

Psl 90
10.

INFIRM-
ITIES.

of Human Life.

bubbles float before him: Pleasure, Riches, Fame &c. tempt him aside, but if he heeds the divine
and guides his loaded bark through breakers, storms & floods- OLD AGE totters with wasting years
homeless, eternal, to sink in deepest night, or rise to endless, blissful, glorious day!



THE
BIBLE
LOOKING GLASS:

REFLECTOR, COMPANION AND GUIDE TO THE GREAT TRUTHS
OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, AND ILLUSTRATING THE
DIVERSITIES OF HUMAN CHARACTER, AND THE
QUALITIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

CONSISTING OF SIX BOOKS IN TWO PARTS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY OBJECT TEACHING PICTURES
Showing the PAIN and MISERY resulting from VICE, and the
PEACE and HAPPINESS arising from VIRTUE.

By JOHN W. BARBER and OTHERS.

PART A.

Religious Emblems — Religious Allegories — Christian Pilgrim.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, No. 66 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
WILLIAM GARRETSON & CO.,
GALESBURG, ILL., COLUMBUS, OHIO, NASHVILLE, TENN., HOUSTON, TEXAS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1874.

1866

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXVI,

By JOHN W. BARBER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

BIBLE LOOKING GLASS.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE leading features of this work, so far as the writer of this preface is concerned, were planned in his youthful days. From early childhood he was strongly attracted and impressed by pictorial representations, and passed much time in making pen-and-ink drawings of such objects as arrested his attention. This inclination increased with his years, but it received only a limited encouragement, and on some occasions its exercise was forbidden as a waste of time.

In the year 1812, when he was about fourteen, he was sent to live with Mr. A. Reed,* of East Windsor (now South Windsor), Connecticut, to learn the art of engraving. Having served his seven years of apprenticeship, he returned to his native place, in Windsor, three miles north of Hartford, to live with his widowed mother, then in depressed circumstances. As there appeared to be no opening for his business, he was, for a time, quite uncertain what would be his occupation for the future. He, however, felt a confidence that the Divine Being, whom he was trying to serve, would supply every thing needful and direct him to the course he should pursue. In this hope and expectation, in a life began in the last century and already expanded to nearly three-score years and ten, he has not been disappointed.

Nearly half a century since, the writer began in a small way as author and publisher. His first attempt in this branch of business was in the year 1819, and was of the pictorial kind. It was a series of wood-cuts, printed on a half-sheet of printing paper, representing the *Christian Pilgrim* on his

*The writer has ever considered it a favorable circumstance that he become a member of the family of Deacon Abner Reed, where Christian rules were adopted, and where its heads felt an interest in the religious welfare of those under their charge. Mr. Reed died in Toledo, Ohio, in 1866, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. He was remarkable for his cheerfulness through all the vicissitudes of life which he experienced.

journey from the city of Destruction to the New Jerusalem. It was entitled, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Exhibited in a Metamorphosis, or a Transformation of Pictures." The print was folded up in the form of a book, and the Pilgrim's course, in the different stages of his journey, shown by lifting parts of a divided leaf downward or upward.

The next publication was issued in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1822, and was entitled, "*A Miniature of the World in the Nineteenth Century.*" The original design for this engraving was made in 1816, when the author was eighteen years of age, and is, in fact, an epitome of the work now in the hands of the reader. A book, also at about that time, was projected, combining the essential features of the present volume, under the title of *Looking-Glass*.

The above-mentioned print, in which the broad road to destruction and the narrow path of life are depicted, the author has been assured, has been the means, under God, of turning several from the wicked course to the path of life. Facts like this show that the Almighty can do a great work by the use of means which may be considered as feeble. It also convinces the author that he has not mistaken his calling.

An EMBLEM is a figure or figures which represent one thing to the eye, while at the same time it suggests another to the understanding. By this method, moral and religious truth has been forcibly illustrated. It has been truly said, "Nothing gives greater pleasure than ALLEGORY, when the representative subject bears a strong analogy, in all its circumstances, to that which is represented." To produce this result, every thing faint, obscure, or far-fetched must be avoided. A SIMILITUDE is a likeness of one thing to another. The numerous pictures in this volume were designed and drawn by the author, and many of them engraved by him personally.

Those parts of this work with which the writer is most particularly concerned, were issued at different periods. The first, the *Religious Emblems*, was published in 1846; the *Religious Allegories*, a few years afterward. The pictorial part of each Emblem and Allegory was drawn off, and the accompanying matter written by the Rev. Wm. Holmes.

The exclusive right to circulate the two united works—Emblems and Allegories—was purchased by Mr. Henry Howe, of Cincinnati, and it at once attained large sales. The third of these emblematic works, the CHRISTIAN SIMILITUDES, was first published in 1860, by the author, at New Haven, Connecticut. It is herein revised from the first edition. The CHRISTIAN PILGRIM is a condensed account of the Pilgrim's Progress, with explanatory

notes, for which the author is largely indebted to Dr. Scott, the commentator.

A peculiar feature, in this combined collection of all these works, is the arrangement, around each of the engravings, of Bible texts, answering to the marginal references used in large Bibles. It appears in none of the previous editions, and is, as the author conceives, a useful original invention of his, to more fully illustrate the subjects depicted, and to lead the reader to obey the Divine injunction, "to search the Scriptures."

The plan of combining these four emblematical works in one volume was suggested by Mr. Howe several years since. The form was also suggested by him, and, although rather antique, it will be found convenient to the reader and in the shape in which it will be transmitted to posterity. The fifth book, the "SUNDAY BOOK," by Mr. Howe himself, and also a sixth, "GRAY'S ELEGY," illustrated, are annexed for the sake of variety.

Judging from the time these emblematic works have been before the public, and the approval they have received from Christians of all denominations, their adaptation to all classes, and especially from the BIBLE TRUTHS they exhibit, it is believed they will be read with pleasure and profit long after we have left these mortal scenes. We feel in some measure the responsibility of circulating and explaining the Truth of God to those around us, and we hope that hereafter, at the final summing up of all things, it will be made to appear that we have not lived in vain.

JOHN WARNER BARBER.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

 For "A Few Words from the Publisher," see PART B.

RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS:

BEING A SERIES OF

EMBLEMATIC ENGRAVINGS,

WITH WRITTEN EXPLANATIONS, MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS,
AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS,

DESIGNED

TO ILLUSTRATE DIVINE TRUTH,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY.



"I have used similitudes." HOSEA, XII : 10.



BY WILLIAM HOLMES,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL; AND

JOHN W. BARBER,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS WORKS.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, No. 66 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

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RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
607 Sansom Street.

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JOHN,
Chap. xiv :
verse 6.

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verse 37.

PSALM
xix :
verse 8.



NEHEMIAH,
Chap. ix :
verses 13, 14.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. xxiii :
verse 32.

EZEKIEL,
Chap. xiii :
verses 10, 11

EPHESIANS,
Chap. iv :
verse 14.

TRUE AND FALSE PRINCIPLES.

*But the word of the Lord endureth forever. 1 Pet. i: 25.—
Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass
away. Matt. xxiv: 35.*

'T is thus amid the arctic regions, rise,
The Iceberg's turrets glittering in the skies,
Like some cathedral Gothic built, it rides,
Borne by the winds, and ever-shifting tides:
All shapes fantastic soon the phantom wears,
A palace now, and now a ship appears:
At length it drifts toward some southern shore,

When, lo! 't is vanish'd, and is seen no more.
Not as the Rock that rears its ancient head,
Its deep foundations laid in ocean's bed;
All change resists, unalter'd is its form.
Amid the sunshine, and amid the storm,
Unmoved it stands, and still 't will stand secure,
Long as the moon, and as the sun endure.

The Iceberg lifts its towering summit to the clouds, sparkling and dazzling like a group of temples overlaid with silver. Its crystalline magnificence is bewildering; it forms one of the most splendid objects that the mar-

iner meets with in the northern seas, and at the same time one of the most dangerous. It is a floating mass without foundation; winds, waves, and currents bear it along in all directions. It assumes the most fantastic shapes imaginable; sometimes it looks like mountains piled on mountains; then temples, palaces, and ships are seen by turns; then again cathedrals, of every order of architecture, appear to the eye of the wondering beholder. After awhile it drifts out of the high latitudes into milder climes. It is carried toward the southern shores; the sun pours its burning rays upon the mammoth temple; turret after turret, spire after spire disappear, until the whole has dissolved. Its glory has departed.

How very different is the nature and destiny of the Rock that is seen lifting its time-worn head above the surrounding waves! It is probably as old as time itself; it retains its ancient position; its foundations take hold of the world; it is marked in the charts, men always know where to find it, and are therefore not endangered by it. Changing the form of the element that surrounds it, itself unchanged, the summer's sun and winter's storm alike pass harmlessly by it. It is one of the everlasting hills, it must abide forever.

The engraving is an emblem of True and False Principles. False principles are represented by the Iceberg. Like the iceberg, they are without a foundation; however spacious, brilliant,

and fascinating their appearance, they have no solidity. Like it, too, they are ever-changing; their form receives its various impressions from the ever-fluctuating speculations of mankind, and from the power and influence of the *times*. Like it, they are cold and cheerless to the soul, nipping all its budding prospects, cramping all its mighty powers. Like the iceberg, also, false principles will melt away before the burning sun of truth, and pass into oblivion. *It will not do to trust in them.* Who would make a dwelling-house of the transitory iceberg?

It is not so with true principles; although they may appear somewhat homely at first sight, yet the more they are contemplated the more they will be admired. Like the Rock, their foundations are laid broad and deep. The principles of truth rest on the throne of God; they are as ancient as eternity. Like the Rock, they may always be found. Are they not written in the *Holy Bible*? Like their Author, they are without variableness or shadow of turning; for,

"Firm as a Rock, God's Truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move."

Semper idem—"Always the same"—is their motto. Like the Rock of Ages, true principles live when time shall be no more. As are the principles, so are all who trust in them, for "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

EXODUS,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 6.

PSALM
xv:
verse 2.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xii:
verse 17.

DANIEL,
Chap iv:
verse 37.



1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 22.

JOHN,
Chap. iv:
verse 24.

JOHN,
Chap. xvii:
verse 17.

JOHN,
Chap. iii:
verse 18.

TRUTH.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? He that speaketh truth in his heart. Ps. iv: 23.—Thy word is Truth. John xvii: 17.

TRUTH, glorious truth, of heavenly birth and fair,
In simple majesty array'd, is there;
Her right hand holds the faithful mirror clear,
Where all things open as the light appear:
Her left, upon the sacred page reclines,
Where unadulterate truth resplendent shines:
The world's false mask she tramples down with
scorn,
Adorn'd the most, when she would least adorn.
As her own temple on the margin seen,

Stands forth reflected on the silver stream;
So what by her is thought, or said, or done,
Appears conspicuous as the noonday sun;
Truth is the image of our God above,
That shines reflected in his sea of love.
All hail, bless'd Truth! thou daughter of the
skies,
Reign thou on earth, and bid earth's sons arise;
Bid Virtue lead, and Justice hold the scale,
For thou art mighty, and wilt soon prevail.

Truth is represented in the person of an artless female. She is attired with simplicity. In her right hand she holds a mirror. As the mirror reflects objects that pass before it as they are, without addition, alteration, or diminution, so Truth presents every thing just as it is. The left hand rests on the Holy Bible. This is to show that it is from thence she derives the principles which regulate her conduct, the source of unadulterated truth to mankind. She is seen trampling a mask beneath her feet. It is the mask of hypocrisy, which she rejects with scorn, as being utterly at variance with her principles and feelings. In the background stands the

Temple of Truth, the image of which is plainly reflected by the clear, placid stream that glides before it.

Truth, in an evangelical sense, is all-important. It alone will give character to an individual, more than all other qualities put together. It is of itself a rich inheritance, of more worth than mines of silver and gold. It is more ennobling than the highest titles conferred by princes. Every body loves to be respected, but an individual to be loved and respected must be *known*. He only can be *known* who speaks the truth from his heart, and acts the truth in his life. We may guess at others, but as we do not know we can not respect them, for like pirates they oftentimes sail under false colors.

"Nothing is beautiful except Truth," is a maxim of the French, although it has been most deplorably neglected. Nevertheless, the sentiment is correct. Truth is glorious wherever found; Jesus, who is "*the truth*," is the altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand. Truth is the glory of youth, and the diadem of the aged. But Truth is *essential* to happiness, both in this world and also in the next. For "what man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days that he may see good? Keep thy *tongue* from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Lord, who shall dwell in thy holy hill! He that "speaketh the truth." It is related of Cyrus, that, when asked what was the first thing

he learned, he replied, "*To tell the truth*." Cyrus must have been very fortunate in having such good instructors. Lord Chesterfield would have instructed him differently.

In the days of Daniel (as the tradition says) the wise men were ordered by the king to declare what was the strongest thing on earth. Each man brought in his answers; one said *wine* was the strongest, another mentioned *women*; Daniel declared that TRUTH was the most powerful, which answer pleased the king, and the palm of victory was decreed to Daniel.

"Seize, then, on truth where'er 't is found,
Among your friends, among your foes;
On Christian, or on heathen ground,
The plant's divine where'er it grows."

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man. *Prov. iii: 3.*

The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment. *Prov. xii: 19.*

Buy the truth and sell it not. *Prov. xii: 23.* Lie not against the truth. *James iii: 11.* Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth. *Zech. viii: 16.*

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight. *Prov. xii: 23.*

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xiii:
verse 6.

HEBREWS

Chap. vi:
verse 19.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xiii:
verse 7.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xiii:
verse 13.



AMOS,
Chap. xi:
verse 4.

COLOSSIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 2.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 3.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 19.

SYMBOLS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Till we all come in the unity of the Faith. Ephes. iv: 13.

SEE on the right, all-glorious, *Hope* doth stand,
And gives to heavenly *Truth* the plighted hand;
With Seraph's wings outspread, *Love* stands be-
tween;

And binds their hearts with his celestial chain.
These are *Faith's* emblems: these its Parents
three;
To produce Faith, *Hope*, *Truth*, and *Love* agree.

Christian Faith is represented by a union of Truth, Hope, and Love. The hope of heaven is represented by the Apostle Paul as the anchor of the soul, consequently Hope is usually depicted leaning on an anchor. She holds Truth by the hand, showing that they must be in close alliance. Truth holds in her hand the Holy Bible as a mirror, whereby sinful men can see the deformity of their hearts. With her right hand she receives the

overtures of Hope; she tramples under her feet the *mask* of Hypocrisy; simple and unadorned, she rejects the cloak of dissimulation, and casts aside all concealment. Love holds the middle place, and strengthens the union subsisting between Hope and Truth. Divine Love is drawn with wings to represent her heavenly origin.

Faith is both created and preserved by Hope, Truth, and Love. This

triad constitutes its efficient cause. Truth is indeed the mother of Faith. Hope assists in its creation, by its expectations and desires; Love nourishes and reconciles, and thus contributes to lay a foundation for Faith.

True faith, as represented in the Scriptures, is always connected with a "good hope through grace." The truths of God's Word form the only proper objects for its exercise. Without Love there can be no good works, and "without works faith is dead." Christian Faith, as described above, is distinguished from the faith of devils, who are said to "believe and tremble" because they have no *hope*; and from the faith of wicked men, who "*love* not the Lord Jesus Christ," and who are consequently "accursed;" and from the faith of the carnal professor, who has sold the *truth* and has pleasure in unrighteousness.

The proper use of faith is to bring us to God, to enable us to obtain the promises contained in the word or truth of God. If Christ had not been moved by *love*, he would not have suffered; if he had not suffered, we should have had no promise of pardon; if we had no promises, we should have no *hope*; if we have no hope, we shall have no saving *faith* in the mercy of God. Christ is set forth a refuge for sinners; he saves all who flee for refuge to the *hope* set before them; but those only who believe in him, flee to him. Faith, then, is an

instrument of salvation; "by grace are ye saved through Faith."

The sinner hears, and gives credence to the Faith of God; the terrors of the Almighty take fast hold upon him; his sins weigh him down to the dust; but hark! the voice of heavenly love is heard proclaiming, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He looks upward; Hope springs up; he ventures on the Redeemer, "who justifies the ungodly;" his faith has saved him. It is counted to him for righteousness, and being justified by it, he has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

A celebrated divine once gave his little child an illustration of the nature of Faith in the following manner: The child had a beautiful string of beads, with which she was much delighted. Her father spoke to her, saying, "Come, my child, throw those beautiful beads into the fire, and I will, in the course of a few days, give you something far more beautiful and valuable." The child looked up into the face of her father with astonishment; after looking for a time, and seeing he was in earnest, she cast her beautiful toys into the fire, and then burst into tears! Here was Faith. The child believed her father spoke the *truth*; she expected, or had a *hope*, he would fulfill his promises; and confiding in his *Love*, she was willing to obey him, though it cost her tears.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii:
verse 14.

PSALM

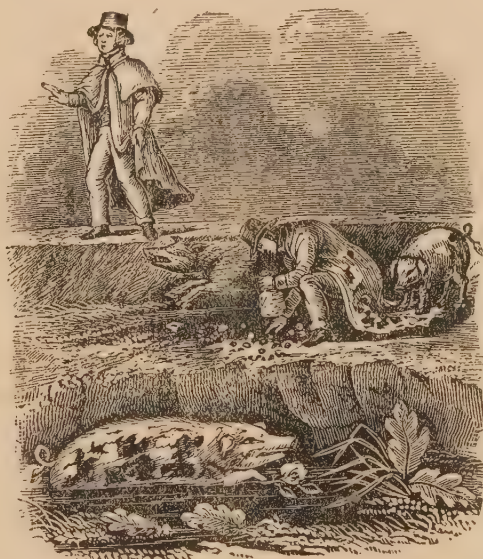
xxvi:
verse 1.

PROVERBS,

Chap. ii:
verse 20.

PROVERBS,

Chap. x:
verse 9.



REVELATIONS

Chap. xvi:
verse 15.

1 TIMOTHY,

Chap. v:
verse 22.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 13.

1 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 15.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

*And an highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called
The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it. Isa.
xxxv: 8.*

THERE is a place, a Holy place above,
Where Angels holy dwell in light and love;
There is a God, a Holy God, who reigns,
And holy empire over all maintains;
There is a way, a holy way, whose road
The holy Pilgrim brings to heaven and God:
See! on that way the holy Pilgrim hies,

NOR doubts at last 't will send him to the skies,
With robes entire and garments clean and white,
He walks with joy along the plains of light.
See! one has left the holy way divine,
His clothes are soiled, he wallows now with swine;
Alone, the Pilgrim on his pathway speeds,
And leaves th' apostate to his worldly deeds.

See where the way of Holiness stands cast up. It is strongly built and conspicuous to all beholders; a pilgrim is seen walking thereon triumphantly and secure; his garments are unsullied and untorn. Down off the way is one wallowing in the mire; see how he grubs up the filthy lucre. His garments are rent and soiled; the beastly swine are his chosen companions.

This is an emblem of Holiness, and of its professors. The upright conduct of the pious is called a "way," a "highway," and "*The way of Holiness.*" It is a way of safety, "No lion shall be there," and "the way-faring man, though a fool [illiterate],

shall not err therein." The Pilgrim pursuing his journey, with his garments unsullied and untorn, denotes the Christian "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." "The fine linen, clean and white, is the righteousness of the saints." The man among the swine signifies an Apostate from God and Holiness; he has "left off to do good;" the love of the world has again taken possession of him; "he has turned as the dog to his vomit again, and as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Holiness in man consists in obedience to the divine commands—in loving God supremely—in loving our neighbor as ourselves. Man, by nature and by practice, is sinful, and sin is superlatively selfish. A selfishness pervades the heart, which is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be, consequently the love of God dwelleth not in the selfish heart.

Selfishness is the prolific source of every vice, giving birth to oppression, falsehood, injustice, and covetousness, producing outbreaks of the basest passions, such as envy, wrath, malice, pride, revenge, which end in crimes of deepest guilt.

On the other hand, Holiness is boundlessly benevolent; it embraces God, it embraces the world. It gives to God the sincere worship of an undivided heart.

It gives to man the generous activities of a useful life. The man of holiness is the almoner of a world. The Law of Jehovah is the proper standard of holiness; the Almighty himself

the only proper model for study and imitation; therefore, of the man of Holiness it is said, "The law of God is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide." And hence it is written, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Hence we may learn that the subject is one of great importance, since whatever we may possess beside, without holiness, no one shall see the Lord; it is the wedding-garment which renders the guest welcome at the marriage supper of the Lamb; it is the fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints. Thus it signifies a preparation for eternal glory.

Holiness and happiness are divine sisters; twins, always seen together. God has stamped the seal of his approbation on every thing approaching to innocence and purity; it is seen in nature—the roar of the lion, the fierce howling of the wolf is the language of disquietude and of blood, striking terror into the boldest heart; while the cooing of the turtle-dove, the bleating of the fleecy lamb, speak the language of innocence and peace. We may visit the mansions of the rich, the castles of the powerful, or the palaces of kings, yet if holiness be wanting, in vain do we search for happiness. It is not there.

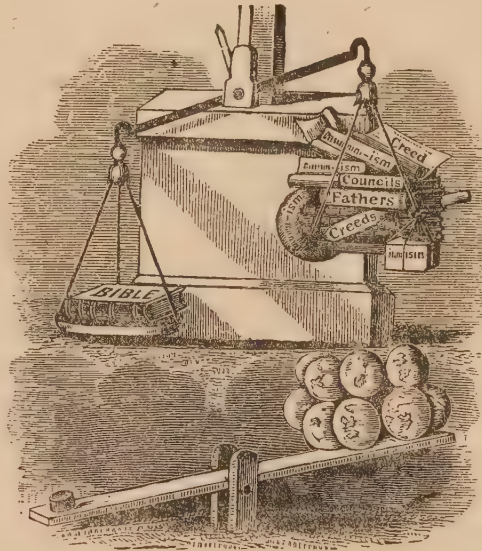
We may visit the abodes of the poor, the cottage of the afflicted, the hovel of the dying. If we find the inmates in possession of holiness, there also we find happiness; poverty does not expel her, affliction does not drive her away, death even can not pronounce a divorce; united are they in life, undivided in death, inseparable to all eternity.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xl:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,
Chap. iv:
verse 12.

LUKE,
Chap. iv:
verse 32.

PSALM
cxxxviii:
verse 2.



JOEL,
Chap. ii:
verse 11.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 35.

PSALM
cix:
verse 89.

PSALM
cix:
verse 160.

THE WEIGHT OF GOD'S WORD.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy. 2 Pet. i: 9.

Look where the impartial balance hangs on high,
The Almighty's word against weak man's to try;
Huge folios rare, and many a bulky bale,
Are brought, and laid upon the even scale:
Of "Council's" records many a tome is sent,
From the great Nicean, down to that of Trent;
"Creeds," "isms," creatures of the human thought,

Ancient and modern, are together brought;
And "Fathers" numerous, a learned line
From Pseudo-Barnabas to Augustine;
The Bible now, of Protestants the pride,
Is placed alone upon the other side:
Creeds, Councils, Fathers, isms, twenty ream,
Fly up like chaff, and straightway kick the beam.

A pair of scales are shown of equal balance, one side of which is loaded with books, packages, and parchments. Here are the minutes of eighteen general councils, beginning with that held in Nice, in the year of our Lord 325, and ending with that of Trent, which began in the year 1545, and closed in 1563, with many others. There are also the writings of the "Fathers," from those ascribed to Barnabas, but considered spurious,

downward. Then there are Creeds without number, both of ancient and modern date; next follow the various isms of the day, that set themselves up against the Word of God. These are all placed on one scale; the Bible is now brought and placed on the other, when, lo! "Creeds, Councils, Fathers, and isms" are but as the dust of the balance. Lighter than vanity, they fly up and kick the beam; one Bible outweighs them all.

This emblem is designed to show the authority of the Bible over the doctrines and commandments of men. When the lion roars, the beasts of the forests keep silence; when Jehovah speaks, the inhabitants of the world ought to stand in awe. During the space of fifteen hundred years, God uttered his voice in the ears of the children of men. He has declared his will, and sanctioned such revelation by the repeated manifestations of his almighty power. He employed holy men as the authorized recorders of his laws, and closed the whole with the denouncement of a curse against all who should add to or diminish therefrom.

Notwithstanding this, there have been men in all ages who have set up their will against that of the great Jehovah. They have made a record of the same, forbidding what God has commanded, and ordaining what God has prohibited. Thus, by their traditions, they make void the laws of the Eternal. What folly is this! what blasphemy! what rebellion! The words of the Lord are tried, pure, and everlasting; those of men are short-weight, corrupt, and are passing away. By the laws of God, not by the opinions of men, we shall be judged at the last day.

Terribly has the curse fallen upon

those who have established human opinions in opposition to the Word of God; witness the Jews, who, since the fatal overthrow of their city, have been vagabonds over all the face of the earth. Witness the poverty, ignorance, and misery of those parts of the world where human creeds prevail, and where the Bible is rejected; yea, witness in the case of every man who substitutes his will for God's. To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. *2 Tim. iii: 16.*

Search the Scriptures. *Matt. xxii: 29.*

We thank God without ceasing, because when we received the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is of truth, the Word of God. *1 Thess. ii: 13.*

Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it. *Deut. iv: 2.*

If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. *Rev. xxi: 18.*

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. ix:
verse 25.

HEBREWS,

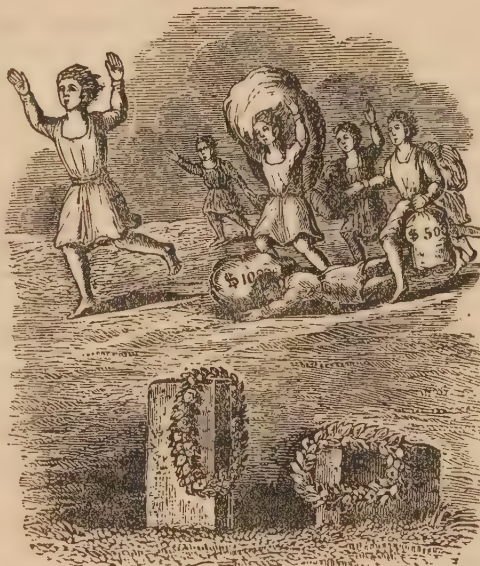
Chap. xii:
verse 1.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iv:
verse 7.

MATTHEW,

Chap. x:
verse 22.



HEBREWS,

Chap. iii:
verse 14.

LUKE,

Chap. xiii:
verse 25.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii:
verse 2.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap ii:
verse 2.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

So run that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. ix: 24.

BEHOLD! the race-course here before us lies;
See! many running for the glorious prize;
Some sweat and toil, and mangle all their pains,
Small is their progress, smaller still their gains.
With weights oppress'd, of sordid gold and care,

They run awhile, then give up in despair.
But one is seen whose speed outstrips the wind,
The laggards all he quickly leaves behind;
Conform'd to rule, he casts all burdens down,
And presses forward to receive the crown.

In his exhortations to Christians, the great apostle of the Gentiles very often alludes to the Olympic games. These games were celebrated in different parts of Greece, particularly on the isthmus which joined the Morea to the main land; hence called the Isthmian exercises. They were held on the banks of the river Alpheus, near Olympia, a city of Elis. They were considered of so much importance, that from the period of their first regular establishment a new era of reckoning time was constituted,

just as we reckon from the birth of Jesus Christ. Each Olympiad consisted of four years; hence they dated events from the first, second, third, or fourth year of any particular Olympiad. The first Olympiad commenced 776 years before the Christian era. These exercises consisted of five different kinds, viz.: boxing, wrestling, leaping, the quoit, and racing. We confine ourselves to the illustration of the latter. The celebration of the running-match excited great interest. Hence, the preparation for these fes-

tivals was very great. No man could become a candidate for the prize unless he bore a good character, and regularly exercised himself ten months previously, according to the rules prescribed.

The rules were very severe; a strict regimen had to be observed, unpalatable food to be eaten, abstinence from all luxuries; exercises were to be continued through all weathers, and we know not what besides. And now the grand day has arrived; the judge is appointed, having been previously sworn to deal impartially; the race-course is cleared, the place of starting fixed, the judge takes his seat at the goal, or end of the race-ground, and holds in his hand the crown of olive, or of laurel, destined to grace the victor's brow; officers are appointed to keep order. The city is emptied of its inhabitants; all the principal men are there. The candidates make their appearance; every eye is fixed upon them, every heart is in motion. Divested of all needless clothing, sometimes naked, they await the signal; 'tis given—off they start. Not a whisper is heard among all that multitude; with intense interest they watch the runners as they pass along. A shout is heard. The victor returns, like a triumphant conqueror, drawn in a chariot of four, wearing the crown of victory, and is every-where greeted with the acclamations of the people.

Religion is compared to a race; the *stadium*, or race-ground, is the path of piety leading through this world to the next; the runners are those who profess religion; the officers appointed to keep order, the ministers of the Gospel; the spectators, men and angels; the judge, the Lord Jesus Christ; the reward, a crown of righteousness.

Let us imagine a company of young persons just commencing the Christian race. They set off together; the directions are given to all; they are four in number: 1. *Be sure to lay aside every weight*; 2. *Relinquish the besetting sin*; 3. *Exercise patience*; 4. *Look to Jesus*. They go along pretty well for awhile. Soon one is seen lagging behind. What is the matter? He has too much weight about him. Another drops off; his besetting sin has prevailed. A third is missing; what ails him? O, he is out of patience—with God, himself, and every body besides. Some follow the directions, persevere to the end, and obtain the prize. But mark; of those who run in the Grecian games, *one* only could receive the prize. In the Christian race, all may run so as to obtain. The judge there was sometimes partial; the Christian's Umpire is the "*Righteous Judge*." The successful candidate, after all his labors, obtained only a garland of withering flowers; the Christian receives a glorious "crown of righteousness that fadeth not away."

PSALM

xviii :

verse 2.

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PSALM

xviii :

verse 6.

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PSALM

lxix :

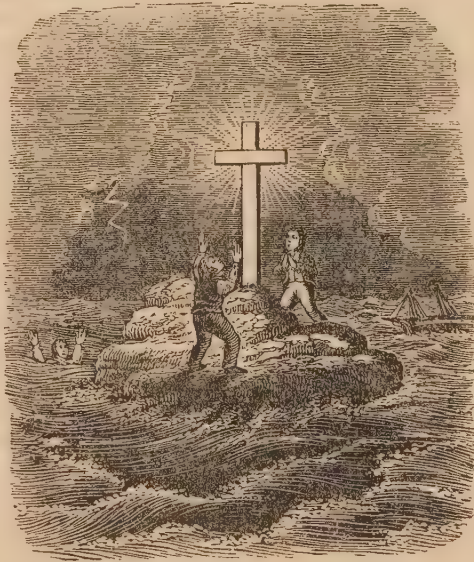
verse 15.

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ROMANS,

Chap. x :

verse 13.



ISAIAH,

Chap. xii :

verse 2.

=====

1 TIMOTHY,

Chap. i :

verse 15.

=====

THESSAL'NS,

Chap. v :

verses 9, 10.

=====

REVELATIONS

Chap. v :

verse 9.

SALVATION.

*In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength,
and my refuge, is in God. Ps. lxxii: 7.*

Lo! where amid appalling dangers dread,
The rock undaunted lifts its welcome head;
The ship of commerce gayly sail'd along,
All hands were merry with their evening song;
When, lo! they scud before a sudden blast,
The sails are shiver'd, broken is the mast;
The ship is wreck'd, the storm rolls wildly round,
The sinking sailors have no footing found.
In drowning plight, stunned by the wave's rude
shock,
The lightning kindly points them to the rock;
The Rock they grasp, and raise themselves on high,
In conscious safety bid the storm pass by.

So when mankind were wreck'd on Eden's
shore,
Loud was the tempest, loud the thunder's roar;
Earth, sea, and skies affrighted were, and toss'd,
Tumultuous all. Shall men be saved, or lost?
In that wild ocean of despair and dread,
The Rock of Ages lifts his lofty head;
The sinner, sinking, stunn'd by Sinai's shock,
By Sinai's lightning, now beholds the Rock:
With glad surprise, more clear his moral sight,
He sees besides, a cross of heavenly light;
The Rock he clammers, to the cross he clings,
And saved from danger, of *Salvation* sings.

A short time since, and that vessel
was sailing calmly and securely over
the soft, blue wave. The voice of
song arose, and mingled its melodies
with the light air around. Home,
sweet home, was the theme which
gladdened every heart. But, ah! thou
treacherous sea! Thou deceitful wind!
How changed the scene! The voice
of song is departed, joy and gladness

are no more. Instead of the music of soft symphonies, are heard the clamors of despair, the thunder's mighty roar—old ocean's harsh sounds, and the howling of the storm. The ship is driven fiercely before the gale, sails are rent, one of the masts is gone by the board, ruin steers the ill-fated ship; she strikes upon a reef, the billows roll over her, the crew are washed overboard. Night thickens around with his stormy horrors; manfully the drowning wretches buffet the waves; the lightning flings its lurid glare around, and shows them their awful condition; again it lightens, and they descry a rock, lifting its head above the billows, and promising a place of safety. Hope revives; they swim for the rock; soon "they make it." See! they have got upon it. Now they are safe!

The vessel, sailing joyfully and securely before the gale began, may represent the safe and happy condition of our first parents before they were assailed by the storms of temptation; the drowning mariners denote the deplorable state of mankind since the fall, who are sinking amid the waves of guilt and woe; the tempest overhead denotes the storm that howls over the head of every sinner, in con-

sequence of the violation of Jehovah's law. Sinai thunders forth its curses, and flashes its lightnings around the sinner's path, in order to show him his weakness, his guilt, and his danger. As the lightning points the drowning sailor to the rock, so the law directs or opens the way to Christ, that the sinner might be justified by faith in the atonement.

The rock, rising in the troubled ocean, affording a shelter from the shipwreck, represents Christ, the Rock of Ages, who has borne all the fury of the storm for man, and who, by his cross, giveth life and light to a dying world. The penitent sinner, feeling himself sinking in the mighty waters, and tremblingly alive to all the dangers of the tempest above, and to the more fearful dangers of the rolling waves beneath, escapes to *the Rock*, embraces the cross, and is safe; *i. e.*, he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is saved.

Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,

Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,

O, receive my soul at last.

2 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. x:
verse 4.

1 TIMOTHY,

Chap. i:
verse 18.

1 PETER,

Chap. v:
verses 8, 9.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. vi:
verse 17.



EPHESIANS,

Chap. vi:
verses 14, 15.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. ix:
verse 26.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. ii:
verse 3.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. vi:
verse 11.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

And having done all, to stand. Ephes. vi: 13.

THE Christian hero here has made his stand,
Obedient to his Captain's great command;
In panoply divine, equipped complete,
No danger dreads, no foe he fears to meet:
Truth wove the girdle that his loins adorn,
This bears him scathless through the battle's storm.
A sense of pardon guards each vital part,
And forms the Breastplate that defends his heart,
For brazen Greaves, obedience he takes,

Through thorny paths, his onward progress makes,
"Hope of Salvation" is his helmet fair;
Though oft perplexed, it saves him from despair.
He wields, and not in vain, a trusty sword,
A right good blade it is, Jehovah's word;
The Spirit's weapon, 't will each knot untie,
Each foe disarm, and make Apollyon fly:
O'er all the rest he grasps Faith's mighty shield,
And onward rushes to the battle-field.

As soon as one enlists himself as a soldier of Jesus Christ, that moment the world becomes his enemy. It happens to him as it fell out to the Gibeonites; when they made peace with Joshua, the neighboring nations were highly offended, and said to one another, "Come, let us unite our forces that we may smite Gibeon, for

it hath made peace with Joshua, and with the children of Israel."

But there are other foes, more mighty and fearful, against whom he has to contend. Satan, after 6,000 years' practice in the art of destroying souls, is a powerful opponent. "He goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;" for

we wrestle not against flesh and blood, merely, but "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." "Wherefore," on this account, "take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

There are two kinds of armor, offensive and defensive; one to attack the foe, the other to protect ourselves. It is remarkable that but one weapon is mentioned by the Apostle as belonging to the *offensive* kind, viz.: the sword; all the rest are defensive. Among the Grecian warriors there were at least nine different weapons with which they assailed their enemies, yet the Apostle thinks that for the Christian this is enough.

The Captain of our salvation has provided us with all that is necessary for the Christian warfare. Is our head exposed to the assaults of the devil? He has furnished us with a "helmet" to guard it; this is called, in another place, the *hope of Salvation*. This good hope prepares the soldier for the warfare, upholds him in it, and brings him off a conqueror. Is the heart liable to be pierced? There is a breastplate provided to protect it; it is the *breastplate of Righteousness*; this is a consciousness not only of his own sincerity, but also of his favorable acceptance with God. He feels that he is honest in his profession of attach-

ment to the Savior, and that Christ, his Captain, acknowledges him for a true soldier.

The feet being exposed to injuries, a pair of brass boots are given to protect them. It would not have answered any good purpose to protect the head, oftentimes, unless the feet likewise were provided for. If the feet were wounded, the soldier could not stand to fight the foe; neither could he pursue him if conquered. The greaves simply prompt obedience to the Captain's commands; with this, rough places become as plain, and the crooked as straight.

The girdle is given to keep the rest of the armor in its place, and to strengthen the loins. "*Truth*" accomplishes this for the Christian soldier. By this he discovers *who* are his enemies, their mode of attack, and the best way to resist them. A shield also is provided; it is called the *shield of faith*, by which he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Finally, a sword is put into his hands; with this he is to inflict deadly wounds on all his foes; it is called the *Sword of the Spirit*, because the Word of God was inspired by the Holy Spirit. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way but by taking heed thereto according to thy word?" By the clear instruction, by the powerful motives, and by the glorious encouragement of the Word of God, the Christian soldier puts all his foes to flight.

MATTHEW,

Chap. vi:
verse 24.

JAMES,

Chap. iv:
verse 4.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xix:
verse 24.

ISAIAH,

Chap. lxix:
verse 6.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxvi:
verse 1.

PSALM

xlix:
verse 12.

JOHN,

Chap. v:
verse 44.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xix:
verse 17.

THE STRAIT AND NARROW GATE.

*Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life,
and few there be that find it. Matt. vii: 14.*

THE gate contracted, here is brought to view,
And narrow path that runs directly through.
One there is seen, who strives with all his might
To pass the gate that leads to heavenly light;
Strong drink, the deadly dram, is cast away,
And on his knees, devout, begins to pray.
Self-righteousness to enter next proceeds,
Alas for him! how heavily he treads!
His weary back a monstrous burden bears
Of legal deeds, and unavailing prayers.

He can not enter, for the gate is small;
He must unload him, or not pass at all.
Dives has fallen, gone quite off the track,
And on the wicket gate has turned his back.
Another, heedless of Jehovah's laws,
Dreams he can enter with the world's applause:
Honor and glory, pomp of things below,
Can never through the straitened passage go.
Thus sinners all—to sensual pleasures given—
Remain excluded from the gate of Heaven.

The first object presented in the group is a reformed drunkard. See! he has thrown away strong drinks; he is determined to agonize—to enter in at the strait gate. Many tipplers seek to gain admission, but it will not do; over the gate is written, in characters of living light, “No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.”

The next figure shows a man professedly in the strait and narrow way, but he has such a large mass, or bundle of self-righteousness on his back, it will be seen at the first glance that

it is impossible for him to get through the gate or passage. "All our righteousness," which we may bring with us when seeking salvation, "are as filthy rags;" and the more we have of them, the more impossible it will be for us to enter the strait gate. Man, in order to be saved, must feel himself to be a sinner; he must feel his poverty, and like the man seen in the engraving, must get down on his knees, in order to enter into the gate of life.

St. Paul, when a Pharisee, had a large load of self-righteousness, but when he became a Christian he discarded it; he desired to be found in Christ, saying, "not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Partly in the background is one who has fallen from the narrow way. This represents a lover of money; one who has committed "guilts, great blunder," and who is now a laughing-stock for devils. They that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, which drown men in perdition. O, that men were wise! O, that they would attend to the words of Christ: "Ye can not serve God and mammon; verily it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

The last depicted is one who is carrying worldly honor and glory; who foolishly thinks he can love God and the world together. No man can serve two masters of opposite interest. "How," said Jesus, "can ye be

saved who seek honor one of another, and not the honor which cometh from God only."

Perhaps it was on one of those beautiful evenings of surpassing loveliness, seen only in the Holy Land, that the Blessed Redeemer delivered his unexampled lessons of benevolence and wisdom from the mount made sacred by his presence. Then Jesus opened his mouth and taught them, saying, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." By which words the Savior would have us to understand the nature and requirements of Religion. Its nature—that it consists in a change of heart. Its requirements—that we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with the Lord.

Hence, by the "strait gate" we may learn that compliance with the first table of the Law is intended, viz.: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. By the "narrow way," obedience to the demands of the second table is enjoined, viz.: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; or, as it is expressed by the Savior, more copiously, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." As no man can love God, as required, without a change of heart, so neither can any one do unto others as he would they should do unto him unless he first love God; for "he that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

JOSHUA,
Chap. xxiv :
verse 15.

1 KINGS,
Chap. xviii:
verse 21.

REVELATIONS

Chap. iii:
verse 15.

JAMES,
Chap. iv :
verse 8.



ROMANS,
Chap. vii:
verse 19.

' GENESIS,
Chap. xlix:
verse 4.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verses 9, 14.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iv :
verse 25.

DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS.

Ye can not serve God and mammon. Matt. vi : 24.—A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. James i : 8.

SEE the professor laboring, but in vain,
The world and cross together to sustain;
The globe is in his right hand dexterous found,
His left the cross drags sluggish on the ground;
In vain for him appears the narrow way,
The world has led him from the path astray:
In vain for him shines forth the heavenly light,

The world has risen and obscured his sight;
Two minds he has, both he may call his own,
Sometimes they lead him up, and sometimes down;
Like doubtful birds, that hop from spray to spray,
His will is never at one certain stay:
Too late he learns, with deep regret and pain,
He loses both who more than one would gain.

Here is seen a man staggering under two heavy burdens; a globe, which represents the world, and a cross, that represents the Christian religion. His knees totter, and tremble beneath the cumbrous load. The cross is the badge of his profession, which he holds, or rather drags along, with his left hand; this shows that religion is only a secondary concern with him.

In his right hand he carries the globe. The right hand being the most dexterous, shows that the practical part of his life is employed in securing the world, notwithstanding his profession. He has succeeded so well that the globe has got uppermost. It monopolizes his attention, and controls his movements. It has turned his feet from the narrow way; it has

hid from his view the glorious light of the heavenly city. In going down hill, the cross slips out of his left hand; he stumbles over it, and falls; the globe falls upon him, and grinds him to powder.

This emblem needs but little illustration. It shows the folly and end of a double-minded man. The fabled Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders, attempted nothing, accomplished nothing, compared with the man who labors to secure both this world and the next; he has two souls, or minds, which govern him by turns; but in the end the worldly principle prevails. His folly consists in trying to do what is in itself absolutely impossible—what no man did or ever can do. God himself has separated the world from the cross; what God hath separated, no man may bring together; the nature of the Gospel forbids such union. Its influences, doctrines, precepts, objects, tendencies, and final issues are all opposed and contrary to the principles, maxims, practices, and interests of this world.

In the Gospel, provision is made to renew the heart, and to enable man to set his affections on things above, not on things on the earth. The cross is as much as any man can carry, let him have as much grace as he will. If any doubt remains, Christ, the great Umpire of all disputed claims of this kind, has pronounced the decision: "*No man can serve two masters;*" "*Ye can not serve God and mammon.*"

The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; sometimes he is seen among the disciples of Christ, then again he appears following the course of this world. He takes no comfort in religion, and none in the world. Every thing connected with him is double; a double curse rests upon him wherever he goes. True Christians are ashamed of him; the ungodly despise him; he is a laughing-stock for devils; his own conscience reproaches him; his own family upbraids him; and a double punishment will be the portion of his cup forever.

The mad prophet Balaam is a remarkable instance of double-mindedness. In profession, he would be a prophet of Jehovah; in practice, he followed and "loved the wages of unrighteousness." Despised by the people of God, to whom he was a stumbling-block; despised and reproached by Balak for his indecision, he died under the weight of a double curse, and left his name a proverb of reproach and shame.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. *Joshua, xxiv: 15.*

How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. *1 Kings, xviii: 21.*

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. *Rev. iii: 15, 16.*

ROMANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 13.

JAMES,

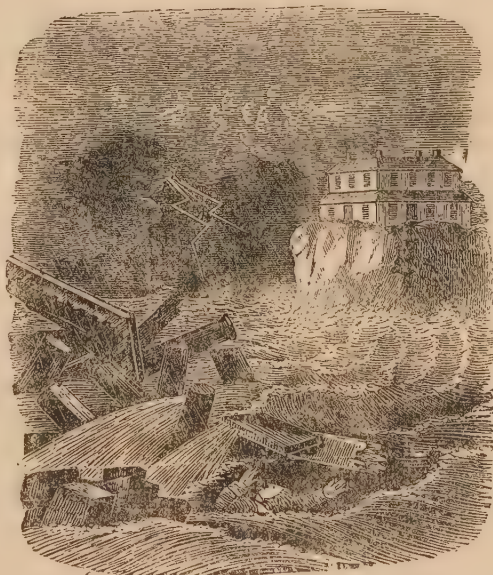
Chap. i:
verse 22.

JOHN,

Chap. xiii:
verse 17.

EZRA,

Chap. vi:
verse 3.



PROVERBS,

Chap. x:
verse 25.

1 CORINTHIANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 11.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 20.

JOB,

Chap. xxii:
verses 15, 16.

THE HOUSE FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. Matt. vii: 25.

High on a rock, the wise man marks his plan,
Its deep foundations closely he would scan;
Though gentle zephyrs breathe through summer
skies,

He knows that storms wide-wasting may arise;
On solid base his building rises fair,
And points its turrets through the ambient air.
With tranquil joy, his eyes delighted, greet
The beauteous fabric furnished and complete;
In conscious safety makes it his abode,
His duty done, he leaves the rest with God.

But soon dark clouds o'erspread the troubled sky,
And soon is heard the voice of tempest high;
Deep rolls the thunder, rains in torrents pour,
And floods tumultuous beat with deafening roar.
Floods, rain, nor thunder, nor rude tempest's
shock,

Can harm the house—'t is founded on a Rock.

Not so the simpleton who built on sand,
And wrought his labor with penurious hand;
'Midst howling tempests, and loud thunder's roar,
His house—it vanish'd, and was seen no more.

A wise man desiring to build a house for himself and family, sees many very pleasant and romantic lots; he is tempted to choose a delightful situation, but he remembers that the

country is often visited with violent storms, that hurricanes are frequent, and that the rivers frequently overflow their banks, and sweep away bridges, houses, cattle, and inhabit-

ants, all together. This makes him cautious; he sacrifices what is merely ornamental for what is useful and essential. He fixes upon a rock for the site of his mansion. He builds in such a manner that his house looks like a part of the rock itself, it is so imbedded within its shelvings. When all is snug and complete, he enters his new dwelling, thankful that he has been enabled to finish it. In a little while, one of those storms come on so common to the country; the rains descend, the winds blow, the floods beat against the house, but it stands unmoved. All night the tempest lasts; at length morning comes; the son of wisdom opens the door and goes forth, like Noah when he left the ark after the waters of the deluge had abated. He looks around; all is desolation except his own house. At a little distance from him he discovers some of the fragments of his neighbor's house. The foolish man had studied only ease and present convenience; he chose a showy place, but the foundation was sandy. The hurricane swept them all away together.

The house on the rock and its builder, is an emblem of the man who hears the Word of God and keeps it. He makes the Word of God a ladder by which he climbs to heaven. Beginning at repentance, he goes on to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, then to holiness; thus he mounts from faith to faith, till finally he reaches glory.

Observe, it is not the person who

hears, or understands, or remembers, or believes, merely, the Word of God; but the DOER; that is, the prudent or wise man. He fastens on the Rock of Ages; Christ is his foundation, where, in obedience to the word, he has fled for refuge; hence, he is protected against all the storms of earth and hell.

"To *obey* is better than sacrifice, to hearken than the fat of rams." The Word of God is compared to seed, which, if received in good ground, beareth much fruit. As the seed requires that the ground should be prepared, watered, weeded, etc., so the Word requires that it should be received with attention and nourished by meditation, much prayer, and faith. No one can enter the kingdom of heaven unless he is a disciple of Christ; but he is not a disciple unless he bringeth much fruit. He, and he alone, that *doeth* the will of God shall abide forever.

A person having just returned from church, was met with the following exclamation: "What, is it all done!" "No, by no means." was the prompt reply; "it is all *said*, but not all *done*."

For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. *Rom. ii: 13.*

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only . . . a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. *James, i: 22, 25.*

If ye know these things, happy are ye; ye do them. *John, xiii: 17.*

PROVERBS,

Chap. iii:
verse 5.

PROVERBS,

Chap. vi:
verse 15.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxviii:
verse 26.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxviii:
verses 14, 18.

1 THESSAL'NS,

Chap. v:
verse 3.

REVELATIONS

Chap. iii:
verse 17.

PROVERBS,

Chap xxix:
verse 1.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. x:
verse 12



SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him. Prov. xxvi: 12.

SEE how Self-confidence his friend doth treat,
Nor heeds the danger from beneath his feet;
With head erect, he proudly stalks along,
The warning voice is but an idle song;
As to the precipice he draws more nigh,
His friend yet louder lifts his voice on high.
But deaf and blind, he neither sees nor hears,

From friends or foes he nothing wants or fears;
He "knows, and that's enough—all right," when,
lo!

At once he falls into the gulf below:
Adown the rocks he tumbles o'er and o'er,
And sinks in darkness, to arise no more.

The engraving shows a traveler in the greatest peril. He is on the brink of an awful precipice: he knows it not. But this is not the worst of his case: he is confident in his knowledge, and that he is fully prepared for every emergency, although he has not examined any book of roads, or any charts or maps; nor has he made inquiries of others who have traveled

these parts before him. A friend is seen, who endeavors to apprise him of his danger; he calls to him, but he turns a deaf ear to his remonstrances, and still proceeds. As he draws near the fatal brink, his friend, knowing his danger, exerts himself to the utmost to have him stop, to listen, but for one moment; but no, he has no need of advice; on he goes. The

ground, which is hollow, gives way beneath his feet; he falls, and is instantly dashed to pieces. The name of the man is "*Self-confidence*."

The moral of this is, that dangers stand thick all through the path of human life—dangers such as the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, with their numerous attendants. False doctrines also, the tendency of which is to destroy the happiness of mankind, prevail. They are covered with a flimsy garb, which deceives superficial observers.

Moreover, youth is presumptuous, self-willed, and self-confident. They are too much inclined to follow the light which their own vanity has kindled. But their self-confidence does not remove the dangers from their path, nor render them invulnerable. But man is ignorant, how shall he know? helpless, what shall he do? If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. "Do" ponder well the paths of thy feet. Lean not to thine own understanding. He that trusts to his own heart is a fool. In all thy ways acknowledge God; he will direct thy paths. Here, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter; imminent perils surround the youth, but the greatest of all perils is the danger of trusting to his own heart. Lean upon God, and all will be well. Though weak

and ignorant, yet God is wise and strong, able to guide and preserve all those who trust in him.

The mariner who should put to sea without chart or compass, trusting to his own knowledge, would, without doubt, on the first stormy night, repent heartily of his folly. O, how much greater is the folly of those who, trusting to self, neglect to use the lamp of God's truth, or to seek the enlightening influences of his Holy Spirit, or to follow the advice of the wise and good.

The case of Pharaoh, the Egyptian monarch, affords a striking example of self-confidence. When the children of Israel had left the house of bondage and were well on their journey toward the land of promise, the king, confiding in his strength, exclaimed, "I will pursue, I will overtake," and presumptuously set forth for that purpose. Each recently-received plague remonstrated, and forbade the rashness of the monarch, but all in vain. On he rushed, even to the division of waters. In his self-confidence, he engaged in battle with Jehovah, God of Armies. The conflict was of short duration; the arm of the Lord prevailed; Pharaoh and his men of war were swept away with the waters of destruction.

ECCLESIAST'S,

Chap. xii:
verse 7.

MALACHI,

Chap. iv:
verse 4.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. xxxi:
verse 35.

PSALM

xxvii:
verse 1.

ISAIAH,

Chap. ix:
verse 2.

JOHN,

Chap. viii:
verse 12.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 8.

JOHN,

Chap. iii:
verses 19, 20

THE SUN OF TRUTH.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Ps. cxix: 105.—The Lord God is a sun and shield. Ps. lxxxiv: 11.

Lo! on a path that through the mountains sweeps,
And climbs their summits, and descends their
deeps,

The Sun pours wide his bright diffusive rays,
And shows two travelers on their different ways;
His shade behind, his pathway always bright,
One travels forward with increasing light,

Till equatorial o'er his head it burns,
And all of shadow into day it turns;
The other turns upon the sun his back,
His lengthening shadow darkens all his track;
Which now not seen, he turns him from the
right,
And ends his journey in the realms of night.

See where, among the mountain heights, a long straight path stretches itself till it is lost in the distance beyond. The sun pours wide his rays of living light, illuminating the path, and shedd'ng luster all around. Two travelers are pursuing their different routes. One advances toward the sun; his shadow is behind, his path is bright before him. As he proceeds his shad-

ow diminishes, while his path grows brighter and brighter, until, directly overhead, the sun pours the full tide of its glory upon him, and the whole of the shadow disappears.

The other has turned his back upon the orb of day. See, he follows his own shadow. It darkens his pathway before him. Now he leaves the track; his shadow lengthens more and more;

he wanders into sunken labyrinths, and finally loses himself amid the darkness of night.

This emblem represents the moral world. The sun designates the Sun of Truth. The travelers denote, first, those who follow the light; their path shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; their souls become enlightened, vivified, and purified; darkness disappears, and heavenly light shines on their souls forever. Secondly, it signifies those who turn their backs on the light, and who, as they journey, wander further and further from his bright beams; their path becomes darker and darker; their shadow lengthens as they proceed, until, having forsaken altogether the way of truth, they lose themselves among the wilds of error, and perish in the darkness of everlasting night.

Where shines the Sun of Truth? In the Holy Bible. The Scriptures are a "light" to the weary traveler, illuminating all his goings, pointing out his proper path, and showing where the mountains of error lift up their desolating heads. This Sun of Truth shines on the traveler himself. It discovers his ignorance, guilt, danger, helplessness, and, at the same time, his immortality. Again it shines, and he beholds Calvary, with all its weeping tragedies. It reveals to him now his "wisdom, justification, sanc-

tification, and redemption." Where shines the Sun of Truth? In the person of Jesus Christ. He who wisely uses the light of the Scriptures, will be led to contemplate Him who is the "Light of the world," "the Sun of Righteousness," "the Splendid Glory of Jehovah," "the Way, the Life, and the Truth."

The Christian, following the light of the glorious Sun of Truth, discovers ever-opening mines of richest knowledge. Fountains of living waters roll their treasures at his feet. Trees of Life overhang his pathway, and drop into his lap their golden stores, till at length he beholds the opening gates of the New Jerusalem,

Where Light and Truth, their mystic powers
combine,
And o'er the realms of Love forever shine.

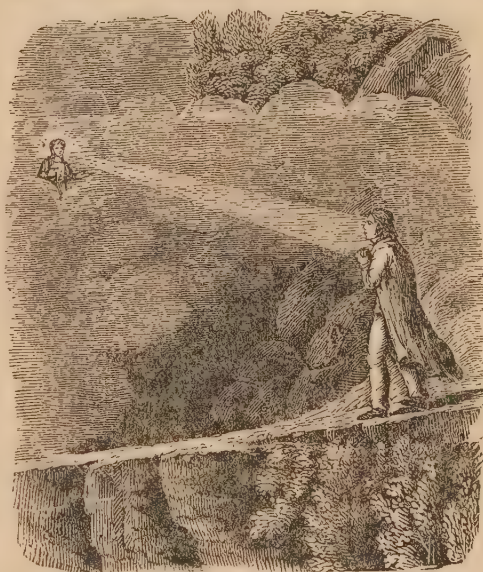
The infidel, turning his back upon the light, walks in the vain shadow of his own opinions. Darker, and yet more dark, the shadow grows; he waxes worse and worse; one truth after another is given up, one lie after another is embraced; further and further he wanders from God and bliss, and finally he takes his fearful "leap in the dark," and finds himself, contrary to his expectations, in outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and woe.

JOHN,
Chap. i:
verses 4, 5, 9.

PSALM
xxvii:
verse 1.

PSALM
xviii:
verse 28.

JOB,
Chap. xxix:
verse 3.



ISAIAH,
Chap. xlii:
verse 16.

2 SAMUEL,
Chap. xxii:
verse 29.

ISAIAH,
Chap. lviii:
verse 8.

2 CORINTH'NS,
Chap iv:
verse 6.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Ps. cxii: 4.—
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil, for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii: 4.*

THE faithful Christian walks in darkest gloom,
As though inclosed in some monastic tomb;
And clouds of darkest night surround his head;
A pall, like that which canopies the dead;
His path lies through the palpable obscure,
Nor can he yet discern an open door;

Yet he's resolved to penetrate his way,
Nor doubts but darkness will be turned to day:
To Christ he prays, the light of mortals here;
And Christ, the light of mortals, shines out clear,
Full on his path, pours down the heavenly light,
And on he goes with vigor and delight.

The engraving represents a Christian walking through a dark and shadowy vale, wherein is no light; the mantel of darkness encircles him, the pall of the grave has enfolded itself around him. Nevertheless, his path runs directly through it; he knows not what dangers may lie in the midst; he knows not when or

where the end may be. No chink, outlet, or open door presents itself to him, yet he is determined to persevere; it is the path of duty.

Addressing himself to his work, he addresses himself also to his Master; he calls on Christ, whose he is, and whom he serves; the Savior shows his bright and glorious countenance;

the light of his glory falls full upon the traveler; the reflection irradiates his pathway, all is light. He goes on his way rejoicing in the Lord.

Every Christian must at times pass through the valley of tribulation. Mental anxiety, sickness, loss of friends, poverty, persecution and death, with many other things, make the materials of the valley of tribulation. The blessed Savior has said that all who live godly must pass through this valley. And again, through much tribulation ye must enter into the kingdom of God. And John the beloved, looking with wonder at the glory of some who were seen before the throne of God, was informed by the angel that they were those who had come out of great tribulation.

But Christ is the light of the world, the *Sun* of Righteousness, the source from which all intellectual and spiritual light is derived. Wherefore God our heavenly Father says to us, Awake thou that sleepest, arouse from the dead thou that dwellest among the tombs, and Christ shall give thee light. But to the Christian passing through the dark valley of trouble, he says: Arise, shine, *thy* light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen on thee. To the disciple of Jesus this light indeed belongs, and much he needs it in his pilgrimage. To him it is given by promise. To the upright there ariseth light in darkness; light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the

upright in heart. The light of knowledge, the light of consolation, the light of holiness, and the light of eternal glory are the Christian's inheritance, in and through Christ Jesus. Without Christ all is darkness, wretchedness, and death. With Him all is Light, Life, Love, and Peace.

Stephen was a good man, yet he had to pass through the valley of tribulation. Perhaps he was more highly favored than any other man in similar circumstances; probably this was on account of his being the first Christian martyr—the model for all succeeding martyrs. He looked up through the clouds of persecution that surrounded him, and saw "*the glory of God and Jesus*;" he could not keep silent; "Behold," he cried, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God." The glorious light shone in him, and through him, and around him; he looked as an angel of the Lord.

In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his!*

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.—*Watts*

1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verses 15, 16.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xvi:
verse 26.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xiii:
verse 22.

PSALM
xxxix:
verse 6.



ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. iv:
verse 8.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. ix:
verse 23.

1 TIMOTHY,
Chap. vi:
verse 9.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. ii:
verses 10, 11.

THE WORLDLING.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. Ps. xxxix: 6.—A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xix: 23.

AND now, the worldling, with his gathering rake,
Performs his task, the glittering dust to take;
Devoted man! with many cares oppressed,
Gold he collects, to ease his aching breast.
The fool's insignia he most truly bears,
He but increases what he mostly fears:
As dropsied patients, who with thirst are faint,
Drink and are dry, and strengthen their complaint.
While in this groveling, melancholy plight,
Religion comes, a messenger of light;

Mercy's blest Angel has from heaven come down,
She meets the worldling and presents her crown;
"Behold," she cries, "the diadem I bear,
Enriched with gems such as bright Angels wear;
Yield then to me, first lay thy muck-rake down,
Bear thy brow upward, and receive my crown."
The worldling, stupid, toils and rakes away;
Still looking down, he rakes from day to day;
Himself his foe he lives, and greatly poor;
And dies remembered as a fool—no more.

The engraving represents a man hard at work; he holds a rake in his hand, with which he gathers dust and rubbish together. The yellow shining dust is called gold; he is altogether absorbed, lost, as it were, in

his employment. He kneels down to his work; this shows his devotion to the object of his affections. For this groveling work he has forsaken all intellectual and religious pleasures, all social and domestic happiness. He

is a poor man; although he has a great deal of that hard shining dust you see lying there, he is craving after more; he is in want, therefore he is poor; he is a *miser*, therefore he is *miserable*. The poor man is altogether beside himself.

The bright lovely one bearing a starry crown is *Religion*, daughter of the skies; she has many attendants, who are concealed at present; she has come a long way to meet the poor man; she looks upon him with compassion; she sees his miserable condition, she knows his great folly. Addressing him, she says: "Poor soul, why labor you for the dust which perisheth? Why do you spend your strength for naught? Hearken unto me and I will give you riches, more abundantly than earth can give, and lasting as eternity. Look up, poor man; behold this crown, beautiful and glorious; it contains the riches of a million of such worlds as this, and the happiness of ages upon ages; throw by your rake and be happy." Worldling, for that is the name of the infatuated mortal, takes no notice whatever. He still continues at his task; there is no voice nor any that regard. And Religion, after waiting a long time, departs and leaves him to his folly.

They that *will be rich*—though by means ever so fair—fall into temptation and a snare, which drown men in *perdition*. Youth, beware! when men neglect to employ the talent of

wealth according to the will of God, he gives them up to the *love* of it, and they become fools, intoxicated with the alcohol of mammon. The worldling lives in the world as though he was never to quit it. Bound for eternity, he makes no preparation for the voyage—going to the judgment, and before a holy God—and continues unrepentant and polluted. He is treasuring up what? Gold. What else? Wrath against the day of wrath. The love of money, an evil disease, has taken hold upon him; the more he adds, the more he feeds the disease; like persons with the dropsy, who drink and are still dry. When Garrick, the actor, showed Dr. Johnson an estate he had lately purchased, Johnson remarked: "Ah! it is these things that make death dreadful." But the love of money makes life miserable. The Roman citizen, Apicius, after spending some 800,000 pounds, and finding he was worth only 83,000 pounds, fearing want, ended his life by poison.

But the worldling heapeth up riches, and knows not *who* will gather them. Cupidus, with great labor, accumulated a great estate, and dying, left his wealth to his two sons, Stultus and Effusio. Stultus had in a little time to be placed under guardians, who spent his money for their own pleasures. Effusio squandered his patrimony in riotous living, and died a most miserable death in a lunatic asylum.

MATTHEW,

Chap. x:
verse 38.

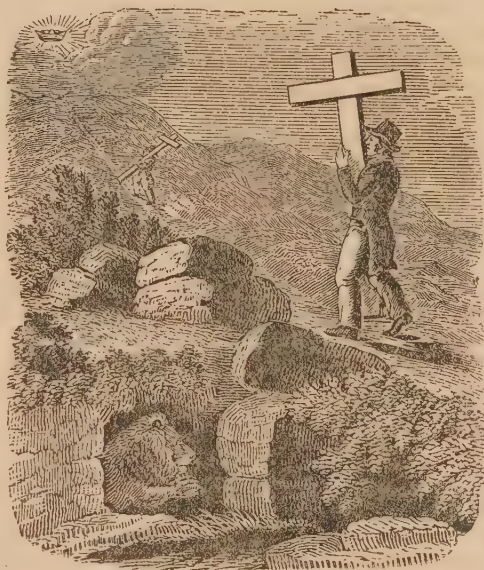
1 CORINTH'NS

Chap. i:
verse 18.

GALATIANS,

Chap. vi:
verse 14.

PHILLIPP'NS,

Chap. ii:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii:
verse 2.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iii:
verse 12.

2 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. iv:
verse 9.

ROMANS,

Chap. viii:
verse 17.

THE CROSS-BEARER.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. Matt. xvi: 24.

DEAR reader, o'er this sacred emblem pause,
And view the Christian bearing up his cross;
Nor steep ascent, nor roughness of the way,
E'er makes him halt, or turns his feet astray:
Should he in weakness think to lay it down,
His strength increases when he sees the crown;
His soul enkindles at the glorious sight,

His yoke's more easy, and his cross more light.
The Cross all hallowed, is the Christian's boast—
His watchword, fighting at his arduous post—
His true *insignia* as he glides along.
Conspicuous, through the pleasure-loving throng;
His *royal passport*, sanctioned by the skies,
By which he triumphs, and secures the prize.

Behold here the Christian bearing up manfully under his cross. It is a glorious sight. You see him going with his cross up the difficult mountain passes, as well as along the smooth and flowery plain. View the crown! It is seen in the distance. Sometimes the clouds gather around it; in general, however, to the cross-

bearer the sky is clear; he can discover the crown glittering in its beauty.

The young Christian will know what this means spiritually. It is not of the Savior's cross, but of the Christian's own proper cross that we now speak. What is it to bear the cross? To bear the cross always, is to do right

always. It is no less than to fulfill the high commands of the Savior, under all circumstances. It is to deny, control, and conquer self. It is to watch, pray, and by divine meditation have constant hold upon Christ. It is to glorify God before men by a holy walk and conversation; forgiving enemies, loving all men, aiming to do them good bodily and spiritually—in a word, it is to follow Christ as far as the disciple can follow his Lord, in piety toward God, in benevolence toward man. When Peter exclaimed, "I know not the man," he laid down his cross. When Paul declared, "I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus," he expressed his willingness to take up his cross, and his delight therein.

The Christian's proper work is to bear the cross. This is his calling, his trade, or profession. It is the business of a watchmaker to make watches; it is the business of the Christian to bear the cross as above, at home, abroad, in the shop, in the store, in the market-place, or in the field. By reason of corruption within, of opposition without, of the malice of the wicked one, the burden is sometimes a heavy one, but strength will increase by practice. He has many discouragements, many solicitations to lay it aside. It sometimes presses heavily upon him, but the sight of

the crown inspires him with fresh vigor, he glows, and bounds along the heavenly road. By the cross, *i. e.*, by his conduct, the Christian is distinguished from the lover of the world. While he bears the cross, the cross will bear him. It will guide him through labyrinths of darkness. As a shield, it will protect him in dangerous conflicts.

Among the Romans, criminals about to be crucified, were compelled to bear their own cross to the place of execution; but the Christian bears his to the place of triumph. If it should prove at any time so heavy as to crush him down to death, as did Stephen's, like him he beholds the heavens opened, the King in his beauty, and the crown of celestial glory. He comes off more than a conqueror.

"O, may I triumph so, when all my conflict's
past,
And dying, find my latest foe under my feet
at last."

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross shall wear the crown

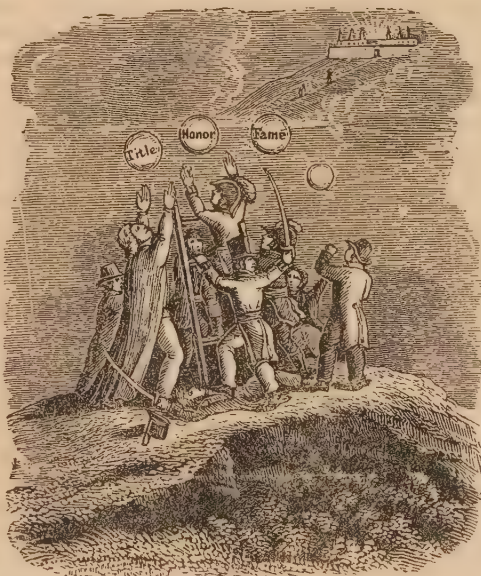
In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All.

ACTS,
Chap. xii:
verses 21, 22, 23.

DANIEL,
Chap. iv:
verses 30-37.

HOSEA,
Chap. iv:
verse 7.

PSALM
xlix:
verse 12.



JOHN,
Chap v:
verse 44.

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 24.

HABAKKUK,
Chap. ii:
verse 16.

JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 16.

WORLDLY HONOR.

*... the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. The world passeth away, and the lust thereof. 1 John, ii: 16, 17.—
Man being in honor abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish.
Ps. xlix: 12.*

Lo! here are honors, floating in the breeze,
That wafts them changeful o'er the land and seas:
The air-inflated bubbles pass along,
Attract the gaze, and fascinate the throng;
Away they go, pursuing and pursued,
O'erleap all bounds, the legal and the good;
Through fields of fire, and seas of blood and woe,
Through broken hearts, and blasted hopes they
go.
On others' carcass, see! they strive to rise,

And grasp the phantom that before them flies;
In blood-red garb, the butchering-knife one bears,
Nor friend, nor foe, if in his way, he spares.
All this for what? For what this vast outlay?
This sum infinite, squandered every day?
Of those thus fool'd, some answer in despair,
"We clasp'd the phantoms, and we found them
air."
Not so the honors that from God descend,
Substantial pure, and lasting without end.

This emblem is a representation of the vain pursuits of mankind. Honors, titles, and fame are borne upon the wings of the wind, which is ever changing, as are the sources from whence worldly honors are derived. Numbers are seen pressing after them with all their mind and strength, and in their haste to possess them, they sacrifice all that is good and holy, all that is benevolent and divine. One, with his tongue, assails the

character of the pious and the wise; another, with his pen dipped in gall, attacks the reputation of a suspected rival; others, as seen in the emblem, hew down with the sword those who stand in their path, and, trampling on the bleeding body of the victim, strive to obtain the object of their desires; while the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the tears of the widow, and the sobs of orphans seem only to add wings to the speed of ambition.

It often costs them much to enable them to accomplish their ends. They expend peace of conscience, ease, and often life itself. Nay, the soul's salvation—the favor of God, eternal life, immortality in heaven, are exchanged for this empty nothing. The peace and happiness of others, of millions, with their lives, fortunes, and destinies, are thrown away for the same worthless object.

Perhaps the reader will say, "Surely, a thing that costs so much must be valuable?" True wisdom condemns such things as valueless, and true wisdom is justified of all her children. The little boy who left his satchel and his school to run after the rainbow, expecting to catch it, was a philosopher compared to the idiots in the picture.

Alexander, called the "Great," bought the title of "Son of Jupiter" for the consideration of many lives of his followers, and enduring much fatigue while passing through burning and distant climes. After conquering

mighty kings and warriors, he attained the pinnacle of honor and fame, and adding to his own dominions the rest of the earth, he became master of the world, and then—he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; and, at the age of thirty-two, died in a drunken fit, and was laid in a drunkard's grave. He left his extensive empire a legacy of desolation to mankind.

How different the honors which come from above! The Almighty Savior, Jesus, hath ascended up on high; he hath received gifts for men—honors, titles, and fame—in abundance. The saints, who are the excellent of the earth, God delighteth to *honor*. Angels are their body-guard, the Savior is their friend. He confers on them the *title* of "Sons of God," of "Kings and Priests," who shall possess a kingdom that shall endure forever. Their *fame* is immortal: the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

The honors of earth come from inconstant mortals; the honors which are spiritual flow from the unchangeable Jehovah. The honors of earth are sought by trampling on the rights of others; the honors of God are sought by the increase of human happiness. Earthly honors are unsatisfactory when obtained; the honors of God fill the soul with bliss. Earthly honors are transitory, like the source from whence they spring; the honors of heaven are abiding, like their Divine Author.

PHILLIPPI'NS,

Chap. iii:
verse 20.

HEBREWS,

Chap. x:
verse 34.

1 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 4.

ACTS,

Chap. vii:
verse 55.



MATTHEW,

Chap. xiii:
verse 43.

2 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. v:
verse 4.

PSALM

lv:
verse 6.

1 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 8.

HEAVENLY DESIRE.

For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better. Phil. i: 23.

BEHOLD the Christian where he doubtful stands,
Fast bound to Friends by blooming roseate bands;
He feels the touch of love on earth below,
And yet to heaven straightway would gladly
go;
For them, more needful longer here to stay,
For him, far better thus to soar away.
As when safe-anchored in some foreign bay,
The ship of merchandise may proudly lay;

The Captain's cleared, with passport, to set sail,
He longs for home, and courts the coming gale.
The general interests of the firm demand
His longer service in that far-off land;
He fain would weigh, and homeward point his
prow,
Yet to his duty would submissive bow;
This done, he'll trip, and loose the flowing sail,
And homeward scud before the sounding gale.

The engraving represents an affectionate Father, who, though standing on the world, and bound with the strong cord of affection, yet looks upward, evidently longing to depart and be with Christ, which, as the Apostle says, is far better. Though he may feel this, yet oftentimes he feels strongly bound with the cords

of love to remain with the objects of his affection here on the earth, to whom his stay at present seems needful. He, however, does not consider this world as his abiding-place; he has it beneath his feet; he is looking upward, and waiting for his translation to one above.

Thus the Christian stands ready

prepared, and longs to depart and be with Christ; but the interests of earth exercise an influence over him and bind him down with the golden bands of affectionate love. When a sinner becomes a saint, his relations become changed, "old things have passed away. Behold all things have become new." A "new heart" is given, filled with love to God and man. A new world is presented full of glorious realities, substantial and eternal. A new God is given, Jehovah is his name. He formerly worshiped the gods of this world. A new Savior is embraced, who is the "altogether lovely." New companions, the noblest, the wisest, and the best. He is the subject of another King, one Jesus; the citizen of another city which is out of sight, whose Builder and Maker is God; the heir of an inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

No wonder, then, if he should oftentimes desire to depart in order to possess all this happiness. Wandering on earth, "here he has no abiding city;" a stranger and pilgrim as all his fathers were. Nevertheless, he has interests, affections, and duties of an earthly kind; these have a weighty claim upon him; they are connected with God and eternity. The religion of the Bible, while it strengthens the powers of the intellect, and sanctifies

the soul, does also increase the power of natural affection, and makes us capable of the most lively emotions.

The true minister of the Gospel, like the great Apostle, would cheerfully lay down his work and away to Jesus, but the interests of his master demand that he should stay, and build up the waste places of Jerusalem; therefore, he says, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

The pious parent, when visited by sickness, would fain regard it as a call to heaven, but the dear pledges of love are weeping round the bedside, and their youthful state demands a faithful guardian. He can only say, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you; the will of the Lord be done."

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every groveling thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

"Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their wealth despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies."—*Wesley.*

PSALM

lxix:

verses 15, 17

PSALM

vi:

verse 4.

PSALM

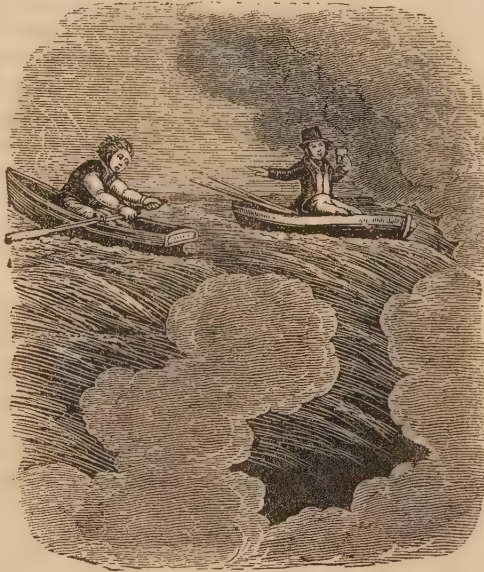
lxxi:

verse 12.

PHILLIPP'NS,

Chap. ii:

verses 12, 13.



PSALM

cxix:

verse 155.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xi:

verse 5.

ISAIAH,

Chap. v:

verse 22.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxix:

verse 1.

THE FATAL CURRENT.

Escape for thy life. Gen. xix: 17.—The course of this world.
Ephes. ii: 2.

SEE! where the fatal current, broad and deep,
 Rolls its swift waters down the awful steep;
 While from below the steaming clouds arise,
 And spread and mingle with the distant skies;
 Two men, behold! near the tremendous verge,
 A moment sinks them 'neath the boiling surge,

One rows for life, he pulls with all his strength,
 And from the danger well escapes at length:
 The other stops, lays in his oars to drink,
 While nearer drawing to the dreadful brink;
 His jeers and taunts he still persists to throw,
 And sinks unaided down the gulf below.

The engraving shows the fatal current hurrying on its rolling waters to the dread abyss; see where the boiling cataract sends forth its cloudy vapors; like volumes of thick smoke, they rise and mingle with the surrounding atmosphere. On the stream, and near the fatal gulf, two men are seen in their frail barks. The one on the left hand, knowing his danger, pulls with all his might. Life is at

stake; he stems the current. By dint of mighty, persevering effort, he escapes the vortex, and gets beyond the reach of danger.

The one on the right, careless and unconcerned, suffers his little boat to glide down the stream; he dreams not of danger. See! he has laid in his oars, he is drowning thought by drinking the intoxicating draught. He points the finger of scorn at his

more thoughtful and laborious companion. Notwithstanding his unconcern, the stream bears him onward; nearer and nearer he draws toward the awful brink; on, and on he drifts, till all at once, over he goes, and sinks into the roaring, boiling gulf below.

The above is an emblem of what follows: The gulf, with its rising curling vapors, may represent the regions of the damned, where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.

The fatal current signifies the "course of this world" leading thereinto; the streams of sin that eventually lead to the gates of death. The man on the left, rowing against tide, represents those who stem the torrents of sin, who oppose themselves to the course of this world, "no longer fulfilling the lusts of the flesh, nor of the mind." Eternal life is at stake; they agonize that they may prevail; they endure to the end, and are saved.

The other, on the right, represents one who is indifferent about salvation, who indulges in sin and folly, and who even ridicules others who are striving to serve God. He endeavors to drown his conscience by drinking larger draughts of sin, and by plunging deeper into crime, till, carried onward by the ruling powers of evil, he approaches the horrible gulf, into which he falls, and is lost forever.

Dead fish may frequently be seen floating down with the tide. The live fish alone stem the torrent, and swim against the stream. So those dead in trespasses and in sins, follow the course of this world; they are borne unresistingly down the fatal stream. But those who are alive spiritually, those whom God hath quickened, oppose the torrent, make headway against it, and, by divine assistance, work out their own salvation, full, and forever.

The patriarch Noah had, in his day, to swim against the stream. The floodgates of sin were opened; the turbid waters rolled down with fearful violence; truth and justice were well-nigh swept from the face of the earth. Manfully did he resist the descending torrent. Like a rock, he remained immovable, and opposed the overflowings of ungodliness. He was preserved.

God himself bore testimony to his righteousness. He was crowned with Divine approbation, and permitted to see the Bow of Promise. At the same time, the multitude, neglecting to stem the tide, were borne away by the waves thereof, "down to the gulf of black despair."

When wildly on rolls sin's broad tide
To caverns of despair,
May I be found on virtue's side,
And meet it without fear.

PSALM

iii:
verse 4.

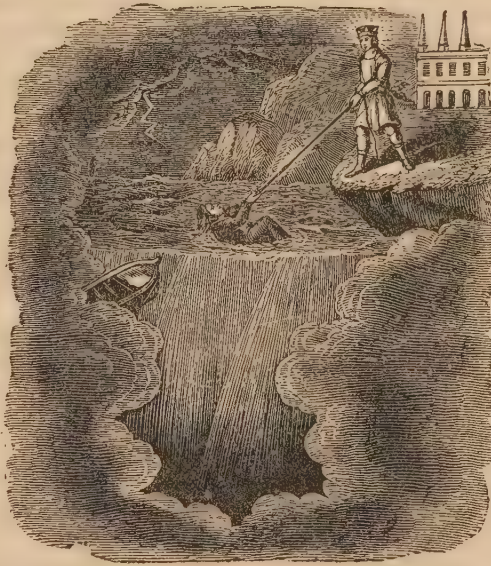
PSALM

lxxix:
verse 9.

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verses 5, 9.

PSALM

lxii:
verse 7.



ROMANS,
Chap. x:
verse 17.

GALATIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 6.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 6.

SALVATION BY FAITH.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up. Ps. lxix: 15.—He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters. Ps. xviii: 16.

The pleasures of a summer's day prevail,
And tempt the youth to hoist the flowing sail:
The river, placid, rolls its waves along.
He glides exulting, like the notes of song;
But soon a cloud, dark, brooding, mounts on high,
A tempest threatens, soon it fills the sky;
He strikes his sail, and plies the lab'ring oar,
If haply he may reach the wished-for shore:
Now booming thunders shake the solid ground,
And angry lightnings fitful flame around:
The rains, descending, now begin to lave,

The winds come dancing o'er the rippling wave,
The stream still bears him from the distant shore,
Appalled he hears the cataract's dreadful roar.
To stay on board is death—he leaps. The wave
Still bears him onward to the yawning grave.
Just as he reaches the terrific brink,
O'er which, if plunged, he must forever sink.
The king from his fair palace hastens down—
A king who wears far more than regal crown—
He saw his plight, nor feared the thunders' roar.
He threw the ROPE AND DREW him safe on shore.

A young man, tempted by the delightful stillness of a summer's day, launches his little boat, and spreads his sail. The light winds spring up, and bear him some distance from the land, but he regards it not; the scen-

ery is lovely, the banks of the river are clad in the beautiful robes of the season; all conspire to make him enjoy his sail. But his pleasure is short-lived; a storm arises, he strikes sail, and attempts to make the shore by

rowing, but he can not succeed. The eddying winds keep him in the middle of the stream; he drifts down to the place where there is a tremendous cataract; he hears the dreadful roaring thereof; his heart sinks within him. What shall he do? To stay in the boat is death; he can not swim if he leaps out, yet he thinks it is the best course. He jumps overboard; still he continues to drift toward the awful gulf. But just as he is going over, one comes to the rescue. The king, who had been watching him from his palace on the hill, hastens through the pelting storm down to the river-side, and, throwing him a rope, draws him safe to land.

This emblem sets forth the glorious doctrine of Salvation by Faith. The drowning man represents the sinner in his sins. The fearful tempest—the anguish of his soul, occasioned by the terrors of God's violated Law. The forsaken boat—his self-righteousness. The King who flies to his help—the Lord Jesus Christ. Laying hold of the rope—Faith. His arrival on shore—Salvation. And as the individual rescued would most assuredly ascribe the merit of his deliverance to the prince upon the bank, and by no

means to himself for seizing the rope, so every sinner saved by Faith will, despising self, give the glory of his salvation to Christ. As the rope connected the man dying in the waters with the man living on the land, so Faith unites the sinner to Christ. The *power* or ability to believe is the gift of God, but man is responsible for the use of the power. *He must lay hold of the rope.* God does not repent for man, neither does *He* believe for him, yet man has nothing whereof to glory. By grace he is saved through Faith, and that not of of himself. God worketh in him both to will and to do.

"With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

"Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

"O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

"Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike loud your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told."

PROVERBS,
Chap. viii:
verse 5.

PROVERBS,
Chap. vi:
verse 27.

JOB,
Chap. xxxix:
verse 17.

PROVERBS,
Chap. ix:
verse 4.



PROVERBS,
Chap. vii:
verse 7.

PROVERBS,
Chap. x:
verse 13.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xvii:
verse 18.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxii:
verse 15.

SIMPLICITY, OR WANT OF UNDERSTANDING.

Be not children in understanding. 1 Cor. xiv: 20.

DEEP in a meadow of rich verdure green,
A simple child of beauteous form is seen;
Pleased with the serpent's fascinating charms,
She fondly takes it to her circling arms;
Nor of the brilliant snake thinks aught of fear,
Though death among its charms lies lurking there.
But when the cricket's harmless form appears,

She's much affrighted, and bursts forth in tears;
Although its merry chirp no dangers bring,
Nor in its homely shape e'er wears a sting.
Just so the youth, deceived by beauty's form,
Nor knows that roses always bear a thorn.
Choose then for mates alone the good and wise,
And learn the homely never to despise.

The engraving shows a little child, all alone in a field. In its simplicity it fondles a deadly serpent; attracted by its brilliant and shining colors, the artless child takes hold of it without fear. She is about to take it to her bosom, when the cricket's merry chirp is heard; she is startled. In a moment the lively insect, with one spring, stands before her. Now she cries out for fear; she is greatly terrified. Thus,

in her simplicity, she courts death, and embraces it; while she is frightened at homeliness, accompanied by innocence and song.

This is an emblem of the young and inexperienced. The term simple, or simplicity, has a twofold meaning in Scripture. There are "the simple" whom "the Lord preserveth," and "the simple" who "pass on and are punished." In the first instance, it

signifies *sincerity*, innocence; in the second, folly, or want of understanding. It may, therefore, be applied to the young, and the inconsiderate of all ages, who, for want of knowledge and experience, act without considering the consequences of their actions.

The youth knows not how to judge of objects that present themselves before him. Inexperienced, he knows not how to choose aright. He is in constant danger of putting evil for good, and good for evil; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Hence, he needs the instruction of God's Holy Word to enable him to discern the things that are excellent; to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. Above all, he needs the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit to "give him understanding," and guide him into all truth.

This want of understanding, moreover, displays itself in the wrong choice that is often made of companions; while the homely person, who may have much of wisdom and goodness, is rejected, the accomplished villain is selected as a bosom friend. The youth, deceived by his showy exterior and smooth tongue, unbosoms himself to him without reserve. The villain laughs at his simplicity, betrays his confidence, and leads him into ruin irreparable.

Hence, how necessary it is that the inexperienced youth should seek the counsel of the aged and the wise, and

follow the godly admonitions of parents and guardians. This would save them many a false step, and much misery in after-life.

Appearances are deceitful. The *ignus-fatuus* looks like a friendly light, but it betrays the unwary traveler down to the secret chambers of death. Poisoned berries sometimes look like tempting grapes; ice, though it may seem firm, oftentimes breaks in, and plunges the rash youth into a watery grave; wine, when it giveth its color in the cup, at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It was when Eve saw that the tree was pleasant to the eyes, that she took of the fruit thereof, by which act she lost Eden, and brought death into our world, and all our woe.

If, then, an act seem to be right, be sure it is so before you do it. If any thing appears to be good, be sure it is so before you touch it. If any of your acquaintance seem to be virtuous, be sure they are so ere you take them for bosom friends. "The simple pass on and are punished; but he that trusteth in the Lord shall be delivered."

"Ye simple souls that stray
Far from the paths of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness;
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?"

PSALM

xxv:
verse 19.

PSALM

xxxviii:
verse 19.

2 TIMOTH.

Chap. iii:
verse 12.

JOHN,

Chap. xv:
verse 20.



PSALM

cix:
verse 2.

2 CORINTHIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 9.

HEBREWS,

Chap. x:
verse 32.

PSALM

cxviii:
verse 11.

THE PERSECUTED CHRISTIAN.

My soul is among lions. Ps. lvii: 4.—O, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away and be at rest. Ps. lv: 6.

Lo! where the Christian walks in sore distress,
While various evils round about him press,
Fierce persecution as a wild bull found,
With rage he roars and tears the solid ground;
The mean backbiter, like a snarling cur,
Assails behind, his character to slur;
Slander, grown bold, in form of wolf appears,
Ravaging for prey, the innocent he tears:

The adder envy lies along his path,
And works in secret with its sting of death;
Fraud, like the crocodile, now lays his snares,
To catch the unsuspecting unawares;
Oppression, outrage, is the lion mad,
When naught but blood his cruel heart can glad;
For dove-like wings the Christian prays, oppress'd,
To fly to mansions of eternal rest.

The engraving shows a poor man in great distress. Far from home, and apparently unprotected, he is beset with enemies on every side. He knows not which way to turn. Behind, he fears the bellowing of the furious bull, maddened with rage, threatening to overtake and destroy him; while the dastard cur yelps after

him, close at his heels. Before him is the ferocious lion, gloating himself with the blood of his innocent victim; while the adder coils itself about his path, ready to pierce him with its deadly sting. On one hand is seen the hungry wolf, ravaging for prey; on the other, the insidious crocodile, waiting to seize upon him, and drag

him down to his den of rushes. In this hopeless condition, he longs for the wings of the dove which he sees flying over his head, for then he would escape them all; he would fly away from the forest of wild beasts to the open wilderness; there would he be at rest.

This is an emblem of what the Christian oftentimes has to suffer while passing through this world to his eternal home. Sometimes persecution, like the mad *bull* and furious *lion* seen in the picture, rages, and threatens to destroy Christianity itself, and to blot out the remembrance of it from the earth. The prophet Daniel was thus assailed, and cast into a den of lions. The early Christians were subjected to ten fierce and bloody persecutions, which terminated not until the Church had lost its character for holiness.

In the short reign of the bloody Queen Mary (about five years), of fire-and-fagot memory, persecution in this form devoured 277 persons, among whom were 5 bishops, 21 clergymen, 8 gentlemen of fortune, 84 tradesmen, 100 husbandmen, 55 women, and 4 children. These were all burned alive, besides numerous confiscations, etc.

Persecution, however, exists very frequently in a different form from the above. The backbiter plies his mean, cowardly trade, in order to injure the character of the righteous. The barking, snarling *cur* is the most useless of the dog kind; so the back-

biter is the most despicable among men. Yet is he able, oftentimes, to vex the soul of the pious.

Sometimes slander, grown bold, like a hungry *wolf*, attacks the reputation of the man of God, as Shimel assailed David in the day of his adversity; or, like a *hyena*, it will ransack the grave, and defame the dead. This creature is considered the most ferocious and untamable of all animals. It follows the flocks, ravages the sheep-folds, and, when destitute of other provisions, will burrow into graves, and devour putrid human bodies that have long been buried.

Envy is known to plot in secret the destruction of that excellence she can not reach; while *fraud* takes advantage of the unsuspecting child of God, and seeks to draw him into sin and trouble. In the midst of his persecutions, the Christian would fain borrow the wings of the dove, and seek refuge in some vast wilderness, "some boundless contiguity of shade," or, rather, the wings of some heavenly cherub; then would he fly to mansions of eternal repose, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are forever at rest."

"When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart."

"If rough and stormy be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace."

2 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. v
verse 4.

ROMANS,

Chap. viii:
verse 21.

HEBREWS,

Chap. ii:
verse 15.

GALATIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 3.



ACTS,
Chap. xx:
verse 23.

JOHN,
Chap. xvi:
verse 33.

JOB,
Chap. xxiii:
verse 3.

PSALM
cxlii:
verse 7.

THE SOUL IN BONDAGE.

O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. vii: 24.

HORROR of horrors! what a sight is here!
Life linked with death, in terror and despair,
Thus cruel tyrants, when they won the field,
Were wont to punish those compell'd to yield.
The wounded captive, writhing still with pain,
Was made to wear the adamant chain,
That round the limbs of one new slain was led,
And bound the living to the putrid dead,
Till, choked with stench, the lingering victim lay,
And breathed in agony his life away.
'Tis thus the soul, enlighten'd by the word,
Descries the path that upward leads to God;
And fain would run, but feels a galling chain,

That quickly drags him to the world again.
Corruption's body opens to his eye,
He sees the cause, but oh! he can not fly.
Who, who? he asks, with trembling, struggling
breath,
Will save me from this fearful mass of death!
He calls on Moses now to break his chain,
Moses is deaf—he calls on him in vain;
He calls on Jesus—wondrous name!—he hears,
And breaks his chain, and scatters all his
fears.
Now, like the bird that from its prison flies,
On wings of love soars upward to the skies.

This engraving represents the horrid custom of ancient tyrants, who, in order to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, invented a mode of punishment more terrible than death itself. They chained the living prisoner to the body of a dead person. Virgil, referring to this monstrous practice, says: "The tyrants inflicted a punishment hitherto unheard of; they bound the living to the dead, limb to limb, and face to

face, until suffocated with the abominable stench; in loathsome embraces they gave up the ghost." This mode of torture was considered more appalling than that of burning alive, breaking upon the rack, or even crucifixion itself.

It is, no doubt, to this custom that the Apostle Paul alludes in his Epistle to the Romans. No other image could so well illustrate his meaning. His readers were familiar with it. Peter, *sleeping in the prison, bound with chains to the bodies of two live men*, would not suit the apostle's purpose. It is very important that we try to make out his meaning. I am brought, he says, into "captivity to the law of sin," and wounded, conquered, and chained to this body of death. The soul is under the law or power of sin, and chained to a body of death—a mass of corruption. An evil heart, unholy passions, depraved affections predominate. The light of the Holy Spirit shines into the soul, and the man discovers that the law of God is holy, just, and good, and fain would keep it; that God himself is indeed altogether lovely, and he would acquaint himself with him. He now sees the path that leads to endless life, and he desires to walk in it. But when he would do good, evil is present with him; when he would approach the seat of Divine perfections, something keeps him back; when he would walk in the path of

life, he finds himself enchained. Now he follows the links of his chain, and discovers the body of corruption to which it is secured.

He tries to free himself by some good things he did years ago; this only makes the case worse. He calls on his friends for help; but vain is the help of man. He calls upon Moses, he tries to reform his outward deportment; but by "the deeds of the law" he can not extricate himself. At length, in the bitterness of his soul, he exclaims, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" And now the angel of mercy directs him to the Breaker of chains, the Abolisher of death, the Conqueror of the grave, the glorious Giver of life and immortality—Jesus Emanuel, God with us. The Savior is propitious, deliverance is obtained, and the soul, like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler, sings triumphantly:

"What though I could not break my chain,
Or e'er cast off my load,
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God."

"Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin)
And form my soul anew."

"Faith, mighty Faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

MATTHEW,
Chap. xvi:
verse 24.

2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. ii:
verse 3.

ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 13.

LUKE,
Chap. xii:
verses 19, 20.



AMOS,
Chap. vi:
verses 1-8.

LUKE,
Chap. xvi:
verse 25.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. vi:
verse 8.

AMOS,
Chap. v:
verse 19.

DANGER OF SELF-INDULGENCE.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov. xvi: 25.

With cheerful step, at blush of early day,
The traveler began his arduous way;
He seeks at noon some pleasant, cool retreat,
Where he may shelter from the noontide heat.
But oh! beneath a tuft of flowery green,
A poisonous serpent slily lurks unseen;
With deadly aim he from his covert flies,

The traveler, wounded, in the forest dies.
Thus some begin to run the Christian race,
And for awhile keep up a steady pace;
Till soft indulgence near their path lays wait,
And spreads deceitfully her pleasing bait;
O'ercome by sloth, to sin they fall a prey,
And never more pursue the good old way.

This engraving represents a traveler fatally bitten by a serpent. With a light heart and a firm step he started on his journey at early dawn. Every thing looked lovely around him; he thought of nothing but success. He journeyed on very well until the hour of noon arrived, when he began to grow somewhat tired. He looked round for some cool, sequestered spot,

where he might while away a few hours. At a little distance from the path, he discovered a pleasant, shady grove. For a moment he hesitated; but his love of ease prevailed. Now he forgets every thing except his present convenience; he enters the grove; he is delighted with its cool air and agreeable fragrance.

Suddenly he is bitten to the quick.

A serpent, concealed hitherto in the grass, fixes in his flesh its poisonous fang; the wound is mortal; his life's blood is poisoned; fires intolerable course through his veins. He now repents of his folly; he wishes he had borne the heat of the day. The venom reaches his heart; he thinks of home and friends; his spirits sink, his head swims, his eyes—they close in death. The leaves of autumn are strewn around him, and the place that knew him knows him now no more forever.

This is an emblem of the danger of self-indulgence. With alacrity and delight the convert sets out on his journey to the kingdom of heaven. He anticipates the pleasures he will meet with on his arrival. He thinks not of the dangers of the road, nor of his own besetments. For awhile he makes rapid progress. By and by persecution and trouble come upon him; he grows weary. He looks round for some other way, that has in it less of danger and difficulty. Soon he discovers one apparently more easy and pleasing to flesh and blood. For awhile he stands in doubt; his love of self-indulgence overcomes him. "He will not endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He enters the forbidden path. Now all seems pleasant and delightful. The pleasures of the road lull to sleep his spiritual senses. Sin, now like a serpent, assails him; he has now no

strength to resist; he falls a victim to his folly; guilt and remorse now sting him to the quick. "Fool that I was," he exclaims. "O! that I had continued in the path of duty." It is too late. Wretched man, self-indulgence has proved his ruin.

The disobedient prophet fell a victim to self-indulgence, when he turned aside to "eat bread and drink water," and a lion met him by the way and slew him. The five foolish virgins, also, who "slumbered and slept," when they ought to have been watching, fell by the same insidious foe. They awoke in outer darkness, and found the door of the kingdom of heaven fast closed against them forever.

"If any man will be my disciple," said the Savior, "let him *deny himself*, take up his cross, and follow me." To them who by *patient continuance* in well-doing seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life. "He that *endureth to the end*, the same shall be saved."

"*Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command !
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

"The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure."
Dr. Watts,

PROVERBS,

Chap. vi:
verse 9.

PROVERBS,

Chap. x:
verse 5.

THESSALO'NS,

Chap. v:
verse 6.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 14.



THESSALO'NS,

Chap. v:
verse 3.

ACTS,

Chap. iii:
verse 23.

PSALM

lxxiii:
verse 18.

ROMANS,

Chap. viii:
verse 6.

CARNAL SECURITY.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction. Ps. lxxiii: 18.

SEE here portrayed, a gently-rising ground,
With tulips gay, and blooming roses crowned;
Where flowers of various hues, or gay, or fair,
Mingle their sweetness with the balmy air;
While woodland minstrels stoop upon the wing,
Attune their notes, and softest carols sing;

A youth lies sleeping on the roseate bed,
Heedless of dangers, thus to ruin led;
A horrid gulf of thickest night is there,
Where hope ne'er comes, but darkness and despair;
A turn—a move—and in the gulf he'll roll
Where fiery billows prey upon the soul.

It is by ascending “a gently-rising ground,” and not by overleaping the abrupt precipices, that the youth attains his dangerous position—his bad eminence. “Sin is first pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, and then he is damned.”

Sin possesses a peculiar faculty to deceive; this is true of sin in all its

modifications. It allures, that it may betray and destroy. It meets the youth with smiles only, that it may plunge a dagger more surely in the heart. It promises to the gambler, the robber, and murderer, wealth, pleasure, kingdoms. But having filled the cup of hope to the brim, with cruel mocking it is exchanged for the chalice of despair.

Sin adapts itself to the various de-

praved appetites or propensities of man. To all its votaries it promiseth the pleasures of this life. But "the wages of sin is death." To all likewise it offers perfect *security*, crying peace, safety, when sudden destruction is at hand.

As sin is thus deceptive in its promises, and fatal in its results, so also is it in its influence on the human mind. It blinds the eyes, it hardens the heart, it sears the conscience, it fascinates the imagination, it perverts the judgment, it gives a wrong bias to the will, it effaces from the memory recollections of the beautiful and the good. In a word, it throws the pall of the grave over the whole man, and hides from his view, his guilt, his danger, and his immortality.

The man is now wrapped in the mantle of "*carnal security*;" he is insensible to all around him. The path of sinful pleasure is strewn with Plutonian flowers. They breathe the odor of the pit, stupifying to the senses. The bewitching music of the great enchanter, casts the soul into a deep sleep. It is like the sleep of the grave.

Perhaps he is dreaming of happiness that he will never enjoy; perhaps of home, that he shall never behold; or of friends, whom he shall embrace no more forever. In the midst of his dreams of delight, the bow of the Almighty is strung; the

arrow is made ready, the dart of death is uplifted, ready to fall upon the unconscious victim; the pit has opened its mouth to receive the prey. Nothing but the voice of God can arouse him from his lethargy.

"What meanest thou, O sleeper! Arise and call upon God, if so be that thou perish not. Awake, thou that sleepest; and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; walk thou in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thy eyes. But know, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

"Ye sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

"Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.

"God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

* * * * *

"The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell."

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxvii:
verse 4.

ACTS,
Chap. vii:
verse 9.

JAMES,
Chap. iv:
verse 5.

PROVERBS,
Chap. x:
verse 12.



GALATIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 20.

ROMANS,
Chap. i:
verse 29.

TITUS,
Chap. iii:
verse 3.

REVELATION,
Chap. xviii:
verse 2.

THE THREEFOLD DEMON, OR ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE.

*Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.
James iii: 16.—Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but
who is able to stand before envy? Prov. xxx: 11.*

Lo! where the threefold demon stalks along,
The work of desolation to prolong;
Envy, and hate, and malice, all combined,
To make afflictions, and torment mankind.
Forward the demon strides in sullen mood,
And chews a viper for her daily food;
Loaded with slanders, and with poison strong,
She deals them largely to the gaping throng:
Her eyes are weak, and in disorder'd plight,
And hence a blinder to keep off the light.

To show that from without proceeds her pain,
She leans with anguish on a thorny cane:
At others' excellence she pines straightway,
Hate brings her malice into active play;
Good name she tears, and scatters to the air
All other epithets of good and fair:
A spotless character wherever found,
With hate she tramples on the miry ground;
While in her train behold a tempest rise,
That swells and reaches to the topmost skies.

In the engraving is represented a threefold demon striding forward, with sullen pace, in order to torment mankind. On her back she carries a pack of slanders; under her arm a quantity of poison; thus she is thoroughly furnished for her hellish work.

She is chewing the flesh of a viper, which thus introduced in her system, poisons her heart's blood, and disorders her eyesight. In her left hand she grasps a thorny staff; this is to show that she torments herself voluntarily. She banquets on the destruc-

tion of human happiness. See! how she tramples upon character, and scatters to the four winds the reputation of others. She leaves behind her, and following in her train, a gathering, blackening tempest, surcharged with the "fire of hell," soon to burst upon mankind.

This emblem represents Envy, Hatred, and Malice united in one person, and forming a being of extraordinary malignity. There are many such in human shape—demons wearing the mask of human form, beings whose eyes are pained at the sight of either excellence or happiness, whose heart is corroded with the poison of envious and malicious thoughts, self-tormented with the thorns of their own creation—beings who never smile but at the tears of others, whose hellish joy consists in the wreck of human happiness, and whose only music is the voice of lamentation and woe—beings of Satanic inspiration. They are always well furnished with slanders, and never want for opportunity to vent them. In this they copy after their great father, the prime enemy of man. When beholding the original of the first human pair in the bowers of Eden, ere he effected their overthrow,

"————— Aside the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign

Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd,
'Sight hateful, sight tormenting!'"

There is great propriety in representing the union of envy, hatred, and malice in one individual. Envy itself is defined to be "pain felt and malignity conceived at the sight of excellence or happiness." But when envy conceives, it brings forth hatred; and hatred, when it is finished, brings forth malice. We have a striking example of this union in the conduct of Joseph's brethren toward him. First, "they envied him," probably on account of his superior excellence; then "they hated him," in consequence of the partial conduct of Jacob their father; and finally, in their malice "they sold him" for a slave.

A still greater example occurs in the conduct of the Jews toward the blessed Redeemer, in whom all excellences met, when "for envy they delivered him" into the hands of the Romans; they *envied* him for the splendor of holiness that shone around his path. In their *hatred* they exclaimed, "He hath a devil," and in their bloodthirsty *malice*, "they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified."

If envy, malice, hatred reigns,
And binds my soul with slavish chains,
O Lord, thy heavenly love impart,
And drive the demon from my heart.

ROMANS,
Chap. x:
verses 8-17.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verses 1, 6.

TITUS,
Chap. i:
verse 3.

1 JOHN,
Chap. v:
verse 4.



EPHESIANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 8.

GALATIANS,
Chap. vi:
verse 14.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. i:
verse 20.

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 5.

CHRISTIAN FAITH, OR RELIGION.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. 2 Cor. iv: 18.—For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. v: 7.

High on the world, see where Religion stands
And bears the open volume in her hands;
With eyes upraised, she seeks for heavenly light
To know its doctrines and its laws aright:
The cross of Christ she bears, and walks abroad,

And holds communion with her Father, God.
Thus with the Christian: filled with love divine,
Above the world he soars in heavenly clime,
The sacred cross his only hope and stay,
The Book of Truth his guide from day to day.

Christian Faith or Religion is here represented standing upon a globe. This denotes that the Christian, although he is in the world, yet like a ship at sea, he is above the world. In her hands she holds the opened volume of God's Holy Word. She is looking upward, to show that she expects light from above to shine upon the sacred page. With one arm she

embraces the cross, signifying that her only hope of salvation is founded on the death of Jesus Christ.

This is an emblem of that religion which God in his mercy has given to mankind. He who possesses it, rests his all—his soul and body, his time and his eternity—upon the atonement of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. While some are trusting to the mere

mercy of God out of Christ, and others to their self-righteousness, others again to the intercession of men, women, and angels, his language is, 'Tis all *my* hope, and all my plea, for me the Savior died. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The cross of Christ is the mighty lever that is to roll the world back again to God. All true Christians have so understood it.

Constantine the Great took advantage of this fact—the common faith of the early Christians in the power of the cross. When going to fight against Maxentius, he related to his army that he saw (some say in a vision) a cross in the sky, bearing this inscription, *εν τούτω νικα*, "*By this conquer.*" It inspired the soldiers with courage. The cross was seen inscribed on every banner. The emperor led his army to triumphant victory.

The Holy Scriptures are very precious to him who has true faith. He regards them as the words of God—as a divine proclamation of grace to man; as a record of parental love, as a history of his dear Redeemer, and of his own redemption; as the title-deed of his own glorious inheritance; as the only rule of his faith and practice. With its sacred leaves open before him, he looks upward and prays, "O, Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." While some neglect and despise the Holy Book,

and others depend upon human creeds and the musty traditions of "the Fathers, he exclaims, "O, how I love thy law. Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

By his faith in the cross, the Bible, the power of prayer, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, the Christian overcomes the world, enjoys communion with God, becomes meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, and finally joins in the song of Moses and of the Lamb forever.

Then embrace Religion, "and you shall be presently installed in the possession of the benefits and immunities of the Redeemer's purchase without deduction, and without qualification; you shall emerge from under the dark shadows of the fall, into the effulgence of the light, and the plenitude of the joy, of a renovated, heaven-born nature; and the silent tide of oblivion shall instantly close forever over all your past sins, and you shall be immediately admitted into the circle of the redeemed of the Lord.

"Your brow shall be encircled with a double diadem of life and righteousness; a patent to all the titles and illustrious dignities of the nobility of heaven shall be made out for you, which nothing in time or eternity shall alienate or rescind. Paradise shall unlock for you its everlasting gates, and you shall behold the interminable future through a vista of the brightest hopes, and inherit a name immortal in the records of glory."

PSALM

cxlvi:
verse 5.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xiv:
verse 32.

ROMANS,

Chap. v:
verses 4, 5.

ROMANS,

Chap. viii:
verse 24.



COLOSSIANS,

Chap. i:
verse 5.

2 THESSAL'NS,

Chap. ii:
verse 16.

TITUS,

Chap. ii:
verse 13.

ROMANS,

Chap. v:
verse 2.

H O P E.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. Heb. vi: 19.—For we are saved by hope. Rom. viii: 24.

ON Truth's substantial rock, Hope takes her
seat,
While waves tumultuous dash against her feet;
The sky with blackness now becomes o'erspread;
The tempest threatens her devoted head:
Louder, and louder still, the thunders sound;

The lightning flings its fearful glare around;
Creation trembles; but fast anchored there;
Hope sits unshaken, never in despair;
With eyes turned upward, whence her help de-
scends,
She waits expecting, till the tempest ends.

Hope is represented in the picture above as being seated upon a rock. Worldly hope has always some supposed foundation on which it relies. But Christian hope has for a foundation the rock of truth, God's most holy Word. In the midst of gathering storms she is depicted looking upward; this expresses her confidence in God. She leans upon an anchor; this denotes steadfastness and trust. Hope

was compared to an anchor, by ancient writers. Thus Socrates expresses himself: "To ground hope on a false supposition, is like trusting to a weak anchor."

The hope of heaven is represented by the Apostle Paul as the anchor of the soul. We see the propriety of this figure when we consider that the world is like a tempestuous sea, full of dangers. The course of the child of God,

the voyage; heaven, the port, or harbor, which he expects and desires to gain. Sometimes, when a ship rides at anchor, dreadful storms arise, the wind blows with fury, the tempest howls, and waves roar and beat against the vessel. But if the ship be what is termed seaworthy, that is, firm, strongly put together; if, at the same time, the cable be strong, and the anchor bites, or strikes its fluke deep into good-holding ground, all will be well. The storm may rage, rocks and quicksands may lie to leeward, threatening destruction, yet will she be secure. It is true, she will have to send down her topmasts and yards, and keep anchor-watch, yet will she ride out the gale.

By this we may see the proper use of hope to the Christian, which is to keep the soul calm and secure in the day of adversity. Hope does not remove trouble; it sustains the soul in the time of trouble. The anchor does not dispel the storm; it does not quiet the roaring waves, arrest the rolling thunder, nor bid the winds be still; but it enables the vessel to ride out the fury of the gale; it keeps her from being driven on the rocks of death. The most pious Christian does not find himself exempt from the cares and calamities of this life, or free from the conflicts and difficulties of the Christian life. He often finds himself "tossed upon life's raging billows," but under these circumstances the hope of heaven, as the anchor of the soul, keeps him steady. "Which hope we have," says the apostle, "as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." This hope preserves him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks of temptation, destruction, and despair; it at the same time im-

parts a delightful sense of security in the day of trial, a blessed sense of peace amid a sea of troubles. It inspires fortitude and boldness in the cause of God. "Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

Among the Arabians, the water-melon is known by the name of "*batech*," which in the Hebrew language signifies *hope*. The melon, by its tendrils, clings to whatever it can lay hold of. Just so hope; the Christian's hope clings to God, his promises, his faithfulness, his love. "The water-melon is cultivated on the banks of the river Nile," says a traveler. "It serves the Egyptians for meat, drink, and medicine. It is eaten in abundance by even the richer sort of people, but the poor scarcely eat any thing but these." This affords a good illustration. What, indeed, would life be without hope?

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

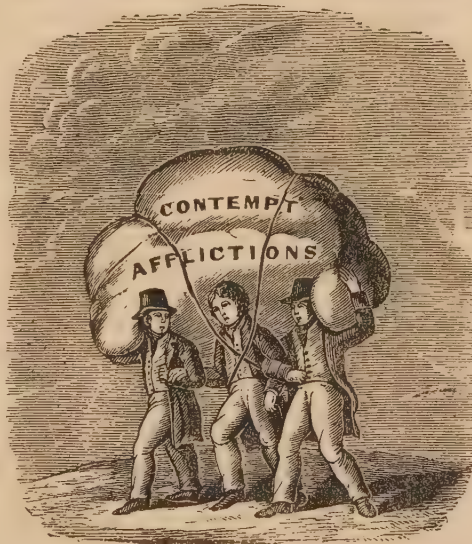
Take away hope, and you take away the enjoyment of prosperity; deprive man of hope, and you take away the only support and solace of adversity. The most happy, the most prosperous, without hope would soon become the most wretched. The poor and afflicted, without it, would sink at once into the gulf of despair. To deprive man of hope, is to rob him of his dearest treasure. Extinguish hope, and you extinguish life, for who could live without hope? It is the last lingering light of the human breast. "It shines when every other is put out. Quench it, and the gloom of affliction becomes the very blackness of darkness—cheerless and impenetrable."

1 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verse 8.

JOHN,
Chap. xlii:
verse 35.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. iii:
verses 11, 12.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xviii:
verses 21, 22.



THESSALO'NS,
Chap. v:
verse 14.

2 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 7.

2 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. xiii:
verse 11.

PHILLIPPI'NS,
Chap. iv:
verse 8.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.
Gal. vi: 2.

Lo! the poor pilgrim bends beneath his load,
And travels wearily his length'ning road;
Contempt's vast weight, back'd by afflictions sore,
Incline him now to give his journey o'er;
With groaning sick, with labor faint, he stops,
And on the pathway tottering, almost drops:

But ere he prostrate falls, relief is near,
Two brethren of the Christian band appear;
Their cheerful aid they speedily impart,
To ease his burden, and relieve his heart;
His willing shoulder each one runs to lend,
And on he travels to his journey's end.

Look at the poor pilgrim. Awhile ago he was bending beneath his burden, unaided, unpitied, and alone. Almost pressed to the earth, he would fain have given his journey over. His heart was sick within him; his bones were wearied; he thought he would lay him down and die. But before he sunk under the pressure, he saw two friends coming toward him. He endeavors now to hold out a little

longer. Presently they arrive, and give him a friendly salutation. They do not, like the *Levite*, pass by on the other side; at once they hasten to his relief; each one puts his shoulder to the burden. Now it is lighter; the poor man draws breath; they encourage him with kind words, but still more with their efficient help. Nor do they leave him until he arrives at the end of his journey.

This is a good emblem of Brotherly Kindness. The burdened pilgrim represents the Christian traveling on in the way of duty, bearing affliction and contempt. Afflictions such as are common to men press heavily upon him; contempt and tribulation, peculiar to those who will live godly in Christ Jesus, almost overwhelm him. His soul is among lions; he is ready to sink beneath his burden. His head is sick, his heart is faint. He says, "I shall one day fall by my enemies; I may as well give up first as last." Just now some Christian brethren—signified by the pilgrim's two friends above—hearing of his circumstances, call upon him, find out his trouble, and immediately propose to help him. They furnish him with pecuniary aid, assist him with their prayers and counsel, and being disciples of Jesus, they resolve to bear a part of the reproach of Christ. They unite with their afflicted brother in stemming the torrent of wickedness that runs down the streets, and in advancing the kingdom of God on the earth. All this sympathy and aid makes a new man of him; he again lifts up his head, and goes on his way rejoicing.

The blessed Redeemer established his cross on the earth as the rallying

point for all hearts, that being softened *there* by divine love they might be united to God, and that being divested *there* of all selfishness they might be united to each other in the bonds of a holy, loving brotherhood. "A new commandment," said the Savior, "give I unto you, that ye love one another." Hence the words of the apostle, "*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.*"

Even under the Jewish dispensation it was ordained that "if thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, thou shalt surely help him." How much better is a man than a beast! and compared with the Jews, how much more powerful is the weight of the Christian's obligation!

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

Fawcett.

PSALM

lxxxix:
verse 14.

GALATIANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 10.

ACTS,

Chap. xvii:
verse 31.

ECCLESIAST'S,

Chap. xii:
verse 14.



ROMANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 20.

GALATIANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 13.

1 PETER,

Chap. ii:
verse 24.

1 CORINTH'S,

Chap. xv:
verse 3.

DIVINE LOVE AND JUSTICE.

*Without shedding of blood there is no remission. Rom. ix: 22.—
We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin.
Col. i: 14.*

BEHOLD where Justice, with her sword raised high,

In words that echo through the trembling sky,
Demands, in virtue of the Law's just right,
That man should perish in eternal night,
Pale, trembling, fearful, see the culprit stand,
Nor dares to hope deliverance at hand.
On wings of grace, and heavenly motion fleet,

Love hastens, prostrate at the claimant's feet.

"Me! me behold!" she cries, "on me be pour'd
The wrathful vial that for him is stored.

Here, in this heart, plunge deep th' avenging
blade,

My life for his! so Justice shall be paid."

'T is done! the sword is bathed in spotless blood,
And man, released, returns to life—and God.

In this picture, Justice is seen standing with her sword raised high, ready to fall upon the guilty one. In her left hand she holds the scales of equity; at her side the two tables of law appear, at the foot of which lies the Holy Bible. In the front of

Justice one is seen in the attitude of a culprit; he hangs his head down in acknowledgment of his guilt. Between the offender and Justice, behold one of celestial mien, in a kneeling posture, with wings outspread; her countenance beams with compas-

sion; addressing Justice, she points to her uncovered bosom, and asks that the sword may be plunged therein, and that the guilty one may go free. *This is Divine Love.*

This is an emblem of human redemption. A book of laws is given to man, which is holy, just, and good, the substance of which is contained in the decalogue or ten commandments. These laws, whether engraved on tables of stone, or written on rolls of parchment, or printed in books, or impressed on the human heart, have been violated by all mankind, for "all have sinned," and consequently have come short of the divine approbation. The penalty is "death." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Thus the matter stands when the sinner is brought before the tribunal of Justice.

Justice never forgives, nor makes any allowance for circumstances or human infirmity. The plea put in by Lord Nelson when dying, that "he had not been a very great sinner," will be utterly unavailing. The reply of Justice is, "He that offends in one point, is guilty of all."

But ere the sword of Justice is bathed in the blood of the guilty, Divine Love, in the person of Jesus Christ, interposed, "and poured out his soul unto death, and made intercession for the transgressors." On the hill of Calvary, this wonderful scene took place. There Divine Love received the sword of Justice; there

the heart of the Son of God bled for guilty man; there he "who knew no sin became a sin-offering for us." Mercy and Truth now meet together, Justice and Peace kiss each other.

"Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Shout, heaven and earth, this sum of God to man, that God can now be just, and the justifier of him who believes in Jesus.

"Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus the God extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!

"Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

"Again he lives, and spreads his hands—
Hands that were nail'd with torturing
smart,
By these dear wounds! he looks and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart."

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 16.

COLOSSIANS,

Chap. i:
verse 20.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. x:
verse 16.

HEBREWS,

Chap. ix:
verse 12.



JOHN,

Chap. xvii:
verse 21.

ROMANS,

Chap. v:
verse 10.

HEBREWS,

Chap. ii:
verse 11.

HEBREWS,

Chap. ii:
verse 17.

RECONCILIATION.

And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself Be ye reconciled to God. 2 Cor. v: 18, 19, 20.

BETWEEN the bleeding victim, cut in twain,
Two, once at variance, meet, at one again;
Gladly the hand of fellowship impart,
And pledge the honor of a faithful heart,
And by the God of life and death agree

The past to bury in oblivion's sea;
They vow each other's interest to befriend,
And when in need, to succor and defend.
And as the parted victim lies in death,
So they adjudge who breaks his solemn oath.

This engraving represents two men standing between the two parts of a divided calf. They have been for a long time enemies to each other. Now they earnestly desire to become friends again; they wish to bury all past differences in the ocean of forgetfulness, and to enter into an agreement mutually to assist and defend each other in time to come. To accomplish this object, they have met

together. As a proof of their sincerity, they offer a sacrifice to the object of their religious adoration. The blood of the victim is poured out, the animal is divided into two equal parts. The parts are placed opposite to each other, space enough being left for the parties to enter between. When this is done, they meet in the middle of the divided beast, where the contract is read or repeated, and by a sol-

emn oath sanctioned and confirmed. This was an ancient and almost universal mode of making contracts. It is referred to by Jeremiah the prophet: "And I will deliver up the men that have transgressed my covenant, which have not performed the words of the covenant which they had made before me, when they cut the calf in twain, and passed through the parts thereof."

The above is a significant emblem of that reconciliation which is proclaimed by the everlasting Gospel. The holy God and sinful man constitute the parties. Man had, by his sins, separated himself from God, and had, in fact, become an "enemy." God, the offended party, proclaims a truce, and proposes a reconciliation. The place of meeting was Mount Calvary. There Mercy and Truth met together, Justice and Peace embraced each other; the victim, the Lord Jesus Christ. Without shedding of blood there is no forgiveness, and without forgiveness there is no reconciliation; but "God was *in Christ*, reconciling the world to himself," and "Christ is our peace, who hath made *both one*." The terms of the covenant are: "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

On this ground, *i. e.*, "*in Christ*," God has sworn to receive to friendship all who come to him. Here he opens his heart of love; here he be-

stows more than kingly dignities; here the kingdom of grace is exhibited, and the splendors of the kingdom of glory shadowed forth. But for these "who count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

The reconciliation of a soul to God is perhaps the greatest event that can come to pass on the earth. It affects three worlds: heaven, earth, and hell. When this takes place, angels, in their flights of mercy, passing over fields of renown, where empires are won and lost, stoop upon the wing, and stringing their harps to a loftier melody, they sing the anthem of all-redeeming love, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill toward man."

God, the offended God Most High,
Embassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

Us in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us in the stead of God entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace,
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

Wesley.

1 JOHN,
Chap. iii:
verses 1, 2.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 13.

REVELATION,
Chap. i:
verse 6.

MARK,
Chap. iii:
verse 35.



MATTHEW,
Chap. xxv:
verse 40.

REVELATION,
Chap. iii:
verse 21.

JOHN,
Chap. xiv:
verse 19.

1 CORINTHIANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 23.

ADOPTION.

That we might receive the adoption of sons . . . and if a son, then an heir of God. Gal. iv: 5, 7.

SEE here the king, in regal splendor clad,
Comes forth to meet the ragged, friendless lad;
Attended by his sons, a princely race,
He comes to manifest his royal grace:
In one hand, see! he bears a crown of light,
And with the other takes the hapless wight,
And up the steps he leads him, pale with dread,

And sets the diadem upon his head.
His rags removed, with regal robes he's dress'd,
And o'er his shoulders thrown the purple vest.
The royal youths look on with mute surprise.
While pleasure dances in their generous eyes;
The imperial gates on golden hinges swing,
And crowds advance, and hail the new-made king.

A monarch is here seen standing arrayed in his robes of state, and crown of glittering gems. He has left his guests within the palace; he has come forth; he holds in his hand a crown of purest gold. On the steps he meets a poor, ragged boy; he intends to make him an object of his especial favor. He takes him kindly by the hand, and leads him up the

steps. The poor boy trembles; he is greatly afraid. The king places the crown upon his brow; he commands that royal robes be brought forthwith, to clothe him withal. Moreover, he orders that proclamation be made, announcing that he is received among the princes of the realm.

Some of the king's sons are seen standing behind. They look on with

wonder, but not with jealousy. They appear delighted at what they see; they embrace him as a brother. The news reaches the inside of the palace; the inmates hasten out to congratulate the new-made king. He returns with them and takes his seat at the banquet, amid strains of music and the voice of song.

This is an emblem of Adoption. The king represents the Almighty Father, King of heaven and earth. The king's sons signify the angels, who have never sinned. The boy in rags represents the sinner, man. The sinner, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," is driven by the storms of guilt and anguish that beat upon him, to seek a place of refuge. "Whither shall I flee?" he asks, in the agony of his soul. He resolves, "I will arise and go to my Father." Thus, in all his misery, he presents himself before the King, Jehovah.

Whereas the king is seen coming forth from his palace, and taking the poor boy by the hand; this is to show how willingly God receives the poor penitent who comes to him in the name of the Mediator. When he was yet a great way off, he saw him, and had compassion on him. He takes him by the hand, saying, "Him that

cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." He places a crown on his head, that is, he adopts him as his own son; he makes him an heir of his eternal glory.

Now he has a childlike confidence in God as his Father, God having sent forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father. He takes his place among the children of God, lost in wonder, love, and praise. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God."

The angels, those elder sons of the Almighty, gladly welcome the adopted to their number; they receive him as one that was lost, and is found, that was dead, and is alive again, and henceforth minister to him as an heir of salvation.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those that bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

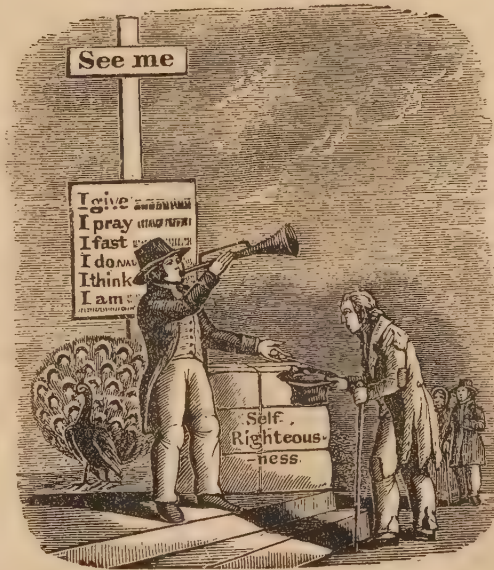
Dr. S. Stennett.

LUKE,
Chap. xviii:
verses 11, 12.

MATTHEW,
Chap. vi:
verse 2.

MATTHEW,
Chap. vi:
verse 16.

1 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iii:
verse 6.



OBADIAH,
Chap. i:
verse 3.

REVELATION,
Chap. iii:
verse 17.

DANIEL,
Chap. iv:
verse 30.

1 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. viii:
verse 1.

SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

*For they loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God.
John, xii: 43.*

SEE where the Pharisee inflated stands,
And sounds his praise abroad to distant lands;
Himself his trumpeter, he blows, not faint,
That all may hear, and own him for a saint;
His lengthen'd notes in sonorous accents say,
"I do—I think—I give—I fast—I pray!"
No bankrupt he, for lo! to feed his pride,
See bale on bale, close pack'd, stand by his side.

The beggar comes, worn down with grief, and old;
He's soon discharged, for Pride has little gold.
He doles his pittance into misery's hat,
And loud applause he asks, in full for that.
The gaudy peacock strutting in the rear,
Is but a figure of this trumpeter;
It struts, and swells, and spreads its plumes abroad;
So he, absorb'd in self, forgets his God.

This engraving represents a man who appears to be on very respectable terms with himself. He is sounding a trumpet before him; he is very anxious that every-body should know when he performs what he conceives to be a good action. A poor man is asking charity; he never refuses a trifle, provided he has his trumpet with him. Up it goes, and with a

long blast, he calls the distant passengers to behold him. At the side of the trumpeter are seen several bales of goods; these are his stock in trade. Behind, is seen the peacock, strutting, swelling, and displaying his brilliant train. A proper emblem of this proud trumpeter.

The above cut is an emblem of Spiritual Pride. The trumpeter, giv-

ing a little small change to the beggar, and apprising every body of the fact, denotes one who loves to make a parade of his religious performances. Does he give to benevolent objects? It is that he may receive the praise of men. Does he fast, or pray, or worship? It is that he "may be seen of men." On the house-top, through the newspapers, and other sources of circulation, he proclaims his good deeds. He conjugates all his verbs in the first person only: "I visited," "I preached," "I prayed," "I gave," etc. Thus the praise of worms becomes necessary to his existence; on this food he grows fat. Deprive him of it, and he will pine away, and die of atrophy. He sacrifices to his own net; he burns incense to his own drag. Self is the god he adores. The "bales of goods" denote that he is well-stocked with self-righteousness. In his own opinion, he is "rich and increased in goods, and has need of nothing." The peacock, after all, has just as much religion as he has.

The hypocritical Pharisees of the Savior's time were men of this stamp. They sounded a trumpet before them under pretense of calling the poor together; but in reality it was to say, "Look at me." They had "their reward." In the East the practice varies. It is said that the dervishes, a kind of religious beggars, carry with them a horn, which, when receiving alms, they blow in honor of the giver.

All pride is pretty much alike in its nature and effects. It is produced in some persons by noble birth, and

great natural abilities. In others, by wealth and learning. In others again, by certain ecclesiastical endowments, such as an office in the church, the gift of praying, or of preaching, etc. These things are all alike good in themselves, but the hearts of the possessors, being unsanctified, the gifts are abused, and the Giver neglected.

He who possesses true religion will be truly humble. Humility is the only proper antidote for pride. When humility enters, pride departs, as flies the darkness from the sun. To slay pride, and teach man humility by example, the blessed Savior took upon him the form of a servant. He made himself of no reputation; he humbled himself unto death, yea, even unto the death of the cross. O, wonderful humility! O, boundless grace!

Pride renders its possessor truly miserable in this life. The Father of spirits alone can fill an immortal spirit. The man of pride rejects the blessed God, and depends for happiness on the applause of man. This is uncertain, unsatisfying, and transitory. Witness the case of Haman, who, notwithstanding "the glory of his riches," "the multitude of his children," and his princely preferments, was truly wretched. "All this availed him nothing," so long as his voracious pride went without its accustomed fee—so long as one man refused to bring his tribute of homage. But pride will render its possessor miserable to all eternity. "How can ye be saved who seek honor one of another, and not the honor that cometh from God only?"

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxii:
verse 18.

LUKE,

Chap. xi:
verse 39.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxiii:
verse 27.

LUKE,

Chap. xx:
verses 46, 47.

JOB,

Chap. viii:
verses 13, 14.

ISAIAH,

Chap. lviii:
verses 2, 3.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxiii:
verse 5.

JOB,

Chap. xxvii:
verse 8.

HYPOCRISY.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Matt. vii: 15.

SEE in the distance, there, those harmless sheep;
Nor watch or ward at any time they keep;
Well pleased, along the pastures green they tread,
And unsuspecting crop the flowery mead:
The shepherd slumbers in the noontide's shade,
His flock forsaken, and his trust betrayed.
The wolf draws near, in sheepskin shrewdly
dressed,
He bleats aloud, and mixes with the rest;

They prick their ears, and look with some sur-
prise,
But can't detect him in his deep disguise.
He marks his time; when they are all asleep,
He slays the lambs, and tears the silly sheep.
Thus all false teachers are on ruin bent,
And by Apollyon on their mission sent;
Without, the clothing of Christ's flock they wear,
Within, the heart of ravening wolves they bear.

The engraving shows a wolf in disguise, and a flock of sheep in the background. The shepherd is absent from his charge; the sheep wander on, without any to control their movements. The green pastures and verdant meadows afford them plenty of employment. Innocent themselves, they suspect no danger. But the wolf

comes; he comes, too, in deep disguise, not in his true character; not as a wolf, but as a sheep. The flocks are deceived; he mingles with them; he marks his time. First one straggler, and now another, fall victims to his tooth of blood. At length, in an unguarded moment, he kills all the lambs, and tears and worries the en-

tire flock. But think not that the ravening wolf escapes without punishment. No; the owner of the flock sees what has been done; he discovers the enemy, and kills him. He leaves his carcass on the ground, a warning to all wolves in sheep's clothing.

In comparing small things with great, the Savior compared the false prophets, or teachers, to a wolf in sheep's clothing. "Beware," said he, "of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves." Hypocrisy consists in acting a part or character not our own. There are hypocrites in all professions, and a great deal of hypocrisy in the world. Men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a *lie*. Both of them together, laid in the balance of sincerity, would be found wanting.

Of all hypocrites, the false teacher of religion is the most dangerous. He it is that scatters firebrands, arrows, and death. True Christians are honest themselves in their profession of piety, and unsuspecting of others; they do not mistrust. This exposes them to the schemes of hypocrites. Sometimes, also, the true teacher is absent from his charge. Of this circumstance the false teacher will avail himself. Satan is never asleep or absent. It is his business to sow tares; he selects his time, "when men sleep;" he selects his agents, his own children; he assists them in disguising themselves, and sends them forth to their hellish work.

Armed with the whole armor of Satan, the false teacher approaches the children of God. He begins by cant; he talks gospel truth sometimes;

he insinuates, wheedles, and flatters, until he has gained confidence; then he addresses himself to his task in good earnest. Young converts are beguiled from the simplicity of the Gospel; the weak in the faith are perplexed and turned out of the way; the rest have their confidence weakened, their peace destroyed, and their souls put in danger. His object is to scatter, tear, and kill, and secure the fleece for a prey. Some are satisfied with the fleece, and suffer the sheep to live; but this son of Satan comes also to tear and destroy. Wolves are now abroad in sheep's clothing. Let the flock of Christ beware. Let the false teachers also beware, because the Chief Shepherd will appear, and cut them in sunder, and appoint them their portion with the hypocrites.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Fruits are the conduct of a man; his actions are the language of his heart. If the flock would wait awhile before they suffer themselves to act, they would know that "an evil tree can not bring forth good fruit."

Let the following marks be attended to in passing judgment:

1. The false teacher goes to the fold of true Christians, and labors not to convert sinners from their evil ways.

2. The false teacher persuades Christians to leave the fold, instead of helping them to grow in grace, and in knowledge, and rejoicing in their prosperity, as did Barnabas.

3. The false teacher speaks evil against the true teachers of the Gospel, instead of regarding them as co-workers with the Lord.

PSALM

xxxi:
verse 13.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. ix:
verse 3.

PSALM

l:
verse 20.

PSALM

lxiv:
verses 3, 4.



PROVERBS,

Chap. xxv:
verse 23.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxvi:
verse 22.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. xviii:
verse 18.

JAMES,

Chap. iii:
verse 8.

SLANDER AND BACKBITING.

For the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart. Ps. xi: 2.— their tongue a sharp sword. Ps. lvii: 4.

MARK! where the good man unsuspecting treads,
No evil meditates, nor evil dreads;
The base assassins from their covert start,
And sheath the dagger in his bleeding heart;
Or shoot their arrows, strung by hate, unslack,
With deadly aim at the defenseless back.

So smites the slanderer, with poisoned tongue,
The man—his neighbor—who has done no wrong;
Thief-like, he steals what gold can not replace,
And, like a coward, dares not show his face:
A brutish cur, that sneaks along the track,
Awaits his time, then springs upon the back.

Behold the good man! He walks leisurely along toward his home; very likely he has been visiting the house of mourning; drying the poor widow's tears, or feeding and clothing the forsaken orphan. He is probably anticipating much pleasure from the recital of what he has seen and heard to his beloved family. He may be revolving in his mind schemes of future

benevolence, or meditating on the goodness of his heavenly Father; perhaps contemplating the vast concerns of the eternal state. He sees no foe, he hears no hostile step; he feels himself suddenly wounded, his head swims, he reels, and falls to the ground.

The base poltroons had carefully watched their time, and, with the

sharp dagger and empoisoned arrow, had cruelly murdered the innocent. The deed is done in secret; yet all the heavenly world beheld it; and under cover of darkness they escape, but not forever. The earth refuses to cover the blood of the murdered.

This emblem sets forth the sin of slander or backbiting, which is, of all things whatsoever, the most abominable, and to be detested. The slanderer contains within himself almost all the vices of other transgressors. He is for the most part a *liar* of the very worst class. Whether he forges the calumny himself, or retails that of others, it matters not; he is still a liar in the sight of God and man. Not only so, the slanderer is also a *thief*—a robber of the first magnitude, for

“——— He who steals my purse, steals trash;

* * * * *

But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

Look again at the brow of the slanderer, and you will see another title of infamy—that of *coward*. He dares not say to the face what he so freely utters behind the back. Thus he *bites the back*. He resembles a snappish dog, often seen in the streets, running after passengers, and biting their heels. Furthermore, the slanderer is, in the sight of God, a *murderer*. He must necessarily hate the person slandered; but “he who hateth his brother is a murderer.” Injury is added to hatred, which renders the case worse. Reputation is more precious than life. Thus the man or

woman who makes or vends a slander, must be known and read of all men as a *liar, coward, thief, and murderer*.

The slanderer's tongue is a four-edged sword. It wounds the hand of him who uses it; it wounds the ears of those who listen to it; it wounds the heart of him who is the object of the thrust; it strikes at the throne of God, and breaks his law. Slander excludes the miserable perpetrator from the kingdom of heaven. “Who shall dwell in thy holy hill, O, Lord?” “*He that backbiteth not with his tongue.*” Death and life are in the power of the tongue. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; a polluted tongue is a *upas* of death. It may be warmed with a seraph's flame, or set on fire of hell; a world of iniquity, or a universe of good; an unruly evil full of deadly poison, or a well-ordered system, transmitting the blessings of an endless life. Therewith bless we God even the Father, and therewith curse we men made after the image of God.

The Jewish Rabbis tell the following story: “A certain man sent his servant to market to buy some good food. The servant returned, bringing with him some tongues. Again he sent the same servant to buy some bad food. The servant again brought tongues. The master said: ‘What is the reason, that when I sent you to buy good and bad food, you brought tongues?’ The servant answered, ‘From the tongue both good and evil come to man. If it be good, there is nothing better; if it be bad, there is nothing worse.’”

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iii:
verse 2.

LUKE,

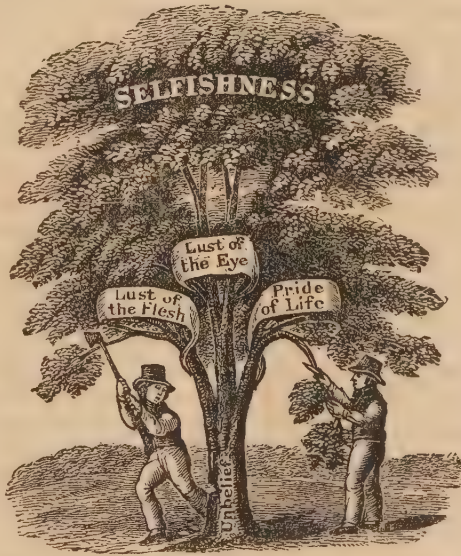
Chap. vi:
verse 44.

1 JOHN,

Chap. ii:
verse 16.

GALATIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 19.



PSALM

xxxvii:
verse 35.

DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. xxxii:
verse 32.

JOB,

Chap. xiv:
verse 4.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xii:
verse 35.

THE TREE OF EVIL.

The tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit. Matt. xii: 33.—Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Matt. iii: 10.

HERE, in dread silence, on the blighted heath
Behold! the Tree of Evil, and of Death;
No heavenly breeze throughout the region blows;
No life of Love exists where'er it grows;
No flowers of Hope around it ever bloom;
No fruit of Faith e'er yields its rich perfume;
Fell Unbelief strikes deep its deadly root;
The branches bend with most pernicious fruit;
The Pride of Life, and Fleshly Lusts hang there,

Emblems of misery, anguish, and despair.
Two men employed in different ways you see,
To rid the groaning earth of this bad tree:
One only lops a branch just here and there,
That makes its neighbor more productive bear;
The other, by experience taught to know,
Aims at the root his well-directed blow;
Blow after blow through the wide heath resound,
And with a crash, it falls and shreds the ground.

The Tree of Desolation stands alone upon the blasted heath. It sheds its baleful influence far and wide. No dewy meads, nor grassy plains, or verdant lawns are seen around; no blushing fields, waving luxuriantly the golden ear; no laughing flowers, bestudding the earth with their starry gems, nor spicy groves,

breathing the odor of delight, can live or flourish here. The lowing kine, the bleating, fleecy tribe, the choral songsters of the woods, are never heard; here, in these regions, eternal silence reigns. This corrupt tree is altogether of a poisonous quality. Its roots, bark, branches, leaves, and fruit are all poison.

Two men are seen at work upon the tree; their object is to deliver the country from so great an evil. The one on the right hand has been employed many years, without effecting any thing; he merely lops off a branch here and there; this only adds strength to the remaining branches, and makes them more fruitful; meanwhile, the excised limb sprouts again. The one on the left, more wise, wants to cut the tree down; to this end, he comes prepared with a good sharp ax; he directs his blows at the root of the tree; blow follows blow in quick succession, every stroke tells, and soon the monster tree lies prostrate on the ground.

The Tree of Evil is an emblem of an evil heart, the bad fruit of a bad life. The unconverted man sheds a deleterious influence all around him. In his soul there is a lack of spiritual graces; faith, love, hope, peace, joy, long-suffering are all wanting. A spiritual death exists. Unbelief is the poison that corrupts the heart. Thoughts, words, and actions are all poisoned. Faith is put for the whole of religion, and unbelief for an ungodly life. Hence it is said, "He that *believeth* shall be saved," etc.

The fruit of the evil heart is the pride of life, *i. e.*, a love of the honors and glories of the world, the lust of the flesh, *i. e.*, intoxicating drink, gluttony, and adultery, and the various pleasures of sin; the lust of the

eye, *i. e.*, love of fine dress, fine furniture, and the vanities of this life. He spends his wretched strength for naught, who labors to reform his outward conduct only. He may make a good Pharisee, but he will never make a Christian. His heart still continues "deceitful and wicked." "First make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also."

He alone is the wise man who "lays the ax at the root of the tree," who strikes at unbelief, who believes the truth as it is in Jesus. He prays with David, "Create in me a clean heart," relying on the promise of God, "A new heart will I give unto you." Thus he is "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works." "He has his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

Travelers inform us of a poison tree found in the island of Java, which is said by its effluvia to have "depopulated the country for twelve or fourteen miles around the place of its growth. It is called '*Bohan Upas*.' Poisoned arrows are prepared with the juice of it. Condemned criminals are sent to the tree to get this juice, carrying with them proper directions how to obtain it, and how to secure themselves from the malignant exhalations, and are pardoned if they bring back a certain quantity of the poison; but by the register there kept, not one in four is said to return."

GENESIS,
Chap. xlix:
verses 6, 7.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xiv:
verse 17.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxii:
verse 24.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxix:
verse 22.



MATTHEW,
Chap. v:
verse 22.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. vii:
verse 9.

ACTS,
Chap. xxvi:
verse 11.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxvii:
verse 3.

ANGER, OR MADNESS.

Anger resteth in the bosom of fools. Eccl. vii: 9.—Cease from anger and forsake wrath. Ps. xxxvii: 6.

Upon the margin of the silvery flood,
Come, see the Lion in his wrathful mood.
His roar terrific echoing rocks rebound,
And nature trembles at the dreadful sound;
His furious tail he works from side to side,
His bristly mane he shakes with awful pride;
His eyes, wild rolling, glare with startling light,

With paw upraised, he stands prepared for fight.
And wherefore stands he thus with warlike look?
He sees his image in the quiet brook.
Man, born to reason, like the foolish beast,
Lets rage hot boiling fester in his breast;
The cause as futile; he himself possessed
Of evil tempers, colors all the rest.

Look! here is the Lion, the king of beasts. See where he stands, maddened with rage. The savage monarch is alone; the beasts of the field hide themselves when he is angry; his dreadful roar makes them tremble in their dens; the echoing hills reply to the sound thereof. Now he becomes hot with passion. He lashes with his furious tail his heaving sides;

he shakes thunder from his shaggy mane; his eyes dart lightning. See! he has raised his murderous paw; he is ready to grapple with his foe. Terrible he looks in the season of his wrath.

But what has enkindled his rage? What is the cause of this fierce commotion? Nothing but his own shadow. He sees his reflected image in the

placid stream. Face answers to face; every indication of passion is faithfully reflected. He beholds no common foe. He prepares himself for mortal combat.

The above engraving is an emblem of Anger, and of the worthless causes that oftentimes give rise to it. Anger is one of the most fierce and deadly passions that agitate the human breast, and afflict mankind. Let anger ascend the throne of the human mind, and all other passions, affections, and interests are trampled under foot. A brother lies swimming in his blood, a village is depopulated with the edge of the sword, cities burn amid the conflagration of fire, and kingdoms, given over to the horrors of wrath, become desolate, pass into oblivion, and are known no more. But who can declare the miseries that flow from anger?

Anger, as a sinful passion, is never justifiable; but it oftentimes exists without any real cause whatever. Like the lion in the picture, the man is angry at the reflection of himself; it is his own image that he sees. He imagines, and this is all; his own evil temper colors all besides. The object of his wrath is innocent, perhaps as quiet as an unruffled lake.

Be sure, before you give way to anger, that your neighbor has injured you, and then—forgive him. But even if an apparent cause does exist, suppose some one has injured me. Is not this enough? He that sinneth,

wrongeth his own soul; shall I therefore sin and wrong mine? To have an enemy is bad; to be one is worse. And why should I inflict self-punishment for the crime of another?

There is a degree of madness connected with anger. The angry man is brutishly insane. This is so wherever it is seen, whether we regard it in the conduct of Xerxes, who flogged the waves, and cast fetters into the sea to bind it, because it broke his bridge of boats, or in its daily outbreaks around us.

But is there no cure for this contagious evil? There is. What is it? When Athenodorus was about to retire from the court of Augustus Cæsar, he gave the emperor this advice: "Remember, whenever you feel angry, that you neither say nor do any thing until you have repeated all the letters of the alphabet." This is good, but the following is better: When a man feels himself sinking into the gulf of angry passion, looking by faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, let him exclaim, "Lord, save or I perish!" The rising storm will pass away, and all will be calm and peaceful.

"The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 't is night;
But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light."

"Anger and wrath, and hateful pride,
This moment be subdued:
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood."

JOB,
Chap. xlii:
verse 6.

EZEKIEL,
Chap. xiv:
verse 6.

JOEL,
Chap. ii:
verses 12, 13.

MARK,
Chap. i:
verse 15.



LUKE,
Chap. xiii:
verse 3.

ACTS,
Chap. ii:
verse 38.

LUKE,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 47.

LUKE,
Chap. xv:
verse 7.

REPENTANCE.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. Ps. li: 17.—He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy. Prov. xxviii: 13.

On bended knees, replete with godly grief,
See, where the mourner kneels to seek relief;
No, "God, I thank thee," freezes on his tongue,
For works of merit that to him belong:
Deep in his soul conviction's plowshare rings,
And to the surface his corruption brings;

He loathes himself, in lowest dust he lies,
And all-abased, "Unclean, unclean," he cries.
From his full heart pours forth the gushing plea,
"God of the lost, be merciful to me!"
The light of life descends in heavenly rays,
And angels shout, and sing, "Behold, he prays."

Behold here an individual on his knees, weeping. He is in great distress of mind; he has retired from the busy walks of life, and come to this place of solitude, to give vent to his feelings. His groans break the surrounding silence; they return in soft but melancholy echoes to his ears. Above his head are seen descending particles of heavenly light;

a little in the rear stands the plow, imbedded in the opening earth.

This is an emblem of Repentance. The man bowed on his knees represents the true penitent, whose soul is humbled under the mighty hand of God. He withdraws from the vanities of the world; he is sick of sin; he breaks the silence of solitude with his inquiries of, "O, that I knew

where I might find him!" He does not, in the pride of self-righteousness, exclaim, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men," etc. O, no! too deeply he feels the plague of his own heart.

As the plow enters the hard soil, and lays bare furrow after furrow, even so has conviction penetrated the heart of the true penitent, and laid bare its deceitful folds, and discovered its once hidden depths of pollution and guilt. He abhors himself in dust and in ashes; he can only say, God be merciful to me a sinner. The plowshare of God's convicting spirit has entered and broken up the fallow ground of his heart; hence he brings the sacrifice with which God is well pleased—that is, "a broken and contrite heart"—and the light of Jehovah's countenance falls full upon his soul, as an inward token of divine acceptance.

Repentance consists in a change of mind or purpose, wherein the penitent "ceases to do evil," and "learns to do well." The prodigal repented when he said, "I will arise and go to my father," and departed. The farmer's son, who, when he had refused to go and work in the vineyard, and afterward altered his purpose and went, repented. Saul of Tarsus, when he refused any longer to obey the mandates of the chief priests and scribes, and inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" repented. Thus we see it consists in actually doing the will of God. It is not mere anxiety; Simon Magus had this; nevertheless he was still in the "bonds of iniquity." Nor mere trembling; Felix trembled, yet retained his sins. Nor remorse; Judas

had this, and died in despair; and Dives also, though in the regions of the lost.

Repentance is the gate of heaven. It is the condition, upon the fulfillment of which depends eternal life. "You repent, and I will forgive." Hence the ambassadors of heaven have invariably directed the attention of sinners to this as a first step toward obtaining the favor of God, and every promised blessing. The prophets, in their denunciations; John of the Desert, in his fiery exhortations; the Savior, in his divine instructions, and the apostles, in their warm appeals, enjoined upon every soul "repentance toward God."

Through this gate all have passed who have at any time been recognized by the Almighty as his servants. The children of Israel passed through it, typically, when they ate the bitter herbs—before they beheld the pillars of cloud and of fire in the wilderness; Isaiah, ere he touched the sacred harp of prophesy; Elijah, ere he ascended in the chariot of ethereal fire; Ezekiel, before he gazed upon the visions of the Eternal; Daniel, before the Angel of God pronounced him "Blessed;" Paul, ere he was "caught up to the third heaven;" and John of Patmos, before the glorious Revelations of "Alpha and Omega" filled him with wonder and astonishment; and "the hundred and forty-four thousand," ere they sung the song of Moses and of the Lamb. Repentance is a sacred duty; God "now commands all men everywhere to repent." Why? "Because all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" and, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

PROVERBS,

Chap. x:
verse 24.

ISAIAH,

Chap. iii:
verse 11.

PSALM

liii:
verse 5.

REVELATION,

Chap. xxi:
verse 8.



PSALM

xxvii:
verse 3.

PSALM

lvi:
verse 4.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxix:
verse 6.

PSALM

xxiii:
verse 4.

FEARFUL AND FEARLESS.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion. Prov. xxviii: 1.

HERE is depicted plainly to the eye,
The wicked fleeing when no foe is nigh.
The thunder echoing in its deep-toned peals,
Alarms his conscience, and awakes his heels.
The wind low whistling through the hollow tree,
A call from justice is, from which they flee;
The rolling torrent, in its murmurs loud,

Appears the shout of the pursuing crowd;
Each object looming through the gloom of night,
His fear increases, and augments his flight.
Not so the Righteous; see him walk along,
Bold as a lion, as a mountain strong.
Courageous heart, he fears no rude surprise,
He trusts in *Jesus*, and all else defies.

This engraving shows a man running as it were for his life. On the other hand is seen one who walks steadily and boldly forward. The former is Fearful; he is alarmed at every thing he sees and hears; he is afraid of his own shadow. The distant echo of reverberating thunder strikes terror into his heart; the autumnal breeze, rustling through the

falling leaves, makes him afraid; the neighboring torrent, as it tumbles down the mountain ravine, causes him to fear. He can not endure darkness, neither can he bear the light. He is afraid of company, yet he fears to be left alone. Now he is fleeing when there is none pursuing.

How different the fearless man! See how boldly he walks along. The

gloom of night is nothing to him; he appears to fear no evil. While others are running, he stands his ground; while they are afraid, his heart is strong.

This emblem is descriptive of two characters: of the Righteous and of the Wicked. It is the *wicked* who flee when none pursue. Their guilty conscience transforms every object into an enemy; therefore they are in fear where no fear is, and flee away in terror.

A Christian king of Hungary, talking one day with his brother, who was a gay, thoughtless courtier, upon the subject of a future judgment, was laughed at by his brother for indulging in "melancholy thoughts." The king made no reply. There was a custom in that country that if the executioner sounded a trumpet before any man's door, that man was led instantly to death. The king ordered the trumpet to be sounded that night before the door of his brother, who, on hearing the dismal sound, and seeing the messenger of death, was greatly alarmed. He sprang into the presence of the king, beseeching to know how he had offended. "Alas, my brother!" replied the king, "you have never offended me; but if the sight of my executioner is so dreadful, shall not we, who have so greatly offended God, fear to be brought before the judgment-seat of Christ?"

M. Volney, a French infidel, it is well known, was frightened during a

storm, while some Christian ladies, his fellow-passengers, bore all with unruffled composure. M. Voltaire, a Frenchman also, and of the same stamp, affected to despise the Christian religion during life; yet on his death-bed he sent to Dr. Tronchin, a priest, to administer to him the sacrament. It was affirmed of him that he was afraid to be left alone in the dark.

The righteous man is afraid of nothing but sin. He goes forward in the path of duty, though dangers grow thick around him. He enters the burning, fiery furnace, and grapples with its curling flames. He descends into the den of lions, the king of beasts crouches at his feet. In the storm at midnight, tossed upon the raging billows, he is calm in the presence of the God he serves, and to whom he belongs. In earthquake's shock, when temples are falling, earth opening, and ruin reigns around, he stands fearless amid the desolation, exclaiming, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed out of its place." Descending the dark vale of death itself, he says exultingly, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil." And when the last enemy stands full in his presence, he sings triumphantly:

"Lend, lend your wings; I mount—I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

MATTHEW,

Chap. vi:
verse 24.1 KINGS,
Chap. xviii:
verse 21.JAMES,
Chap. i:
verse 8.ISAIAH,
Chap. xxix:
verse 13.1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verses 15, 16.2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iii:
verse 4.2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iv:
verse 10.PHILLIPP'NS,
Chap. iii:
verse 19.

THE TWO WORLDLINGS.!

They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him.
Titus, i: 16.—If any man love the world, the love of the Father
is not in him. 1 John, ii: 15.

VIEW here spread out the plains of heavenly light,
 And narrow way, that ends where all is bright.
 Behold, with globes, upon the lightsome green,
 To different work addressed, two men are seen.
 With careless ease one rolls his globe along,
 And follows after, full of mirth and song;
 The other strives to move his world's vast weight,
 Up hill, toward the brightly-shining gate:

He strives in vain; the globe, though in the track,
 Still downward tending, drives him further back.
 And though they seem contrary roads to go,
 They meet together in the vale below.
 Thus some pursue an open course of sin;
 Some Christ profess, yet hold the world within.
 Though these appear to play a different game,
 Their fate is equal, and their end the same.

In the engraving, two men are seen employed in rolling globes. The one on the right hand has very easy work of it; he is going down hill; his globe rolls on rapidly. He follows after with great glee and merit; soon he is out of sight below.

The one on the left is seen, with his globe, in the path that leads to the gate of brightness. He is striving to make his way toward the gate of light, with the ponderous world before him. In vain he struggles, and heavens, and lifts; it still presses down

upon him, and bears him backward, till at length he finds himself at the bottom of the valley, where he meets his neighbor, who laughs heartily at him for taking so much trouble to effect what he accomplished so easily.

This picture represents two kinds of worldly characters, who both equally miss of heaven in the end. The gate of light shows the entrance to the New Jerusalem; the pathway signifies the way of holiness, leading thereunto; the man on the right, rolling his ball along so gayly, represents the professed man of the world. He has chosen *honors, riches, and pleasures* for his portion. These, combined, form the deity that he worships. Where they lead, he follows; where they tarry, there he also abides; hence he turns his back upon the way of life, and upon the glories of the upper world. He is no hypocrite—not he; he glories in his conduct; he will have nothing to do with church or minister, prayer-book or Bible. He says in his heart, “There is no God,” and casting off all fears, he hastens down the road that leads to death, and receives the doom which awaits “all those who forget God.”

He on the left represents one who,

while^{*} professedly a follower of Christ, yet loves the *honors, riches, and pleasures* of the world. He thinks the Bible may be a true book, and heaven worth having when he can have no more of earth, therefore he is found in the way. He professes to love God, but in works he denies him; he makes, consequently, no progress heavenward. The world is too much for him; it obtains more and more power over him, until it, after having made him miserable on earth, sinks him into the gulf of woe, where he receives his portion with the “*hypocrites and unbelievers*.”

When in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

Honor's a puff of noisy breath:
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.

The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

Dr. Watts.

ROMANS,
Chap. i:
verse 17.

ROMANS,
Chap. iv:
verse 5.

HEBREWS,
Chap. x:
verse 5.

LUKE,
Chap. viii:
verse 50.



JAMES,
Chap. ii:
verse 17.

JAMES,
Chap. ii:
verse 21.

1 THESSAL'NS,
Chap. i:
verse 3.

REVELATION,
Chap. xx:
verse 13.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect. James, ii: 22.

Lo! where the Boatman stems the flowing tide,
And aims direct his little bark to guide;
With both oars working, he can headway make,
And leave the waters foaming in his wake;
But if one oar within the boat he lays,
In useless circles, round and round, he plays.

So Faith and Works, when both together brought,
With mighty power, and heavenly life are fraught,
To help the Christian on his arduous road,
And urge him forward on his way to God:
If Faith or Works, no matter which, he drops,
Short of his journey's end he surely stops.

Look at the honest waterman plying at his daily occupation. He has just left a passenger on the other side. See with what precision he guides his little boat. By pulling both oars with equal strength, he makes rapid progress, and steers straight. He leaves the waters foaming in his track; this is called his wake. If he should lay in either of his oars, his progress

would at once be stopped. As long as he plies both, he goes ahead; but let him pull but one ever so hard, and he could not advance a foot. Round and round he would float, in eddying circles, forever. In vain would his passengers await his arrival; in vain would his wife and little ones expect his return; he would never more return; probably he would

drift out to sea, and be lost in the immensity of old ocean.

The accompanying engraving is an emblem of Faith and Works united. The Christian has a "calling," or occupation, in which he makes progress so long as faith and works are united. They are to him as a propelling power, urging him forward in his pathway to immortality. He exerts a holy influence wherever he goes, and leaves a brilliant track behind him. It is seen that a man of God has been there. But let him lay in one of his oars; let it be said of him, "He hath left off to do good," and his progress in the divine life will at once be checked. Let him lay aside "Faith," and the effect will be the same. He may, indeed, go round and round, like a mill-horse, in a circle of dry performances; but he will never reach the Christian's home. In vain will his friends, who have gone before him, expect his arrival; he will never see the King in his beauty. The current of sin will bear him outward and downward, and land him eventually in the gulf of the lost.

Some there are who have "faith," yet who are destitute of "good works." "The devils believe," but they neither love nor obey—devils they continue. Deists again, men who believe in the being and unity of God but reject the Bible as an inspired book, have faith. But are their works perfect (good) before God? Will their faith

save them? All antinomians are of this class.

Some, on the other hand, strive to abound in "works," who yet are destitute of "faith." Cain, who brought his offering, and slew his brother Abel, was of this class. The Pharisees, who paid tithes of all they possessed, and who cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" were also of this number. The professors of "good works," in our own day, who have no true faith in Christ, are of this number; for all offerings whatsoever, that are not perfumed with the odor of Christ's sacrifice, they are an abomination to the Lord.

In Abraham we see faith and works admirably combined. "He believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness," "and he was justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar." "Thus faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect."

In fine, where there is a scriptural "faith," that faith which is the evidence or conviction of unseen realities, there will be "works" corresponding thereto, as surely as there is life while the soul is in the body.

On the other hand, where there is no true faith, there can be no "works" acceptable to God, no more than there can be life when the soul has left the body. "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

ACTS,
Chap. xix :
verse 36.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. v :
verse 2.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xix :
verse 2.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. viii :
verse 3.



1 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. ix :
verse 27.

PROVERBS,
Chap. vi :
verse 27.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xv :
verse 28.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxix :
verse 20.

PRECIPITATION, OR RASHNESS.

With a furious man thou shalt not go. Prov. xxii: 24.—The simple pass on, and are punished. Prov. xxii: 3.

BEHOLD the rash, impetuous charioteer,
Who reckless urges on his wild career;
Dangers and darkness thick around him grow,
High cliffs above, and yawning gulfs below;
Yet much at ease. In neither fear nor pain,
He smacks his whip, and freely gives the rein;
Rocks, vast, precipitous, he dashes by,

But frightful chasms now before him lie;
Down, down the dreadful precipice he flies,
And dashed to pieces, for his rashness dies.
Thus willful youth to passion gives the reins,
And lengthened grief, for pleasures short, obtains
By passion drawn, before he's well aware,
He sinks o'erwhelmed in misery and despair.

The youth above is seen driving furiously along paths replete with danger. The road, if road it may be called, becomes more and more hazardous. He labors not to curb the fiery steeds, whose speed increases every moment. Instead of restraining them, he cracks his whip, and loosely gives the rein. He appears to be wholly unconscious of his im-

minent peril. Abrupt cliffs hang over his head, and deep, awful ravines open on each side of his path. His situation becomes still more dangerous; right ahead a frightful gulf presents itself to his eyes, now beginning to open. With the rapidity of lightning he approaches the dreadful brink; on the coursers fly. Now he sees his danger, and strives to check

them. It is in vain; they have had the rein too long; their blood is up. With a fearful bound, over the precipice they go; horses and driver are dashed to atoms against the rocks, and are seen no more.

Ancient philosophers used to compare human passions to wild horses, and the reason of man to the driver, or coachman, whose business it was to control and guide them at his pleasure. But many men have more command over their horses than they have over themselves. This is a melancholy truth. Their proud chargers are taught to stand still, to gallop, to trot, and to perform, in short, all kinds of evolutions with perfect ease; while the passions run away with their rightful owners; they will not submit to be guided by reason. It is of far more importance that a man should learn to govern his passions than his horses. Our passions, like fire and water, are excellent servants, but bad masters. Horses, to be useful, must be governable; but to be governable, they must be broke in betimes, and thoroughly. So with the passions, otherwise their power will increase over that of reason, and in the end lead to ruin.

Philosophy may do much in enabling us to govern the passions; religion, however, can do more. It is said of Socrates, who had a wretched scold for a wife, that one day, when she was scolding him at a great rate,

he bore it very patiently, controlling himself by reason. His unruffled composure enraged her still more, and she threw a bowl of dirty water in his face. Then he spoke: "It is quite natural," said he, smiling, "when the thunder has spent its fury, and the lightning its fires, that the teeming shower should descend."

But religion is more easily obtained than philosophy, and it is far more powerful. It imparts a gracious, influential principle that enables whosoever submits to it to govern his passions, and even to love his enemies, and thus to conquer them.

Many have conquered kingdoms, who could not conquer themselves. Thus Alexander, who, being a slave to his passions, slew Clytus, his most intimate friend. And, notwithstanding the laurels that have been woven for the conquerors of ancient and modern times, the Almighty himself has prepared a diadem of glory for the self-conquered, bearing, in letters of heavenly light, this inscription: "*He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city.*"

Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell,
But heaven prevents the fall.

Dr. Watts.

PSALM

xxxix:
verse 6.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xl:
verse 6.

1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 17.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. i:
verse 8.



ECCLESIAST'S,

Chap. iv:
verse 8.

ECCLESIAST'S,

Chap. v:
verse 10.

JOHN,
Chap. v:
verse 27.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. i:
verse 2.

VAIN PURSUITS.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Isa. lv: 2.

THE truant urchin has forsook the school,
To learn betimes how best to play the fool;
O'er hedge and brake, beneath a burning sun,
With breathless haste, he perseveres to run;
His folly's cause is pictured to the eye;
The object what?—A painted butterfly.
At length outspent, he grasps the trembling thing,

And with the grasp, destroys the painted wing;
Chagrined he views, for that once beauteous form,
Nothing remains, except a homely worm.
So larger children leave important deeds,
And after trifles oft, the truant speeds;
And if by toil he gains the gaudy prize,
Alas! 't is changed—it fades away, and dies.

The foolish boy, leaving the useful and delightful pleasures of study, runs after a pretty butterfly that has attracted his attention. On he runs, through brake and brier, over hedges and ditches, up hill and down dale; the sun, at the same time, pours down its burning rays upon his uncovered head. See how he sweats, and puffs, and toils! 'Tis all in vain; just as he comes up with the prize, away it flies far above his reach. Still he follows on; now it has settled upon a favorite flower. He is sure of it now; he puts forth his hand. Lo! it is gone. Still he pursues—on and on he runs after the glittering insect. Presently it alights, and hides itself within the leaves of the lily of the valley. For awhile he loses sight of it; again he discovers it on the wing, and again he renews the chase. Nor

is it until the sun descends the western sky, that he comes up with the object of his laborious race. Weary of the wing, the butterfly seeks shelter for the night within the cup of the mountain blue-bell. The boy, marking its hiding-place, makes a desperate spring, and seizes the trembling beauty. In his eagerness to possess it, he has crushed its tender wings, and marred entirely those golden colors. With deep mortification, and bitter regret at his folly, he beholds nothing left but a mere grub, an almost lifeless worm, without form and without loveliness.

This emblem aptly shows the folly of those who, whether young or old, leaving the solid paths of knowledge, of industry, and of lawful pleasure, follow the vanities of this life. Corrupt and unbridled passions and vitiated tastes lead, in the end, to ruin.

The way of transgressors is hard, as well as foolish and vain. To follow after forbidden objects is far more laborious than to pursue those only that are lawful. It is said of *wisdom* that all her ways are ways of pleasantness, that all her paths are paths of peace.

The mind of the youth who is in pursuit of vanities, or of unlawful pleasures, is ever raging, like a tempest. Now up, now down—he knows

nothing of true pleasure, nothing of solid peace. The object he desires and pursues so ardently mocks him again and again. "To-morrow," he says to himself, "will give me the object of my wishes." To-morrow comes—once more it eludes his grasp. Now he becomes uneasy, then impatient, then fretful, then anxious, and then desperate; now he resolves at all hazards to seize upon the prize—it is his own; but ah! the flowers have faded, the beautiful colors have disappeared; the angel of beauty is transformed into a loathsome object. His eyes are opened; and, alas! too late, disappointed and remorseful, he learns the truth of the maxim that "it is not all gold that glitters."

"Man has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

"In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

"So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 't is a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

"Great God! subdue the vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined."
Dr. Watts.

PSALM

xxxvii:

verses 35, 36.

EZEKIEL,

Chap. xxi:

verse 14.

JUDGES,

Chap. i:

verses 6, 7.

DANIEL,

Chap. v:

verse 20.



PROVERBS,

Chap. xv:

verse 25.

2 KINGS,

Chap. xviii:

verse 28.

2 KINGS,

Chap. xix:

verse 37.

JAMES,

Chap. iv:

verse 6.

DANGER OF GREATNESS.

The high ones of stature shall be hewn down, and the haughty shall be humbled. Isa. x: 33.

THE clouds assemble in the blackening west,
Anon with gloom the sky becomes o'ercast,
United winds with wide-mouthed fury roar;
Old ocean, rolling, heaves from shore to shore;
With boiling rage the waves begin to rise,
And ruffian billows now assail the skies;
The hardy forests, too, affrighted quake,
The hills they tremble, and the mountains shake;

The oak majestic, towering to the skies,
Laughs at the whirlwind, and the storm defies;
Spreads wide its arms, rejoicing in its pride,
And meets unbending the tornado's tide;
The winds prevail, one loud tremendous blow,
The monarch prostrates, and his pride lays low;
While the low reed, in far more humble form,
Unknown to greatness, safe, outlives the storm.

The storm rages. The sturdy oak, the growth of centuries, lifts its proud head towering to the heavens; it spreads abroad its ample branches, giving shelter to birds and beasts. For a long time it resists the fury of the hurricane, but 'tis all in vain; with a mighty crash it is overturned; its very roots are laid bare; its branch-

ing honors are brought low; birds, beasts, and creeping reptiles now trample upon its fallen greatness.

But see; the humble reed, bending to the storm, escapes unhurt. Its lowly position has preserved it from destruction; while its mighty neighbor is no more. It still lives, and grows, and flourishes.

This is an apt emblem of the danger attending upon high stations, and of the security afforded in the less elevated walks of life. It is calculated to damp the ardor of ambition, of at least that ambition that seeks to be great only that self may be enriched, or vanity gratified.

This kind of greatness is, indeed, the most dangerous, and the most uncertain. It is sure to be a mark for others, equally aspiring and unprincipled, to shoot at; while the possessor of this greatness, not being protected by the shield of conscious integrity, falls to rise no more, and the flatterers and dependents being no longer able to enrich themselves, unite in trampling under foot the man they formerly delighted to honor.

Love is not an evil of itself, neither is ambition; they may both be expended on worthless or sinful objects. Let the youth seek out a proper object for the lofty aspirings of the soul; let him learn to direct them by the providence and word of God. True greatness consists in goodness; in being useful to mankind. Those individuals usually called great have been the destroyers, not the benefactors of our race. A private station is as much a post of honor as the most elevated. Indeed, properly speaking, there are no private stations; every man is a public man, and equally interested with others in the welfare and progress of his fellows. The lowly reed is as perfect in its kind as the lofty oak, and answers equally the end of its creation.

It is true, however, that the more

elevated the station a man holds in society, the more responsibility he is under both to God and man. He is also exposed to more dangers and temptations. Envy, that hates the excellence she can not reach, will carp at him, and slander shoot her poisoned arrows at him. Happiness seldom dwells with greatness, nor is safety the child of wealth and honors. "But he that humbleth himself—in due time—shall be exalted."

A striking instance of the danger of greatness may be found in the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. This ambitious man lived in the reign of Henry VIII, king of England. He was that monarch's favorite minister. He is said to have been "insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expenses; of great capacity, but still more unbounded in enterprise; ambitious of power, but still more ambitious of glory." He succeeded—he was raised to the highest pinnacle; but he fell under the displeasure of the king. The inventory of his goods being taken, they were found to exceed the most extravagant surmises. Of fine holland, there were found eleven hundred pieces; the walls of his palace were covered with cloth of gold and silver; he had a cupboard of plate, all of massy gold; and all the rest of his riches and furniture were in the same proportion, all of which were converted to the use of the king. A bill of indictment was preferred against him; he was ordered to resign the great seal, and to depart from his palace. Soon after, he was arrested for high treason, and commanded to be conducted to London to take his trial.

When he arrived at Leicester Abbey, he was taken sick—men said he poisoned himself. His disorder increased. A short time before he expired, he said to the officer who guarded him: "O, had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my gray hairs." He died shortly after, in all the pangs of remorse, and left a life rendered miserable by his unbounded ambition for greatness.

1 THESSAL'NS,

Chap. v:
verse 7.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxviii:
verse 1.

ISAIAH,

Chap. lvii:
verse 20.

PROVERBS,

Chap. x:
verse 24.



2 KINGS,

Chap. ix:
verse 31.

ISAIAH,

Chap. xlvi:
verse 22.

1 PETER,

Chap. iii:
verse 12.

ISAIAH,

Chap. iii:
verse 11.

GUILT.

For every one that doeth evil hateth the light. John, iii: 20.

In splendor rising, view "the king of day,"
And darkness chasing from the earth away;
The beast of prey escapes before the sun,
To thickest covert, ere his work is done;
The birds of night now flee away apace,
And hide securely in some gloomy place;
While the blithe lark, elate pours forth its lays,

And warbles to the sun its notes of praise.
So guilty men pursue in devilish mood,
The trade of plunder, and the deed of blood;
They work in darkness without shame or fear,
And skulk in darkness when the day draws near;
While conscious innocence walks forth upright,
And, like the lark, rejoices in the light.

See where the glorious sun is rising in majesty and strength. Darkness has fled from his presence, and now there is nothing hid from his rosy light. See the beast of prey, slinking off to his den. Stung with hunger, and athirst for blood, he roamed round in the darkness of night. Lighting upon a sheep cote, he breaks into the inclosure; the bleating, helpless lambs become his

prey; some he devours, others he leaves mangled and torn upon the ground. Detected by the light, he sneaks away; he plunges into the forest, and hides him in its thickest shade.

The birds of night—the bat, and others—fly away before the rising sun. The music of the awakening choir, blooming fields, and spicy gardens, possess no charms for them. Mold-

ering ruins, among thickest shades, where the toad finds a shelter, and the serpent hisses—this is their favorite dwelling-place; while the gay lark, high mounting, pours forth his praises to the solar king. He is gladdened by his beams, and welcomes his approach with all the melody of song.

“Thou, O Lord, makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.”

The engraving is emblematical of guilt; for happy would it be for mankind, were the beasts of prey and birds of night the only disturbers of the world's repose—the only destroyers that walk abroad in darkness. Alas!

“—————When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.”

Then, too, the robber goes forth to perpetrate his deeds of violence and rapine; then, too, the adulterer, and kindles a fire that will burn to the lowest hell; and shrouded in the mantel of night, the man of blood stalks forth, and works his deeds of death.

In this way, man, made in the image of God, becomes allied to the most malignant part of the brute creation, companions and co-workers with them. What degradation! Alas, alas! how are the mighty fallen!

Look again at the folly and igno-

rance of wicked men in supposing themselves concealed because *they* can not see. It is related of the ostrich, that she covers her head only with reeds, and because she can not see herself, thinks she is hid from the eye of her pursuers. Thus it is with the workers of iniquity in the night-time; they may indeed be hid from the sleeping eyes of mortals, but the ever-wakeful eye of Jehovah looks full upon them. When they say, “Surely the darkness shall cover me,” even then “the night is light” all around them. “Clouds and darkness are round about Him;” they are Jehovah's habitation, therefore what is mistaken for a covering is the presence-chamber of the Holy God, who “compasseth thy path, and thy lying down, and who is acquainted with all ways.”

“Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.”

“When men of mischief rise
In secret 'gainst the skies,
Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave;
And oh! beyond the tomb,
How dreadful is their doom,
Where not a hand is reached to save!”

“His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the light, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.”

LUKE,
Chap. xxi:
verse 19.

JAMES,
Chap. v:
verse 7.

JAMES,
Chap. v:
verse 10.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xii:
verses 1, 2.



JAMES,
Chap. i:
verses 2, 3, 4.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xviii:
verse 22.

ROMANS,
Chap. v:
verse 3.

2 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 6.

PATIENCE AND LONG-SUFFERING.

Be patient in tribulation. Rom. xii: 12.—An example of suffering, affliction, and patience. Behold, we count them happy who endure. James, v: 10, 11.

With sore afflictions, and with injuries too,
One deeply-loaded, in the picture view;
Above, beneath, and reigning all around,
Trouble, and chains, and slanderous foes are found;
Her own sweet home no more a shelter stands,
Consumed by fire, it falls by cruel hands:

Amid this widely-devastating stroke,
No cry is heard, no voice of murmur spoke;
Like the mild lamb that crouches by her side,
She bears with meekness all that may betide;
She leans on Hope, and upward casts her eyes,
Expecting succor from the distant skies.

The above engraving represents a female loaded with a heavy burden of afflictions and injuries; fast bound by chains and fetters of iron, she is unable to help herself. Before her lie whips, chains, and slanders; behind, her house, her only asylum, is on fire; ignited by wicked hands, it falls a prey to the devouring flames; while the barking cur assails her with

all his spite. In the midst of her wide-spread calamity, she murmurs not, she makes no complaint. Like the innocent lamb at her side, she bears all without repining. She leans on the anchor of hope, and looks upward.

This is an emblem of Patience and Long-suffering. The figure represents one who is oppressed with manifold

wrongs, upon whose shoulders is laid a heavy burden of grievous outrages, and who is incapacitated, by the force of circumstances, from extricating herself; at the same time, she discovers that she has not yet drank the full cup of her woes. Other evils lie in prospect before her.

One, who, instead of receiving the commiseration and assistance of her neighbors in the season of adversity, is assailed with the venom of the slanderer, the malice of the back-biter, and the wickedness of the incendiary; but who, in the midst of her sufferings, refuses to complain. Though cast down, persecuted, and perplexed, she yields not in despair. With lamb-like meekness, she arms her breast, and possesses her soul in patience. All sustaining hope imparts new strength to her spirits; she commits herself to God, who judgeth righteously; and looking to God for grace to enable her to endure till he shall send deliverance, calmly awaits the issue.

Wicked and unreasonable men abound in the world, and the path of duty is often beset with present difficulties and dangers; yet it ends where all is easy and delightful. Let no one recede from the path of duty, nor tamely yield to despair. We may be tempted to flee, like the prophet Jonah, from our proper work; like Joshua, we may throw ourselves on the ground, and exclaim, despondingly, "Alas, O Lord God!" Like David, we may say, "I shall perish by the hand of Saul;" or like Elijah, the fearless advocate of truth, say inquiringly, "What good shall my life do me?" Yet let us remember

that "light is sown for the righteous." The seed of deliverance is already in the ground; the crop is not far distant; we shall reap if we faint not.

The conduct of Job affords the most perfect example of patience. Despoiled of his worldly property, his children taken from him at a stroke, his body tormented with one of the most painful and loathsome diseases, distressed by the foolish infidelity of his wife, and slandered by his professed friends; yet his patient soul triumphed over all. Still clinging to God, his Rock, he exclaimed, exultingly, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In your patience, possess ye your souls. *Luke, xxi: 19.*—Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. *James, v: 7.*

Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and of patience. *James, v: 10.*

Let us run with patience the race set before us; looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. *Heb. xii: 1, 2.*

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. *James, i: 2, 3, 4.*

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxvi:
verse 41.

1 TIMOTHY,

Chap. vi:
verse 9.

JAMES,

Chap. i:
verse 12.

HEBREWS,

Chap. iv:
verse 15.

1 JAMES,

Chap. i:
verse 14.

PSALM

cxix:
verse 37.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxiii:
verse 31.

PROVERBS,

Chap. v:
verse 8.

TEMPTATION.

*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Matt.
vi: 13.*

See where the tree its richest foliage wears,
And golden fruit its laden branches bears;
Behold concealed beneath its shade sidelong,
The glossy serpent, with his poisonous tongue;
The simple boy, far from his father's care,
Is well-nigh taken with the gilded snare.
The tempting fruit outspread before his eyes,

Fills him with rapture and complete surprise;
Nor hidden dangers will he wait to see,
But onward hastens to the fatal tree.
His father sees him, and, with faltering breath,
Recalls his loved one from the brink of death;
Nor waits reply, but on the spot he springs,
And saves his darling from the serpent's stings.

The tree rich in foliage, and rich in fruit, spreads out its delicious produce to the passer-by. See also the subtle serpent, as if aware of the powerful attractions that the tree affords, conceals itself underneath its branches, ready to spring upon the unwary traveler. That little boy has been in great danger; he left the house, and wandered on till he came in sight of the tree; the fruit attracted his attention; he stopped, he was delighted with its appearance. Thoughtless of danger, he was just going to pluck and eat, when the voice of his father alarmed him; he had seen his danger. In another moment he was on the spot, and seizing him by the

hand, pointed out to him the serpent, and led him from the place of danger.

This is an emblem of Temptation; of the danger to which youth especially are exposed. The tree, with its rich foliage and golden fruit, represents those things that are objects of temptation. The serpent shows the danger that invariably attends those objects that entice to sin. The artless boy represents the simplicity of youth, who, attracted by the outside appearance of things, consider not the evil of sinful gratification. The anxious father exhibits the ever-watchful care of our Father who is in heaven over his children, whom, as long as they confide in him, he will deliver from evil.

This emblem sets forth also somewhat of the nature of temptation. Thus: the *object* is presented to the eye; the *mind* takes pleasure in beholding it; then the *will* consents to embrace it. "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

The youthful Joseph, when in the house of Potiphar the Egyptian, was assailed by temptation. The object was presented to him in its most attractive form; while master of himself, he fled from it, and escaped. His memory is blessed.

David, king of Israel, when walking upon the battlements, beheld a similar object of temptation. He

looked till the fire of lust was in his soul, and his will determined upon possession. Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. This was to David the beginning of sorrows.

Temptation, at the commencement, is "like the thread of the spider's web; afterward, it is like a cart-rope." The poor slave, Joseph, broke the thread, and became a king, nay, more than a king; while the king, David, was fast bound by the cart-rope, and became a slave.

The theater, the card-table, the intoxicating cup, the painted harlot, are all so many objects of powerful temptation, under which lurks the serpent with its sting of death. Fleeing to God, in Christ, by earnest prayer, is the only way of escape therefrom.

"How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet as snare.

"The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

* * * * *

"Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

"She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense."

PROVERBS,

Chap. iv :
verse 15.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xiii :
verse 16.

HOSEA,

Chap. xiv :
verse 9.

PSALM

cxii :
verse 5.



PROVERBS,

Chap. i :
verse 4.

1 PETER,

Chap. v :
verse 3.

MARK,

Chap. xiii :
verse 37.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. vi :
verse 18.

PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT.

See that ye walk circumspectly. Eph. v: 15.—A prudent man foreseeth the evil. Prov. xxii: 3.

WHERE some would thoughtless rush, with skip
and dance,

See Prudence there with cautious steps advance:

Behind, the faithful mirror brings to view

The roaring lion, that would her pursue;

Before, she knows, by telescopic glass,

How many things will shortly come to pass;

Betimes, concealed where fragrant roses hang,

She sees the serpent with his poisoned fang:

And thus she learns, what youth should always
know,

That pleasures oft with fatal snares may grow.

Prudence is here seen proceeding with slow and cautious steps. She has in her right hand a telescope, by means of which she is enabled to bring things that are far off nigh to view; thus she sees things that would otherwise be hidden entirely from her sight; while other things are magnified in their proportions, so that she can discern their nature more truly,

and thus adapt her conduct to the circumstances of the case. In this manner she applies her wisdom to practice. She carries also, in her left, a mirror, by which she is enabled to detect objects that are behind her. A lion is discovered descending from the mountains, hungry, and ravening for its prey. Nor in her attention to remoter objects is

she regardless of those nigh at hand; she espies concealed behind a rose-bush a serpent; it is of the dangerous kind. By her timely discovery, she saves herself from its poisonous fangs

This is an emblem of Prudence; for what is prudence but wisdom applied to practice? Wisdom enables us to determine what are the best ends, likewise what are the best means to be used in order to attain those ends. But prudence applies all this to practice, suiting words and actions to time, place, circumstance, and manner. O! how necessary is prudence for the purposes of the present life. Without prudence, the mighty become enfeebled, the wise become foolish, and the wealthy, inhabitants of the poor-house.

There are duties to be done, pleasures to be enjoyed, dangers to be guarded against, all of which can not be effected unless prudence guides the helm. Pleasures and dangers are so artfully mingled together, as the serpent among the roses, that the prudent only can possibly detect the snare. The youth can not be rich in experience; still, he can cultivate prudence, which will beget an habitual presence of mind, ever-watchful and awake. Misfortunes are common to all; the prudent, considering that he is not exempt from the common lot of mortals will guard against them; and, as if they were sure to come, he will prepare himself to endure them.

Like the mariner, who, when sailing in windy latitudes, sweeps the horizon with his telescope to see if there are signs of squalls; toward evening, he shortens sail, sets his watch, and keeps a good look-out.

Now, if prudence is so necessary and profitable when applied to the things of this life, it is much more so when applied to the life which is to come, because the *soul* is of more value than the *body*, and *eternity* of more importance than *time*. Events not *contingent* but *certain* will come upon us, against which, if we are *prudent*, we shall provide—events *solemn*, *momentous*, and deeply *interesting*. What more solemn than death? What more momentous than the judgment to come? What more interesting to an immortal spirit than the final issues of that judgment? Shall I my everlasting days with fiends or angels spend? “The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself. The simple pass on, and are punished.”

“O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

“My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

“Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
Forever shout for joy.”

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. ii:

verse 3.

GALATIANS,

Chap. v:

verse 1.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xiii:

verse 7.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. vi:

verse 13.



ACTS,

Chap. xx:

verse 24.

JOB,

Chap. xiii:

verse 15.

HEBREWS,

Chap. iii:

verse 6.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xv:

verse 58.

FORTITUDE AND CONSTANCY.

The righteous shall never be removed. Prov. x: 30.—Behold, we count them happy who endure. James, v: 11.

As stands the pillar on the solid ground,
Nor heeds the tempest that prevails around,
Unmoved, though tempests bluster from on high,
And thunders rolling shake the trembling sky:
So *Fortitude* is strong in *Virtue's* cause,
Nor fears contempt, nor covets vain applause;

But when the storms of evil tongues prevail,
And envy rises like a furious gale,
She bears on high her ample spotless shield,
Her own fair fame, and still disdains to yield:
Enduring greatly, till the storm is gone,
Then sees triumphant that her cause is won.

Behold here the emblems of Fortitude and Constancy. The pillar stands upright amidst the storm, and upright in the midst of sunshine, bearing the summer's heat and winter's cold, by night and by day; still it stands, regardless of passing events, and answering at the same time the end of its erection. Thus Constancy continues at the post of duty. Fortitude is seen standing by the pillar of Constancy. See how she braves the fury of the tempest! Winds whistle, thunders roll, and night seems gathering together a magazine of storms to let loose upon her head; yet she continues at the post of patient endurance; with her shield she is enabled to protect herself against all the storms which beat around.

Courage resists danger; fortitude endures pain, either of the body or of the mind, or both. True fortitude is always connected with a holy, a righteous cause. Adversity, or opposition, is the test of fortitude and constancy; it is the fiery trial which tries the virtuous; they come out of it as gold seven times purified, losing nothing save the alloy. Holiness of character, faith in God's Word, constitute the shield of Fortitude, and render her altogether invulnerable.

It is easy for a man to profess attachment to a good cause when that cause meets with the general approbation. It is an easy thing to boast of virtue that has never been tried by temptation, and to exult in fortitude that has never had to bear the storm of opposition; but true fortitude is found to consist in supporting evils with resignation, and in enduring opposition with resolution and dignity. "He that loseth wealth," say the Spaniards, "loseth much; he that loseth his friends, loseth more; but he that loseth his spirit, loseth all." The man of fortitude, strong in conscious integrity, and in the knowledge of the right, though wealth may desert him, though his friends may forsake him in his greatest need, yet he *possesses his soul* in patience; he rejoices that *his soul* is free. The cause of truth he knows can never fall. This makes him magnanimous, both to do and to dare.

One of the most conspicuous instances of true fortitude is found in the conduct of the Apostle Paul. After having for some time served the Church at Ephesus, his duty called him to Jerusalem, where he knew he was to encounter the deadly opposition of his enemies. Before he set out, he preached his farewell sermon. The people were greatly affected. The thoughts of losing their beloved pastor, and of the dangers that awaited him, melted them into tears. "They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more." These circumstances were sufficient to have overwhelmed the stoutest heart. Paul's reply is the language of true fortitude: "Bonds and afflictions await me; *but none of these things move me*; neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy."

"Beset with threatening dangers round,
Firm Fortitude maintains her ground:
Her conscience holds her courage up.
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

"Ill tidings never can surprise
That heart, that fixed on God relies;
Though waves and tempests roar around,
Safe on the rock he stands, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drowned."

HEBREWS,

Chap. vi:
verse 19.



MARK,

Chap. xi:
verse 22.



1 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 5.



JAMES,

Chap. v:
verse 15.



ROMANS,

Chap. xii:
verse 12.



LAMENTA'NS,

Chap. iii:
verse 26.



ACTS,

Chap. xx:
verse 14.



PSALM

cxlv:
verse 19.

THE FAST-ANCHORED SHIP.

Both sure and steadfast. Heb. vi: 19.

Lo! where the war-ship with her tattered sail,
Tho' late escaped the fury of the gale;
At anchor safe within the bay she rides;
Nor heeds the danger of the swelling tides:
Though high aloft the furious storm still roars,
Below, she's sheltered by the winding shores.
The church of Christ a war-ship is below,

She spreads her sails to meet her haughty foe;
Satan assails her with his furious blasts,
Her sails are riven, broken are her masts.
A night of darkness finds her in some bay,
She drops her anchors, and awaits the day;
Faith, Hope, and Prayer, her anchors prove,
With *Resignation* to the powers above.

This engraving represents a ship riding by four anchors. To escape the rage of the storm at sea, she has sought shelter in the bay. Her sails are torn, and cordage damaged; she needs to undergo repairs. The gale still howls fearfully overhead; but protected by the land, she rides comparatively in smooth water.

The Church of God may be com-

pared to a ship, and to a ship of war, built by the great Architect who made heaven and earth—first launched when Adam fell overboard—chartered by divine love to take him in, with all his believing posterity, and convey them to the port of glory.

Jehovah is her rightful owner; Immanuel is her captain; the Holy Spirit is her pilot; the Holy Bible is both

chart and compass; self-examination is her log-book; her pole-star is the star of Bethlehem. Under her great Captain, the ministers of religion take rank as officers; besides whom, there are a number of petty officers. Her crew consists of all those who "follow the Captain." Passengers, she carries none—all on board are "working hands."

This world is the tempestuous sea over which she makes her voyages. It is a dangerous sea; rocks, shoals, and quicksands hide their deceitful heads beneath its dark blue waves; mountainous billows roll, furious storms descend, and treacherous whirlpools entice only to destroy.

The voyage is from time to eternity. The good ship never puts back; well stocked, she carries bread of life, and waters of salvation, in abundance; no "southerly wind" ever afflicts her. The Church is a ship of war; she carries a commission authorizing her to "sink, burn, and destroy" whatever belongs to Beelzebub, the great enemy of mankind, and to ship hands in every quarter; therefore Beelzebub, being a "prince of the power of the air," comes out against her, armed with the four winds of heaven, and attacks her as he did the house of Job's eldest son.

Bravely does she behave amid the storm. She would weather the gale,

were it not that there is treachery on board; some "Achan" compels her to "about ship." She runs into the bay of Promise, and casts first of all the anchor of *Hope*. Though "perplexed," she is "not in despair." Hope is as an anchor to the soul in the day of adversity. Hope, however, is not sufficient; another anchor divides the parting wave, even that of *Faith*. Faith takes hold of the promises made to the Church in her times of trial, especially this one: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." *Prayer*, consequently, "is let go" next. Ah! now she "takes hold on God;" now the vessel rightens; now she is steady. Nevertheless, she is not yet delivered. What more can she do? There is yet one more anchor on board: *Resignation*, last of all, is received by the yielding wave. The good ship has done her duty; now she may lie still, and wait for the salvation of God. Soon it comes; heavenly breezes fill her flowing sails; she is again under weigh for the *port of glory*—

"Where all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with their Savior beneath;
With shouting, each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past,
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

PSALM

cxxxiii:
verse 1.

EPHESIANS,

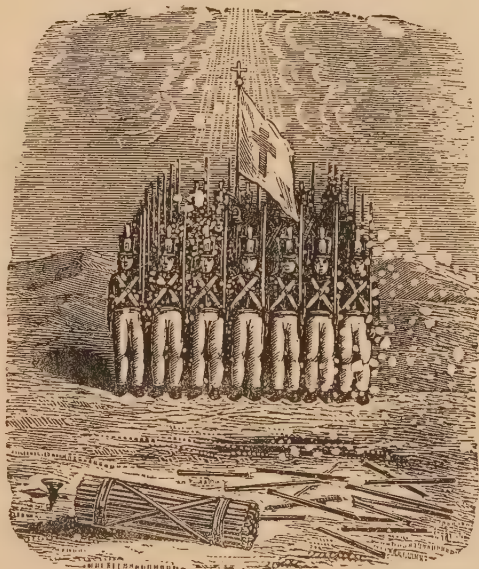
Chap. iv:
verse 13.

COLOSSIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 2.

1 PETER,

Chap. iii:
verse 8.



ACTS,

Chap. i:
verse 14.

1 JOHN,

Chap. i:
verse 3.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 5.

JOHN,

Chap. xvii:
verse 23.

UNANIMITY.

Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit. Eph. iv: 3.—So we, being many, are one body in Christ. Rom. xii: 5.

Look! where the soldiers form a hollow square,
And thus the fortunes of the day repair;
On every side a bristling front present,
On which the fury of the foe is spent;
"Union is strength"—'gainst odds they win the
day,
And proud their banners o'er the field display:
The camp, the Christian Church may sometimes
teach,
To gain a triumph, or to mount a breach:
So when the armies of the cross *unite*,
They quickly put the alien foe to flight;

When, up and doing, *united* and awake,
They drive back Satan, and his kingdom shake;
The standard-bearer with his brethren stands,
By love united. Love binds hearts and hands,
The flag of Jesus high aloft he bears,
That tells of victories won, by groans and tears;
Of future victories, too, this is the sign,
When all the kingdoms, Savior, shall be thine;
Then let the heroes of the cross *unite*,
And quickly put the alien foes to flight;
And win the world in great Messiah's right. }

The soldiers are here seen formed into what is termed a hollow square. They have been well-nigh beaten on the field of battle; this position is resorted to as a last effort; on every side they present an array of glitter-

ing arms. The foe advances; still they stand their ground; they repel the onset; they change the fortunes of the day. By union, they rout the enemy, and gain a complete victory.

Behold, says the Psalmist, how

good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in *unity*. It is not only good and pleasant, but essential to success. Christians have a work to do—a great work. Union is strength in religious warfare, as well as in military tactics. “United, we stand, divided we fall.” It is a part of the plans of military commanders to divide the forces of the enemy, both in the council and in the field; so likewise it is the plan of the grand adversary of souls to divide Christians. The great Head of the Church has provided a principle which binds, nourishes, and consolidates the various members of the body together; for we are all members one of another. If this principle is neglected, the army of the cross becomes easily dispersed. The principle is Love.

An aged father, when dying, called his sons around his dying bed, and in order to show them the necessity of union among themselves, he commanded a bundle of sticks, which he had provided, to be brought before

him. Beginning with the eldest, he requested him to break the bundle; he could not. The next was called, and so on down to the youngest; all failed, upon which the old man cut the cord which bound them together, and they were easily broken one by one. *Love* is the cord that binds together. *Union* alone supplies the lack of numbers, of talents, and of wealth. The minister of the gospel is the standard-bearer in the Christian army; the membership are the soldiers of Jesus. If every soldier rallies round the standard, and all are determined to conquer or die, nothing can stand before them; they would drive back the powers of darkness, and make Apollyon fly. For want of union, antichrist and infidelity prevail, and sinners go unreclaimed. When professing Christians cease to vex each other, and turn the whole tide of their strength against the common foe, the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Messiah, and he will reign forever and ever.

THE END.

RELIGIOUS ALLEGORIES:

BEING A SERIES OF

EMBLEMATIC ENGRAVINGS,

WITH WRITTEN EXPLANATIONS, MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATION'S

AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS,

DESIGNED

TO ILLUSTRATE DIVINE TRUTH,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY.

"I have used similitudes." HOSEA, XII: 10.

BY WILLIAM HOLMES,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL; AND

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AUTHOR OF SEVERAL HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS WORKS.

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RELIGIOUS ALLEGORIES.

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RELIGIOUS ALLEGORIES.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii:
verse 1.

ISAIAH,

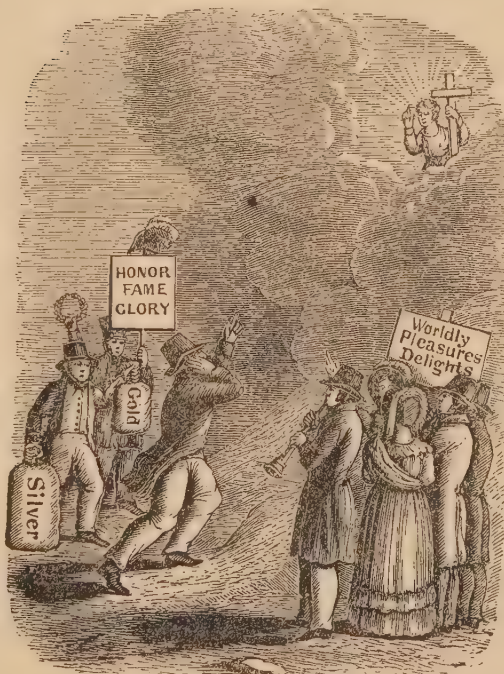
Chap. xlv:
verse 22.

PSALM

v:
verse 3.

I. JOHN,

Chap. v:
verse 5.



PSALM

cxli:
verse 8.

PROVERBS,

Chap. iv:
verse 25.

PSALM

cxix:
verse 37

GALATIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 20.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Looking unto Jesus. Hebrews xii: 2.

Amid the world's vain pleasures, din, and strife,
The Christian treads the upward path of life;
Though sorely tempted to forsake the way,
He presses onward still from day to day;
On worldly honors he with scorn looks down,
Content if he at last shall wear a crown;
And worldly wealth without regret he leaves,
He treasure has beyond the reach of thieves.

The Siren Pleasure with voluptuous strain,
Strives to ensnare him, but she strives in vain,
His ear he closes to their idle noise,
And hastens upward to celestial joys;
At God's right hand he owns an ample store
Of joys substantial, lasting evermore;
He looks to Jesus, his Almighty Friend,
Nor fails at last to reach his journey's end.

The Christian is here depicted making his way up the path of life. The wealth of this world is offered to him on condition that he will turn aside. He rejects the offer with disdain; he points upward, imitating that his treas-

ure is in heaven. Honors are presented; these he despises also, content with the honor that comes from God. The votaries of sinful pleasures next address him; they promise all sorts of delights if he would stay and dwell with them. He closes his ear to their deceitful song; he looks upward to Jesus his Lord and his God, and taking up the song of an old pilgrim he goes on his way singing:—

"Thou wilt show to me the path of life,
In thy presence is fullness of joy,
Pleasures at thy right hand for evermore."

But what will not men in general do in order to obtain those very things which the Christian rejects with so much disdain? What have they not done? Answer, ye battle-fields that have heard the dying groans of so many myriads! Answer, ye death-beds that have listened to the lamentations of the votaries of pleasure! Answer, ye habitations of cruelty, where the life's blood of the victims of avarice oozes away from day to day, under the rod of the oppressor! And who or what is the Christian that these things have no influence over him? Is he not a man? Yes; an altered man from what he was once; a new man. Old things have passed away. All things have become new. *He looks to Jesus.* Here is where his great strength lies. Here is the power by which he overcometh the world, even by looking to Jesus. Do you ask what is this looking to Jesus? What magic is there in this so powerful? Listen! Our sins have separated us from God, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Death, temporal, has passed upon all men, as the forerunner of eternal death, except we repent and be converted. But how shall we repent and be converted? How shall we guilty ones dare to approach the Holy God? He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. What shall we bring to gain his favor? Alas,

for our poverty if it were to be bought with money! Alas, for our sinfulness if our own righteousness could have sufficed to recommend us to God! Alas, for our impotence if we had been left unaided to descend Bethesda's Pool! Alas, for our blindness if we had been left to ourselves to discover a door of Hope.

While in this plight Jesus comes to our relief. He brings a price—a righteousness—a strength—a light. He is the light of the world—the Sun of righteousness. He shines and dispels the gloom. O, how cheering are his rays! As the beams of the morning give hope and consolation to the benighted traveler in some dreary wilderness, so does Jesus, the "day spring from on high," give light and hope to those who sit in "darkness, and in the shadow of death." The light of love and the hope of heaven. The path of duty is revealed, the promise of immortality is given. Do you ask yet again, what is meant by looking to Jesus? Again listen. The exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This is what is meant. Man is made capable of confidence in man. In this consists the charms of domestic felicity. A man without confidence in his race is an isolated being; he is cut off from all the sympathies of his kind. Just so, man without confidence in God, is separated from him. He is in the world without God, and without hope. Faith unites man to God. The Christian is a man of faith. He is united to God; he walks by faith, he lives by faith. The life which he lives is a life of faith in the Son of God who loved him, and gave himself—O, wondrous gift—for him.

He looks to Jesus, as unto an "offering for sin." He receives it as a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that "he hath made him who knew no sin, to be a sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of

God in him." That is, that we might be completely saved by him. This is the ground of his rejoicing, that Jesus hath made "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world," since "he by the grace of God tasted death for every man." He regards his sins as being of such a nature that nothing but the "precious blood of Christ" could avail to purge them away. Thus the man of God considers Jesus. He goes from strength to strength, making mention of his righteousness, who died for his sins, and rose again for his justification.

Such, however, is man's nature, such are his wants, trials, and destiny, that the Lord Jesus Christ has, for his sake, assumed various offices and titles. Does man feel his helplessness, that he can not of himself do any thing that is good, he is invited to look from self to Jesus as the "Mighty God." Look unto me, and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth, for beside me there is no God. While others look at their own weakness, at the difficulties of the way, at the strength and numbers of their foes, the man of faith looks from these to Jesus. Is he tempted to think that after all he shall never see the King in his beauty? He may look to Jesus as his "Advocate" with the Father, who takes care of his interest in the court of heaven, and who is no less watchful over his affairs below. Does he need a subject calculated to fill his mind with mean ideas of self? He looks to Jesus as "*the wonderful*," wonderful indeed. God made man for man to die. In his birth, in his life, in his death, in his resurrection, and ascension. He is wonderful! In his character, in his operations, both of nature and of grace, in drawing, softening, sanctifying, and glorifying the believer, he is wonderful! O, the depth both of the wisdom and the goodness of God!

Does he find the affairs of earth too intricate for him, and that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light? He looks to Jesus as his "Counselor" who is able to guide the feet of his saints.

In the time of trouble the Christian looks to his counselor and finds him a "very present help," and no expensive charges, or ruinous issues follow. He looks to Jesus as the Author or Beginner of Faith, who has called him to be a Christian, who has pointed out to him the proner path of duty, and who will at last award to him a crown of righteousness.

Painters, sculptors, and others, have, in order to be perfect in their art, studied models of excellence. The Christian studies Jesus; he is his "model" or "example." Are his trials many? Is his cross heavy? He considers Jesus who "endured the cross and despised the shame." Is he poor? "The Son of man had no where to lay his head." Is he rich? For the rich are also called; he considers him "who was rich, and for our sakes become poor." Is he tempted with the glories of the present world? To the Savior "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them" were offered. Is he persecuted? He looks to Jesus on the cross and prays "Father forgive them." Thus he looks from earthly glory to that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. From earthly possessions to that "inheritance that fadeth not away," and from earthly pleasures to those that are spiritual and eternal. Adopting the language of the poet, he looks unto Jesus as

"His all!

His theme, his inspiration, and his crown;
His strength in age, his rise in low estate,
His soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth, his world;
His light in darkness, and his life in death,
His boast through time, bliss through eternity,
Eternity too short to sing his praise."

ROMANS,
Chap. x:
verse 17.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verses 8, 10

PSALM
lxxiii:
verse 24.

HEBREWS,
Chap. x:
verse 38.



JOB,
Chap. xiii:
verse 15.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 6.

PSALM
xxiii:
verse 4.

PSALM
cxxxviii:
verse 7.

WALKING BY FAITH.

For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. 7.

THE convert here turns on the world his back,
And walks by faith along the narrow track;
Before him mists arise, and o'er his head
Thick clouds of darkness roll, and round him
A bottomless abyss beneath extends, [spread;
And still new danger to his pathway lends,
While ever and anon, a lurid wreath
Comes rising upward from the pit of death.
Though all around him spreads the gloom of night,

His footsteps sparkle with a brilliant light;
His Lamp—the Book of God—doth brightly shine,
And pours upon his path a light divine.
Between the murky columns as they rise,
Sometimes he sees a palace in the skies;
His heart is cheered, nor death nor danger dreads,
While circumspectly on his way he treads.
Thus, step by step, he walks the narrow road,
Till at the end he finds himself with God.

Here is depicted a man just starting from what appears to be solid ground, to walk upon a narrow plank, stretched across a deep gulf, and which ends nobody knows whither. Before him thick clouds of mist and vapor slowly but continually ascend from the gulf or pit; rolling clouds of pitchy blackness also ascend. They spread themselves around him; in wreathy columns they stand before, and hide the future from his vision. Still he proceeds; he is a won-

der to many, who can not tell what to make of it. The man himself, however, appears to know very well what he is doing. He holds in his hand a book, which he reads as he goes along; though it may seem to some unsafe, yet he finds it advantageous rather than otherwise. The book, he thinks, throws light upon his path; now and then the wind blows the clouds of smoke a little on one side, and he beholds, apparently far off in the distance, a mansion; this is the palace he has heard of; it is thither the way leads, thither he would go.

The sight of the mansion above, whenever he is so fortunate as to behold it, inspires him with courage and fortitude; he bears cheerfully his present labors and sufferings, and meets, without fear, any new foe. He walks onward, step by step, looking well at his footsteps; at last arrives at the end of his journey; this opens upon him quite abruptly. Suddenly he beholds right before him the mansion shining gloriously. He enters—he is made heartily welcome—he is amply repaid for all his labors and sufferings.

This may be considered as an allegorical representation of the Christian walking by faith through this world to the next; the young Christian, when he embraces Christ, turns his back upon the world, its vanities, and sinful pleasures. He renounces it as an object of trust and hope; he leads a new life; he walks a new path. It is the path of Faith. He knows not what is before him in the present life, whether sickness or health, prosperity or adversity; clouds of darkness, of temptation, and trouble are sometimes made to arise in his path, by the enemy of his soul, to discourage him in the way he has chosen. Yet he pursues. The Word of God is his constant, best companion; it is a light unto all his goings; by it he cleanses his way; though it occupies much of his time, so that many think

it will prove his ruin, yet he finds it exceedingly helpful; nay, he would not be without it for all the world.

In the midst of his labors and sufferings, he frequently enjoys rich foretastes of the happiness of heaven; these are refreshing to his soul, strengthening and inspiring him with zeal for the Lord of hosts. His light afflictions he reckons are not worthy to be compared with the glory of which he has had an earnest. Not knowing what shall befall him from hour to hour, and from day to day, he goes forward trusting in God, to whom he has committed the keeping of all his concerns, soul and body, for time and eternity. By and by he finishes his course; he has kept the faith, and an abundant entrance is administered to him into the everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ. The man who walks by sight, looks only at the things which are seen, and which, of course, are temporal. He looks at and regards the things of earth as worthy of his esteem, of his love, of his labor, of his sufferings; houses and lands, power and renown, and whatsoever tends to supply the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—these are the objects to which he directs all his prayers, all his purposes, and all his toils; he lives for this, and, if necessary, he will die for it.

He puts faith in nobody. He will have bonds, and seals, and witnesses for all and in all his transactions. He will not trust the Almighty with any of his concerns, but manages them all himself. He asks no favors at his hands; if, indeed, he does, at any time put up a petition to God, it is that he will ask nothing of him.

How different with the man of Faith. He sees the things of earth and knows their value. It is enough for him that they are temporal. He values them simply as they bear upon Eternity. He looks at the things that are not seen, which are eternal; his soul, and

whatever tends to inform and purify it; his Savior, and whatever will advance his cause on the earth; his God, and what will glorify him; Heaven, and whatever will help him on his way thither; Hell, and what will enable him to escape it. He looks at man as a fellow-traveler to Eternity, to the Judgment, puts a generous confidence in him, and labors to benefit him temporarily and spiritually. His thoughts, his words, his actions, are all regulated according to his eternal interest. A man must live before he can walk. So it is spiritually. He lives a life of faith in the Son of God. Hence it is not difficult to walk by faith. He is but a sojourner here. His citizenship is in heaven. He is a denizen of immortality. Hence to him

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye;
The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display."

Faith is the foundation of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. Faith becomes a foundation on which Hope builds her glorious temple of future happiness. The spies who brought an evil report of the land of Promise, walked by sight. They saw nothing besides the high walls, the number of inhabitants, the gigantic Anakim. Not so Joshua and Caleb. They saw only the promise, and the power of Jehovah, which they believed was sufficient to bring it to pass. While the former perished with those who believed not, they, walking by Faith, entered the goodly land and possessed it for an inheritance forever.

In the days of the Redeemer, there were some who saw only the Babe of Bethlehem, the Carpenter's Son, the

Nazarene, the man of sorrows, the crucified Malefactor, and who dreamed of a temporal kingdom. These all walked by sight. Others beheld in him the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Messiah, the desire of all nations, the Lamb of God, the Son of God, the King of Israel, who looked for a spiritual kingdom that would fill the whole earth, whose dominion should be forever and ever. These all walked by faith, and according to their faith even so was it done unto them.

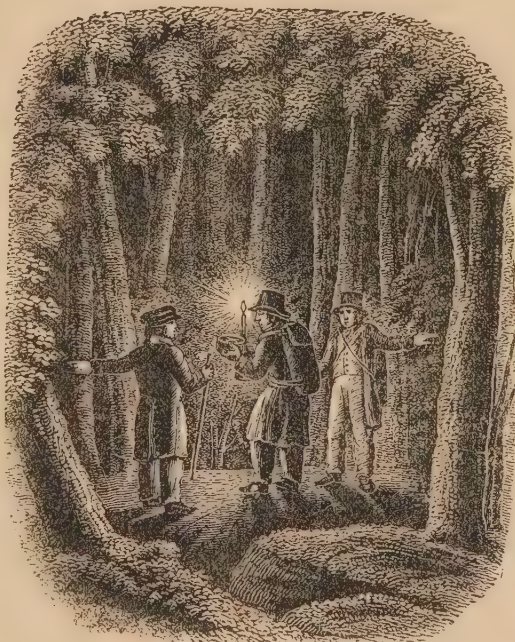
By faith, the good old Simeon took up the child Jesus in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." By faith, the friends of the man sick of the palsy broke open the roof of the house, and lowered the sick man down into the midst where Jesus was, and experienced his salvation. By faith, Joseph of Arimathea, went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and laid it in his own sepulcher, not doubting but that it would be raised again according to the Scriptures. By faith, Paul, when brought before kings and princes of the earth, declared boldly the gospel of Christ and his hope in the resurrection of the dead. By faith, the disciples, who were in Jerusalem when it was encompassed by the Roman armies, left the city and fled to the mountains, and thus escaped punishment in the overthrow thereof. By faith, John Huss and Jerome, of Prague, delivered their bodies to be burned, not accepting deliverance. By faith, Luther burnt the Bull of excommunication, and repaired to the city of Worms, not fearing the wrath of Pope, Emperor, or Devil. By faith, the Pilgrim Fathers braved the fury of the ocean and the violence of the savage, and planted a habitation for God in the wilderness, yea, a refuge for the children of men.

JOHN,
Chap. xvii:
verse 17.

PSALM
xix:
verse 7.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxx:
verse 5.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xl:
verse 8.



LUKE,
Chap. viii:
verse 11.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 35.

2 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 21.

PSALM
cxix:
verse 9.

THE SURE GUIDE.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Ps. cxix: 105. Ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place. 2 Peter, i: 19.

ALONE, bewildered, and in pensive mood,
A traveler wanders through a pathless wood;
Forward he goes, then back, then round and round,
And lists in vain to catch a friendly sound.
Soon night o'ertakes him on her ebon car,
Robed in thick darkness, without moon or star;
No lonely light gleams through the misty air,
And tremblingly he wanders in despair;
At length he sinks, and now for once he prays,
And lo! a compass close beside him lays;
A light he gets and holds it at its side,

That he may well consult the faithful guide;
Within his breast hope now exulting springs,
And painful doubt, and fear away he flings;
But now false guides advance across his track;
One strives with speeches fair to turn him back;
Another bawls with bold and blustering shout:
Here! through this pleasant opening lies your
I tell you, says a third, it is not so; [route.
This, and this only, is the way to go;
He shuns them all, and trims his light anew,
And heeds his compass, and it guides him through.

An honest traveler having, on his way home, to pass through a lonely forest, loses his way. Bewildered, he knows not which way to turn. Now he goes forward; now backward. Then, after wandering about for some time, finds himself where he first starts from. He is discouraged; he listens,

hoping to catch from the whispering winds some tidings of companionship or safety. 'Tis all in vain. Thick mists now gather beneath the leafy canopy. The shadows of evening prevail, and night wraps the earth in her mantle of pitchy darkness. He gropes his way with fear and trembling; he becomes exhausted; hopeless and overcome, at last he sinks on the wet ground. For awhile he muses. A thought strikes him—he will pray. He lifts up his hands in prayer, and as they fall again at his side, he feels a something. Behold! it is a compass. Now he strikes a light, and looks with intense interest on his new-found guide. Hope now swells his bosom; he will again see his beloved home. Doubt and fear are thrown to the winds, and he springs up to pursue his journey.

As he moves forward with a light in one hand and compass in the other, several persons, attracted by the light, rush toward him and proffer their assistance. One pointing out an opening to the left, roomy and level withal, with many fair speeches and much earnestness, presses him to take it. Another, pointing to the right, in a very confident manner, urges him to take that. It is smoother and less obstructed than the way ahead. The traveler, honest in his purpose of finding home, and relying upon his compass, rejects all their offers of advice. He trims his lamp afresh, looks again at his guide, and following implicitly the way it directs, he gets out of the wood and arrives home in peace.

The lonely forest denotes this present world. The traveler, man; home, happiness; the compass, the Holy Bible; the light, the Holy Spirit; the false guides, those deceitful directors and false doctrines that abound in the world. The world, apart from the sacred light and holy influences of heaven, is dark, cheerless, and impenetrable. Through sin, the darkness of ignorance and the shadows of death prevail. "Darkness

has covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people."

Every-where, snares and pitfalls abound; dangers, pain, and death. With the desire of happiness strongly implanted in his bosom, man wanders in the midst of misery and uncertainty. What he is, what he must do, whither he is going, he can not tell. What is life? what is death? He knows not. He tastes of life with bitterness; he approaches death with horror. If there is a God, what is his character? how shall he worship him? If there be a state after death, what is its nature? where is the place of its abode?

In this state of distressing anxiety, he wanders on, pathless, guideless, lightless, hopeless—he is lost! In the anguish of his soul, he exclaims, "Who will show me any good?" "God, forever blessed," hears his prayer. He has been tenderly watching him while in trackless mazes lost, and in his providence presents him with a BIBLE. He opens it—he reads it. Wonderful Book! It tells him all about the darkness; of what it is made, and how it came to overspread the earth. It tells, too, of a sun, a glorious sun, that can disperse the gloom; who he is, and how he becomes the light of the world. It points out to him, more distinctly than he ever saw, the snares and pitfalls, and the way to escape them. Wherefore pain, and how to endure it. Why the desire of happiness is implanted in the human breast, and how it may be gratified. It makes known to him what he is, what he ought to do, where he is going, and what he may become. It tells him of life, and how to enjoy it; of death, and how to strip it of its terrors.

It reveals to him a God, tremendous in power, glorious in holiness, accurate in justice, infinite in love. The Almighty Maker and Ruler of the Universe. It prescribes the way in which he would be worshiped, through "Jesus Christ the Righteous." The sacrifices he would

accept, "a broken and a contrite heart;" this is more acceptable to him than

"Arabia sacrificed
And all her spiny mountains in a flame."

The Bible reveals to him Futurity. It raises the curtain of the hidden world. Here he beholds the tormenting flame, the parched tongue, the useless prayer; there, the glory of Paradise, the bliss of heaven, the song of praise. It becomes to him just what he needs. He has found a way, a guide, a light to happiness. Still, he understands its mighty truths but imperfectly, yet he reads on; scales fall from his eyes; he beholds men as trees walking. But the consolations of hope are his; he has found God; he seeks for wisdom at its fount—for light at its source. "Open my eyes," he prays, "that I may behold the wonders of thy Law." Light celestial shines upon the sacred page; he reads and understands enough for knowledge, enough for duty, and enough for happiness.

As soon as the honest inquirer after truth has discovered the right path, begins to walk in it, and lets his light shine, numerous false guides appear and proffer their services. While he was stumbling along in darkness and in ignorance, the devil gave no concern about him. Now he is very much interested in his welfare. He sends his servants to put the poor man right. One of these endeavors to dissuade him from using the Bible; for, says he, "it is full of mystery; it is impossible to understand it. I, for one, will never believe what I can not understand. Follow reason; that is the surest guide." "Indeed, friend," replies the enlightened man, "it was by following reason that I was led into the possession of the Bible, and my Bible has led me to God. I acknowledge it is mysterious, wonderfully so; yet it has led me right hitherto, and I am determined to follow it. The nature of its secret influence over my soul I can not tell. The nature of the power by which it guides aright, under all circumstances of life, I know not. Neither does the mariner understand the power by which the compass operates so beneficially under all circumstances—of storm and calm, light and darkness, heat and cold. It is ever a sure guide. He believes in it; he follows it. Were the sailor no more to weigh anchor and spread the flowing sail, until he understands the

mysteries of the compass, verily, he would have to learn another trade: for ships would rot in harbor, commerce would cease, and intercourse between nations come to an end. And what is worthy of remark, the common sailor-boy understands just as much of the practical use of the compass as the captain; cease, then, to persuade me further. The Bible is my compass, my sure guide; I will follow it."

Other false directors of different names, but all of them having the same end in view, viz.: to make him distrust his guide, and turn him out of the way, offer to him their services; some press the matter one way, and some another. His reply to all is, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way, but by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Thus he believes in it practically, follows its directions implicitly, and it guides him safely by every slough of despond, over every mountain of difficulty, through every strait of distress, and every storm of tribulation, and conducts him, at last, in triumph to the home of the blessed.

"Take from the world the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners, tossed on a wide ocean, without a pole star and without a compass. The blue lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shriek of the terrified, and the groan of the despairing. It were to mantle the earth with a more than Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness; it were to take the tides from our waters and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness; the maniac's revelry, and then the fiend's imprisonment; if you could annihilate the precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory. Such is the Bible. Prize ye it, and study it more and more. Prize it, as ye are immortal beings, for it guides to the New Jerusalem. Prize it, as ye are intellectual beings, "for it giveth light to the simple."

1 JOHN,
Chap. iii:
verse 1.

GALATIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 22.

1 JOHN,
Chap. iv:
verse 7.

1 THESSAL'NS,
Chap. iv:
verse 9.



ROMANS,
Chap. xii:
verse 9.

TITUS,
Chap. iii:
verse 45.

ROMANS,
Chap. v:
verse 8.

ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verses 35, 39.

CHARITY OR LOVE.

Above all things put on charity. Col. iii: 14.—Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. xiii: 10.—God is love. 1 John iv: 8.

THE seraph Charity from heaven descends,
And o'er the world on shining pinions bends;
Round mourning mortals tender as a dove,
She spreads her wing and soothes in tones of love;
Pours living balm into the wounded breast,
And aids the beggar, though in tatters dress'd;
The orphan's plaint she heeds, and widow's sigh,

And smiles away the tear from sorrow's eye.
Like some fair fount that through the desert flows,
Fringed with the myrtle and the Persian rose,
She scatters blessings all along her track,
And hope and joy to want and woe brings back;
And when the last faint sob is heard no more,
Up to her native bowers again she'll soar.

Behold here a being of heavenly appearance. The light of love irradiates her brow; her eyes melt with tenderness; her countenance wears the aspect of benevolence; her heart bleeds with sympathy; her hands are strong to save; the commiserating Angel has come from a distant part; on the wings

of love and compassion she has come; she has left all to succor and to save the helpless, the wretched, and the lost.

See her at her godlike work. In the foreground she is raising a miserable being in rags and tatters from a pit of mire and filth. With her right hand she is pouring the balm of life into the

wounds of the dying. Look behind her; see the widow and the fatherless. They have come to bless her; with hearts gushing with grateful emotion they follow her with their praise; she has rescued them from the gripe of the oppressor; they were hungry and she fed them, naked and she clothed them, and their prayers like a cloud of incense go up to heaven in behalf of their compassionate friend. Before she leaves the district of pain, want, and wretchedness, CHARITY, for that is her name, builds a house for the reception of the distressed; here she provides what is necessary, appoints her officers and attendants, leaves wholesome instructions, then amid the praises, thanksgivings, and benedictions of those whom her love has blessed, she spreads again her wings and soars to her own abode, there to banquet on the remembrance of her deeds.

This engraving represents, first of all, the divine Charity of the ever-blessed Redeemer. He left the glories and happiness of heaven to visit our diseased, our lost world. Beaming with love, melting with tenderness, filled with benevolence, on the wings of compassion he flew to our relief. How compassionate! how sympathizing! He becomes a slave himself that he may preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them which are bound, and that he might proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. See him at his work of mercy. The world is an aceldama, a vast Lazar-house, a conquered province, subject to sin and death. He scatters health around him; he gives eyesight to the helpless blind; he bids the lame to walk; the hungry he fills with good things; the very dead he restores to life and joy. He beholds the weeping widow, and hastens to wipe away her tears. He visits the house of mourning and fills it with the song of praise.

Behold him ascend the Mount of

Blessing. He takes his seat; heavenly light shines around him; the majesty of holiness encircles his brow. Love, divine love, looks out from his wondrous eyes; the manna of wisdom drops from his lips; he assembles around him the poor, the mourners, the persecuted, and showers upon them the blessings of an endless life. He rescued the conquered province from the grasp of the foe, destroyed the power of death, and opened unto man the portals of immortal life. "He wept that man might smile; he bled that man might never die; he seized our dreadful right, the load sustained, and hove the mountain from our guilty world." He established his Church as an hospital for the spiritually diseased, appointed his own ministers and officers, gave his own laws for the guidance thereof, and, having perfected his work of Charity, he ascended again to the mansions of bliss, there to see the effects "of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." As was the divine Founder, such is the religion he established. Christianity is a noble system of Charity. It teaches man to feel another's woe, to seek another's good, to breathe, instead of revenge, forgiveness and affection. For the aged, halt, the maimed, and the blind it erects asylums of comfort and repose; for the suffering and the sick, hospitals; and, above all, taking into account man's spiritual wants, man's deathless interests as a candidate for eternity, it provides temples for religious worship, where the ignorant may be instructed, the guilty pardoned, the polluted sanctified, and made meet for heaven. Other religions are a fable, a delusion, a shadow. Christianity is alone benevolent—in its founder, in its essence, and in its operations, intensely benevolent.

Infidelity, in all its appeals, professes charity and benevolence. What have its apostles done to benefit mankind? In what book are their "acts" recorded? To what lands have they carried

the blessings of civilization? What prisons have they opened? What chains have they snapped asunder? Where are the tombs of their martyrs? Where the trophies of their success? Infidelity is cruel, earthly, sensual, and devilish. Witness its day of triumph in France. True, it opened the door of the bastille, but it was only to lead the inmates to the guillotine; it demolished the walls, but it was only to build out of the ruins thereof a hundred dungeons, if possible, still more gloomy and terrible. The reign of infidelity is the "reign of terror." "The infant comes into the world without a blessing, the aged leaves it without hope." The house of mercy is closed, the book of mercy is burned, the ministers of mercy are slaughtered, the God of mercy is banished; yea, a watch is set upon the tomb that the dead may rise no more. Infidelity,

"like Sampson in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
Fair Charity in ruins lies entombed,
And midnight, universal midnight reigns."

As is the founder of Christianity, and as is Christianity itself, such, also, is the disciple. He goes about doing good; he is the Jordan in its fullness; he, like the Nile, leaves behind him the seeds of a new creation; he seeks out the helpless and the destitute; he visits the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and soothes and wipes away their tears; he understands and appreciates the heaven-born sentiment, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

Hence, "when the ear hears of him, it blesses him; when the eye sees him, it gives witness for him, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish comes upon him."

The disciple, however, views man in his relation to both worlds—as possessing a deathless spirit, as a candidate for eternity, as an ignorant, helpless, and guilty sinner, unholy and unclean, and yet redeemed by the blood of Christ. He will, as far as possible, instruct his ignorance and point him to the Savior. True Charity acts from motives of love to God as well as man; hence ingratitude does not restrain him, nor opposition make him afraid. He lays up a foundation against the time to come; and when he shall have sown the seeds of benevolence here, he will reap a harvest of everlasting love; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Yet by love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green.
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies;
To look at him, who formed us and redeemed,
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed;
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
To uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To recollect that in a form like ours, [mand;
He bruised beneath his feet the infernal powers;
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name.
Like him, the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace."

PROVERBS,
Chap. viii:
verse 13.

DANIEL,
Chap. iv:
verse 37.

1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 16.

ISAIAH,
Chap. ii:
verse 12.



MATTHEW,
Chap. v:
verse 3.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xvi:
verse 19.

ISAIAH,
Chap. lvii:
verse 15.

JAMES,
Chap. iv:
verse 6.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.
Prov. xvi: 18.—He giveth grace unto the lowly. Prov. iii: 34.

Rising in fair proportion side by side,
Behold the stages of Progressive *Pride*;
Respectability begins the course;
'Tis his who has—all told—a well-filled purse;
High as his neighbor sure he'd like to feel,
So takes the next step, and is quite *Gentle*;
By many acts for which he'd fain write—blank,
He swells and struts at length a man of *Rank*;
The chair of state he next ascends, that *Fame*
May faithfully transmit his *Honored* name;
He meets a rival here, and, woe to tell,
He sends his rival in a trice to—hell;
A thousand shots like that, and, strange to say,

Right up to *Glory* he has won his way.
Pride walks a thorny path; it nothing bears
But swords, and pistols, blood, and groans, and
Far different in the happy vale, behold [tears.
Humility at ease, uncursed with gold;
With competence content, with wisdom blessed,
In peace he dwells, caressing and caressed;
No thorns beset his path, there only grows
The bending corn, the violet, and the rose;
Truth, beauty, innocence, at once combine,
And o'er his pathway sheds a light divine;
And when he leaves the vale, to him 't is given,
To walk amid the bowers of bliss in heaven.

This engraving shows a rude mass of rocks rising from the valley below. They appear to be thrown up by some volcanic explosion, or forced up by the agency of subterranean fires, they are so steep, rugged, and unequal. On the

tops of the ledges are seen bushes of thorns, high, and spreading in all directions. On the first ledge is a man who has scrambled up with some difficulty to the place he now occupies. His object is to get as high as he can, and he is seen about to place himself on the elevation of Gentility. On the next ridge is seen a man and woman, who appear to think a good deal of themselves. They strut and swell like peacocks, although behind and before danger threatens. A little higher see! there is murder committed. One man has shot at, and killed his brother, just because he would not move faster out of his way, although there was room enough for both. At the end of the rocks and above all, is a man in uniform. He has attained the highest pinnacle. Thunder and lightning attend his path; storms gather round him. A man of thick skin, no doubt; thorns could not scratch him, nor daggers pierce him, nor bullets kill him. His glory, however, is almost gone. The next step he takes he falls, and disappears.

A more pleasing picture presents itself to us below. A lovely vale opens enriched and adorned with the choicest of fruits and flowers of paradise; there the fountains pour forth their living streams. The corn bends gracefully to the passing zephyr. The lowly violet rears her beauteous head in the friendly shade; the rose of Sharon decks the border; the father, mother, and little one are seen walking together along this beautiful valley, with Wisdom for their guide. The air is filled with fragrance and sweet sounds; no thorns grow there to obstruct their path; no lightning's flash, nor thunder's roar makes them afraid. Safe, peaceful, and happy, they pass along, while Truth, Beauty, and Innocence irradiate their pathway that leads directly to their own sequestered cottage.

This is an allegorical representation

of Pride and Humility. The shelving rocks denote the rugged and thorny path of Pride. The way is raised by the agency of the devil. Having ruined himself by pride, he seeks to bring man into the same condemnation; he tempts the children of men to walk on it. The Most High has planted it with thorns, made it difficult in order to deter men from walking on it. Notwithstanding this merciful precaution, it is crowded with adventurers. Nothing shows the fallen character of man more than his silly and presumptuous pride, at once stupid and wicked.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide his mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools;
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with
wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

A man becomes possessed of a little gold, and he all at once becomes blind, or at least he sees things in a very different light from what he did once. He himself is altogether another man. He wonders that he never before discovered his own merit. He no longer associates with his former friends; Oh no! they are not respectable. He wishes to be considered a gentleman; he will no longer work; he is above that. He sees his neighbor living in a higher style than he does; he is discontented. The thorns already begin to scratch him. *Pride*, however, can bear a little pain. *Pride* is very prolific. The man under its influence soon gets peevish, envious, and revengeful. The remonstrances of conscience are silenced, and he gives himself up to the guidance of Ambition.

He next aspires after *rank* and fashion; but *Pride* is very expensive. In order to keep up appearances, he does many things that at one time he would

never have thought of doing. He can lie, and be very respectable. He can overreach and defraud his neighbor, and yet be respectable. He can seduce the innocent and unsuspecting, and destroy the happiness of entire families, and still be considered respectable. By his slanders he has ruined the reputation of more than one. By his unrighteous schemes he attains the present object of his proud heart, and moves among the circles of rank and fashion.

Yet his soul is restless. It is like the troubled sea; he pants for Power. He pursues after honors, that the trump of fame may sound his name abroad, and hand it down faithfully to posterity. He becomes now a candidate for high office. In his own opinion he possesses every qualification; he is astonished that the world should be so blind to his many excellencies. He here meets with a competitor; he wishes him out of his way. "From pride comes contention;" he picks a quarrel with his rival. The challenge succeeds; the duel is fought, and his antagonist falls weltering in his blood. He triumphs. Ah! unhappy man! Remorse is his companion forever—the ghost of the murdered haunts him continually.

He is installed in office. He scruples at nothing that will but increase his power; the man's pride knows no bounds—he aspires now after conquest and dominion. He will be a hero; he will attain the high pinnacle of military renown and glory. War, fearful, devastating war, goes before him; Famine and Pestilence attend him; Ruin and Misery follow close behind, but "Pride goeth before destruction!" There are others who wish him out of the way. A shot from his own ranks cuts him down. From his high elevation he is brought low. His glory is departed.

"Heroes are much the same, the points agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows.
From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man."

The man with his family in the happy vale

represents *Humility*. The passions seldom operate alone; humility begets contention and peace. He is satisfied with the position God has given him. He has learned from the Book of Wisdom that happiness consists not in the abundance of things which a man may possess; hence contentment is his safeguard. He has no desire to ascend the rugged path of pride; he drinks wisdom and knowledge from the fountain of Truth—he quaffs pleasure at the springs of domestic bliss. His greatest treasure is a good conscience—his highest ambition to walk humbly with his God. Free from the consuming cares, the torturing desires, the fierce passions, the dreadful fears, and gnawing conscience of the man of Pride, he enjoys peace. He labors to discharge all the duties of his station, with an eye single, doing all to the glory of God. His present path is safe, peaceful, and happy, and his hope of the future blessed and glorious.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

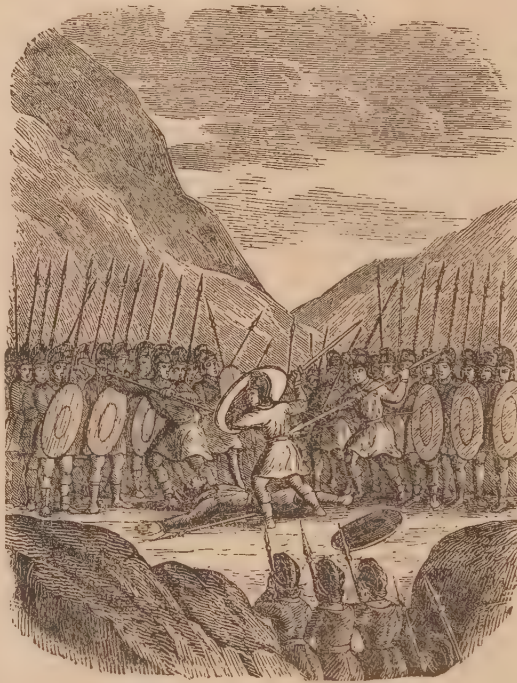
Behold how great is the difference between Humility and Pride. Pride assumes an elevated position, and looks down with contempt on all beneath. Humility is content with a lowly seat, and mingles kindly with the brotherhood of man. Pride climbs a steep, dry, and rugged path, beset with thorns and briars. Humility walks the verdant vale amid rippling brooks, blushing corn, and flowers of vernal beauty. Pride occupies a dangerous place; even nature contends against him. The thunder, the lightning, and the storm encompass him about. Humility walks with nature, and her path is safe. Pride is tormented with cares, fears, and vain desires. Humility enjoys the peace of God that passeth understanding. Pride works all, and endures all, to be seen of dying men. Humility courts the eye only of the living God. The path of Pride leads to shame and everlasting contempt; that of Humility to Honor, Glory, and Eternal Life.

ACTS,
Chap. xx:
verse 24.

REVELATION,
Chap. xii:
verse 11.

ACTS,
Chap. xv:
verse 26.

REVELATION,
Chap. vi:
verse 9.



PHILLIPIANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,
Chap. x:
verse 34.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 37.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xx:
verse 28.

THE SACRIFICE.

Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it. Luke ix: 24.—He died for all. 2 Cor. v: 15.—We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. 1 John iii: 16.

SEE here the Warriors on the battle-field
In dread array with gleaming spear and shield;
They rush together with the mighty roar
Of stormy ocean on a rock-bound shore;
Shields strike on shields, helmets on helmets clash,
In pools of purple gore the Legions splash.
From Latium's host the sound of triumph rings,
And Victory guides them on her crimson wings;
Then the brave Roman, fired with patriot zeal,

His life devoted for his country's weal;
The victors then in dire amazement stood,
As on he swept like a destroying flood;
His blood-stained sword through crest and corselet
sank,
Like Death's own angel, swift he strewed each
rank;
At length he fell, and Rome's proud banner waved
Its folds triumphant o'er a nation saved.

Behold, here, the battle-field; the warriors are seen arrayed in all the pompous circumstance of war. Armed with shield and javelin, they stand prepared for dreadful combat. See! the ranks are broken; one is seen rushing into the midst of the enemy; on he sweeps like a tornado; right and left he hurls the blood-stained spear; he cuts his way through; the foe, astounded

at his daring intrepidity, give back. Again they rally, and the hero falls covered with a hundred wounds; he has, however, effected his object—the ranks are broken; his comrades follow up the advantage thus gained; rushing into the breach they rout the foe, and soon victory sits perched upon their banner.

The Romans, being at one time engaged in battle against the Latins, the latter had the advantage, and victory was about to decide in their favor, when Publius Decius, observing how things went, fired with a generous zeal, determined to sacrifice his life for his country's welfare. He threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, and after having committed great slaughter among them, fell overwhelmed with wounds. His countrymen, inspired by his heroic example, rallied their forces, renewed the combat, fought with great bravery, and gained a complete victory. Decius left behind him a son, who in like manner sacrificed his life in the war with the Etruscans; also a grandson, who sacrificed himself in the war waged against Pyrrhus. His example influenced his countrymen down to the last of the Romans.

The hero sacrificing his life for his country's good represents the Christian missionary falling in the midst of heathen lands. The young man already belongs to the sacramental host; devoutly attached to his Savior, burning with zeal for his glory, he longs to do something to advance his kingdom on the earth. The two armies he knows are in the field; long, fierce, and bloody, has been the contest. O! if he were permitted to turn the battle to the gate. That he may see distinctly the state of things, he ascends the mount of Vision; in one direction he beholds Africa bleeding and prostrate beneath the powers of evil; he sees tribe waging against tribe bloody and cruel wars; rivers run red with the blood of its slaughtered millions: its mountains are crimsoned with

human sacrifices; its valleys resound with the wild yells of demon-worshippers. In Central Africa he sees forty millions ignorant, cruel, and superstitious, covered with the blackness of night; every-where cruelty reigns rampant, enslaving and destroying millions of immortal souls; and as he bends over this mass of woe, he thinks he hears Africa "weeping for her children" as she "stretches out her hands unto God."

He turns his eyes in another direction, and he beholds China—vast, populous China—and infidel refinement, mixed with abominable vices prevails; one vast chain binds them fast to the pictured idols of their own creating; there they are ignorant of Jehovah, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, without hope in the world.

He ventures to look still further. Now he beholds the myriads of India crushed beneath a gigantic system of error—the growth of ages. The rivers as they roll, the mountains as they rise, the valleys as they open, all proclaim the deep degradation of the people. "They have priests, but they are imposters and murderers; and altars, but they are stained with human blood; and objects of worship, but they sacrifice to devils and not to God. The countless mass is at worship, before the throne of Satan, glowing as with the heat of an infernal furnace, with rage, lust, and cruelty for their religious emotions. He looks again; their demon-worship is over, but are they satisfied? How eager their looks! how objectless and restless their movements! how the living mass of misery heaves and surges, and groans and travails in pain together. He beholds them "as travelers into Eternity; how vast the procession they form, how close their ranks, how continuous the line, how constant and steady the advance! An angry cloud hangs over them, which moves as they move, and ever and anon emits a lurid flash; it is stored with the materials of judicial

wrath. Thousands of them have reached the edge of a tremendous gulf; it is the gulf of perdition, and they are standing on the very brink. God of mercy, they are falling over! They are gone!"

Finally, he looks at home; here, in his beloved land, he sees millions of immortal souls for whom Christ died, shut up in unbelief and ignorance. Slaves, doomed to labor in despair, and to die without hope.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call him to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

He hears the call; it sinks deep into his heart. He burns to carry to Africa the tidings of the God of Love; to China the system of Eternal Truth; to India the sacrifice of the Son of God; to his oppressed countrymen the Liberty that maketh "free indeed." Viewing the vast and deadly plague that desolates the earth, he longs to carry into the midst thereof the censer of incense, that the plague may be stayed, and spiritual health every-where established. In the spirit of devotion he exclaims, "here am I, send me."

"My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent."

Now he selects his field of labor; the tear of love and friendship bedews his cheek; the parting hand is given; the last farewell breaks from his trembling lips; he flies on the wings of the wind to meet the foe. Soon he is at the post of duty; he flings the torch of heavenly love into the midst of midnight darkness; powerfully he wields the sword of truth against gigantic forms of error.

He wrestles with the man of sin and prevails; the might of God is with him; the enemy falls before him; he takes possession of his strong places. The banner of Immanuel opens its folds triumphant to the breeze; soon the infant Church lifts up its voice, "Hosanna, hosanna in the highest."

But in the struggle the hero falls. Through the influence of the deadly climate, or through the deadlier passion of the ferocious natives, he falls. Far from home and friends he falls, and "unknelled and uncoffined" he is borne to the house appointed to all the living; the earth closes over him; not a stone tells where he lies; but his object is effected, the seed is sown. The tree of Life is planted, whose leaves shall be for the healing of a nation's curse. The nation that smote him by and by shall remember him whom they pierced, and mourn deeply because of the madness of their guilt. He is crowned with glory, honor, and immortality; the brightest diadem in heaven's own gift is his; he wears it as his due.

He has fallen, but like Sampson, he slew more dying than when he was alive. The Temple of Error is overthrown. the tree of gospel liberty is watered by the blood of its martyrs; thus has it ever been from the time of the proto-martyr to him of Erromanga. Every stroke received is a victory gained, every death a triumph. The sacrificing spirit of the brave Roman lived in his immediate descendants and fired a whole nation with the love of heroic deeds; it is so with the Christian hero, and to much better purpose. Living he was located; his sphere of usefulness was limited; now he possesses a ubiquity of presence; he is every-where animating the Church of God by his example; and she is animated; the spot where he fell becomes a recognized part of her possessions.

MATTHEW,

Chap. x:
verse 38.

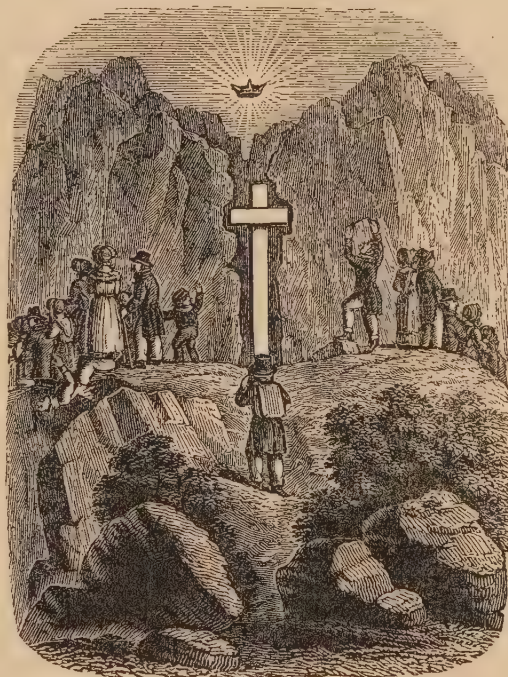
2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iii:
verse 12.

GALATIANS,

Chap. vi:
verse 12.

PHILIPPI'NS,

Chap. iii:
verse 18.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. ii:
verse 12.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xix:
verses 21, 22.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xvi:
verse 24.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii:
verse 2.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed. Mark VIII: 38.

SEE where the Cross of duty stands upright,
Above it, shines the Crown with radiant light;
Right in the narrow way the Cross it stands,
And all the space completely it commands;
On either side behold! vast rocks arise,
Expand their width, and reach the topmost skies;
See numbers there, who fain the Crown would have,
But will not touch the Cross their souls to save;

They seek some other way, but 't will not do,
They wander on, and find eternal woe.

But one is seen advancing right ahead,
And like his Lord—the Cross he will not dread;
He takes it up—'t is feathers—nothing more,
He travels onward faster than before;
He loves the Cross, nor ever lays it down,
Till he receives instead the starry Crown.

On a gently rising ground, a cross of somewhat large dimensions is seen to stand erect; above it, and suspended in the air, a bright crown sparkles with a brilliant light. On both sides of the Cross rocks, vast and precipitous, lift up their tops to the heavens; on

either side they extend as far as the eye can reach. Many persons are seen going round the base of the mountain chain; their object appears to be to get the Crown; it is theirs, if they will but get it according to the condition proposed. They have been trying to

go through the narrow passage, but the wooden cross blocks up the entrance; they never think of moving that, although they try to climb the mountain barrier, which is much more difficult. See! one is now attempting to ascend, but it is all in vain; there is no other way than through the chasm. Away they go, wandering round and round; some are seen falling off a precipice, they are dashed to pieces; others lose themselves among dark labyrinths, and some are torn to pieces by wild beasts. All come to a bad end; not one of them obtains the Crown.

One, however, is seen alone, marching up to the terrible Cross; he walks with a firm step. Decision is his name; he goes right up to the Cross, he quickly throws it down; it is only a few inches in the ground; he takes it up, its weight is nothing, for it is hollow. He carries it to the place appointed, lays it down, and receives the glittering Crown, and bears it away in triumph.

By the Cross here is signified religious duties; by the Crown, immortality in heaven; those who pass by the Cross and wander round the wall, represent those who think of heaven, but neglect duty; the man who boldly takes up the Cross, the faithful Christian. Many persons think about heaven, who, alas! will never arrive there; nay, they do more, they actually set out for it, perhaps make a profession of religion; they do not like the idea of being lost, submit to a partial reformation, and make an approach toward the performance of religious duties. They just obtain a sight of them, and they are frightened; this is the Cross. What is there in the cross so dreadful? Let us see. Of all who present themselves as candidates for heaven, it is required that they *become* poor in spirit, humble as a little child, penitent for sin, "perfect and pure, as he is pure;" that they do deny self, crucify the flesh, mortify the body, subdue inordinate desires,

set the affections on things above, hunger and thirst after righteousness, forgive enemies, submit to persecution for Christ's sake; to exercise a constant watchfulness over themselves, and against the world and the devil. The hand, if it offends, must be cut off—the eye plucked out.

They are told of the straight gate, the narrow way, the yoke, the burden, the race, the warfare, etc. Yea, the whole man is to be brought under new influences, governed by new principles, and to live for new ends. Self-denial, self-discipline, and self-conquest, are made indispensable prerequisites for the kingdom of heaven. This is the Cross; it stands in the path of life; to proceed, it must be embraced. Christ is "the way" to God. His atonement, example, doctrines, commandments; there is no other way, there can be no other; a wall of adamant, wide as earth, high as heaven, meets us in our attempts to find one, on which stands inscribed, in letters of light, "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Religious duties are irksome and disagreeable to the carnal mind, to the unconverted; it is their nature to be so. By them a man may know what he is, whether he is converted or not; the Cross is a mirror. Religious duties are imposed, not that by performing them we may earn a title to heaven, but because they are necessary for the purification of our moral nature, through the grace of Christ, that we may become meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in light. To neglect the Cross is to neglect all; it is to go to the feast without the wedding garment; it is to go forth to meet the bridegroom without light and without oil in our vessels.

We may substitute something else for the Cross, such as morality, philosophy, or even works of painful pen-

nance. It will be all in vain; as long as we continue unwashed, unjustified, unsanctified, we are unsafe—in momentary danger of hell fire. There is no neutrality in this war. In revolutions of States and Empires, those who do not take up arms against the foe, are deemed as enemies; it is so here. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." This is the conclusion of the whole matter. When Christ comes to judge the world, all who will not now take up the Cross will be regarded as enemies; instead of the Crown they will have the curse; instead of heaven everlasting fire with the Devil and his angels.

Hence it is that so many "draw back to perdition." Ignorant of the great principles of religion, of its power to save, they wear it as a cloak to hide the deformity within; so inadequate are their conceptions of its excellency, that they will not sacrifice a single lust, a momentary gratification, one darling idol, to insure the "eternal weight of glory" which it promises.

"No Cross no Crown!" Some of the early disciples of the great Messiah, when the spiritual nature of Christianity was presented to them, were "offended." Their carnal stomachs loathed "the bread which came down from heaven." Companions of the world, they rejected the "fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, Jesus Christ; the Cross displeased them, and with their own hands they inscribed their names with those "who having put their hand to the plow, looked back, and so became unfit for the kingdom of God."

No Cross, no Crown! See! that young man running toward the great Teacher; what can he want with him? He is a noble man, a ruler of the Jews. Strange sight, indeed, to see! A ruler of the Jews running after the despised Galilean. What is his business? He inquires about the way to heaven; he seems a good deal in earnest; he runs, and kneels at the Savior's feet; listen to him. O, says he, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" "Take up the Cross, and thou

shalt have treasure in heaven," said the Savior, as he looked kindly upon him. The young man looks "sad," he is "sad," and 't is a "sad" sight to see. He wants the "treasure in heaven," but he wont take up the Cross, and they go together; God has joined them, and what God has joined no man can put asunder. He looks at the Savior again inquiringly, as much as to say, "Is there no other way?" The Savior understands him; he points him to the Cross again, saying, "Except a man deny himself, and take up his Cross, he can not be my disciple." Fearful crisis, what will he do? The Savior is looking at him; the disciples, the multitude standing around; God, the holy angels, glorified spirits, all are looking; yea, hell is looking on this spectacle! What is the issue? O, dreadful infatuation! "heaven that hour let fall a tear." He who knew the commandments by heart, and who had kept them from his youth up, he turns his back on Christ and heaven, and goes away "sorrowful," to be yet more "sorrowful" long as eternal ages roll.

Have the Cross and have the Crown. Look again at that young man walking boldly up to the Cross; he lays hold of it, exclaiming, "When I am weak then am I strong; I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." He finds it "easy" and "light," pleasant delightful; he bears it faithfully in palaces and in prisons, in the wilderness and in the city, on the sea and on the land, among Jew and Greek, Barbarian and Scythian, Bond and Free, every-where exclaiming, as he goes, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ;" and having carried it the appointed time, he lays it at the Savior's feet singing triumphantly—

"I have fought a good fight;
I have finished my course;
I have kept the faith;
Henceforth there is laid up
For me A CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

1 CHRONICLES,

Chap. xvi:
verse 35.

PSALM

Ixix:
verse 15.

MATTHEW,

Chap. viii:
verse 25.

2 SAMUEL,

Chap. xxii:
verse 17.



LUKE,
Chap. xix:
verse 10.

ACTS,
Chap. ii:
verse 2.

ACTS,
Chap. xxvii:
verse 31.

PSALM
cvii:
verse 28.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. Ps. CVII: 28.—Then the waters had overwhelmed us. Ps. CXXIV: 4.

Loud yell the winds escaped from caves beneath,
And summon Ocean to the Feast of death;
Ocean obeys, high lifts his hoary head,
With fearful roar, impatient to be fed;
With maddened rage his mountain billows rise,
And shake the earth and threaten e'en the skies;
See the poor bark engulfed, with precious freight,
Who, who can save her from impending fate?
Old Ocean strikes her with tremendous shock,
And, oh! she's stranded on a sunken rock.
Horror and grief now seize the hapless crew,

To hope and life they bid a last adieu;
Thousands on shore behold their awful plight,
But can not save them; 't is a piteous sight.

At this dread crisis, on the mountain wave
Is seen a "Life-Boat," with intent to save;
Onward she dashes o'er that sea of strife,
Buoyant, and hopeful, 't is a thing of life;
She makes the wreck, and from its drifting spars,
She takes on board the drifting mariners;
Trip after trip she makes—with mercy fraught—
Till they are safely carried into port.

Here is portrayed the life-boat hastening to the rescue; the winds, escaped from their prison-house, issue forth, roaring indignantly at having been confined so long. Ocean is summoned to the feast of death; Neptune obeys the summons; instantly he is all commotion, stirred up from his lowest

depths, impatient to satiate his devouring appetite; he dashes his billows against the earth; he assails the very heavens. Behold the frail ship exposed to all the fury of his rage; she is laden with precious treasure. Her ruin appears inevitable. Loud roars Neptune; loud roar the winds; loud, too, snap and crack the cordage and the sails; high rises the mountain surf. The bark "mounts up to the heaven," deep yawns the gulf beneath; she goes down again into the depths; the crew are "at their wits end," their soul is melted because of trouble. But instead of calling "upon the Lord in their trouble," that he might "bring them out of their distresses," they drink and are drunken. Still the waves and the billows go over them; at length a mountain wave dashes the vessel on a sunken rock, she falls to pieces; the men cling to masts, spars, and broken pieces; despair sits on every countenance; multitudes from the shore behold the catastrophe, but can not succor. Lamentable sight!

At this appalling moment, when all hope of their being saved is taken away, the Life-boat is launched into the terrific ocean. Will not she also fall a prey to the watery monster? See! she lives above the waves; her gallant crew impel her forward; on she dashes; she leaps from billow to billow; soon she reaches the wreck, and begins her work of mercy. Quickly she takes the drowning wretches from the drifting spars, giving back to them life and hope. Some, indeed, not yet sobered, will not be saved; others in the same condition take the "life-preservers" for pirates, that have come to take and sell them for slaves, therefore refuse to leave the raft. No time is to be lost. All they can, they receive on board, and carry safely into port, amid the acclamations of the multitude.

O, what is this but a picture of the goodness of our God in Christ, in establishing his Church on the earth.

The tempestuous sea is the world; the wreck is man; the life-boat is the Church; and the multitudes on shore may represent the heavenly host, who look with interest into the affairs of man's redemption.

The world is indeed a "troubled sea," a tempestuous ocean; it is raised into fury by the breath or spirit of the "evil one," "the Prince of the power of the air," who, having escaped from his prison-house, the "bottomless pit," descends in great wrath and summons all the powers of evil to aid him in the destruction of mankind. Here rolls the waves of Profanity, there those of impurity; here dash with fury the breakers of Revenge, there rise impetuous the mountain billows of Pride; on the right are seen the rocks of Infidelity; on the left the quicksands of Destruction; while the whirlpools of Mammon abound in every part.

Man, shipwrecked by the first transgression, is cast upon this troubled sea, exposed to all its dangers; ignorant and helpless, he is "tossed upon life's stormy billows." Wave after wave rolls him onward to destruction; the whirlpool opens wide its mouth to "swallow him whole, as those that go down into the pit." Is all lost? Must he become a prey to the devouring elements? Ah! is there no eye to pity? no arm to save? Oh, divine compassion! "God so loved the world," that the Life-boat is launched; Jesus is in the midst of her; he guides her movements; his disciples form the crew; they encounter the storm that Satan raised; they spring from wave to wave, from billow to billow.

"With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
And snatch them from the gaping grave."

They take sinners from off the waves that are bearing them on to death, and place their feet upon the Rock of Salvation. Some are too proud to accept deliverance; such are left in their sad condition.

To speak without a figure, the Lord Jesus Christ has established his church upon the earth, for the salvation of men. This is the proper business of the church, even as of the life-boat, to save men; its sacraments, ordinances, and various means of grace, all leading to Christ, the Savior, are well adapted to do this; and when used aright, they never fail to insure salvation. Believe, love, obey; "this do, and you shall live."

And whereas the usefulness of the "*Life-boat*" consisted in having her bottom and sides hollow and filled with air, so the usefulness of the Church depends upon her being filled with the Holy Spirit, with the atmosphere of heaven; and as boats not made airtight fail to be useful in the storm, and prove the destruction of those who venture in them, in like manner Churches lacking the atmosphere of heaven, being destitute of the power of the Holy Ghost, fail in being serviceable to the souls of men, and sink into the "dead sea" of forms and ceremonies.

The Church of Christ, that is, a company of true believers, being filled with the Holy Spirit, become inflamed with zeal, and animated with love for perishing sinners. The love of Christ constraineth them, for they thus judge: if Christ died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them, and rose again. In seeking to save souls, they seek Christ's honor and glory, by establishing his dominion on the earth; daily the Church, influenced thus, makes efforts for the salvation of men; her grand effort is on the Sabbath day. On this day worldly business is laid aside; the Angel of Mercy rings her bell around the earth; the Embassadors of heaven appear, and issue their proclamation unto the children of men; life and immortality are offered without money and without price; Mercy is active on the earth. Fountains of living waters are opened in dry places; heaven's gates are thrown wide open, and streams of light and love issue from the King of Glory. Every-where sinners, per-

ishing sinners, are affectionately invited to escape from their sins, and take refuge beneath the sanctuary of the Most Holy. "Wisdom" herself "uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge." Nevertheless,

"Millions are shipwrecked on life's stormy coast,
With all their charts on board, and powerful aid;
Because their lofty pride disdained to learn
The instructions of a pilot and a God."

As we saw in the case of the wreck, that some actually refused to enter the life-boat, so it is with sinners; alas! alas! that it is so; they, too, are intoxicated, "drunken, but not with wine;" sin has intoxicated them; they are beside themselves. Some will not yield their heart to God, and be saved, simply because *they will* not; others do not believe the record God has given of his Son, and continue exposed to the damnation of those "that believe not." Others, again, mistrust the motives of the pious, who seek to lead them from the way of death, and think they want only to bring them into bondage; and as the mariners had power to remain on the wreck and be drowned, so the sinner has power to continue in his sins and be damned. Awful power! fearful responsibility! and yet if man be not free, "how shall God judge the world?"

The Church, however, as a spiritual Life-boat, continues her benevolent excursions, and daily lands some saved ones at the port of glory; and when she shall have made her last trip, through that tempest that shall make a wreck of earth, then shall arise from countless myriads the song of triumph and of praise;

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

PROVERBS,

Chap. i:
verse 7.

1 CORINTH'NS,

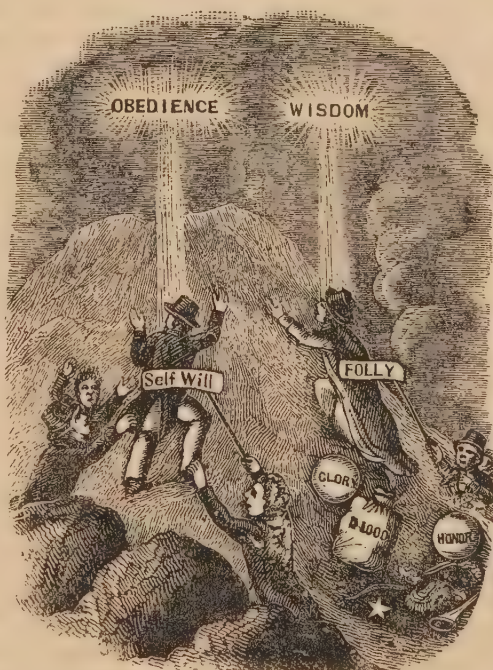
Chap. ii:
verse 14.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xiv:
verse 16.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. i:
verse 18.



MATTHEW,

Chap. v:
verse 11.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. ix:
verse 5.

DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. iv:
verses 30, 31

PSALM

xc:
verse 12.

OBEDIENCE AND WISDOM.

For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. 1 Cor. III: 19.—If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? Matt. x: 25.

HERE is Self-Will, so called by men below,
Struggling alone his upward path to go;
Though steep and rugged he will persevere;
The way he knows is right, then wherefore fear
His friends and foes alike pronounce him mad;
His friends are sorry, but his foes are glad;
One pulls him by the skirt to keep him back,
Another runs before to cross his track;
One with a club resolves to stop his course,
And right or wrong, to bring him back by force;
But they are wrong, and wrong the title given,

Self-will on earth—Obedience is in heaven.

Next Folly, nicknamed, here is seen to rise
And climb the path that leads to yonder skies;
Honors and shining gold his pathway cross,
Yet he esteems them but as dung and dross;
Old-fashioned things prefers, o'ergrown with rust,
And stars and garters tramples in the dust.
Judging the man by earth's acknowledged rule,
The lookers-on denounce him for a fool;
The world is wrong again, the man is right,
His name is Wisdom in the realms of light.

In this picture, on the one hand, is seen a man urging his way up a steep and rugged path; his name is recorded. He is opposed, still he doggedly perse-

veres; friends and foes alike are astonished at his proceedings. The former are grieved, the latter rejoice at the prospect of his certain ruin. Some of

his friends are determined to arrest his progress; one seizes hold of him by the skirt, another, more intent, tries to get ahead of him in order to stop him; a third, yet more violent, pursues him with a bludgeon, and is determined, if fair means fail, to employ force. Nevertheless, he obstinately persists in the path he has chosen; he believes it to be right; he will not give in. They employ threats and promises, but all to no purpose; out of all patience with him, they use up a whole vocabulary of opprobrious epithets. He is self-willed, obstinate, stubborn, etc.; one by one, however, at length they leave him, and go about their business, and the man, no longer molested, goes along the way which to him appears to be right, and which he is determined to follow.

On the other hand, one is seen pressing forward up a rough and difficult pass; his name, also, is apparent. On his path lie scattered, profusely, Riches and Honors of various kinds; there is the trumpet of Fame, with stars and garters, and many other things of equal value; these appear to be at his command; he may ride in a coach drawn by six beautiful horses, and yet he prefers to toil and tug along that rough road on foot. This strange conduct excites the scorn, ridicule, and laughter of those who behold him; they denounce him as a fool; they know that they would act very differently, and they are wise men. The man, however, regardless alike of their scorn and jests, goes his own way; and after awhile they go theirs.

The traveler here, called Self-will represents the Christian, or man of Piety, in every age; the steep and rugged way, Christian conduct; the traveler's opponents, the Christian's adversaries, or men of the world. The Christian is one who is anointed with the Spirit of Christ; he receives a heavenly call; he is not disobedient thereto;

he knows in whom and in what he believes. The path he is commanded to follow may be a difficult one, very difficult to flesh and blood; it is a new and a strange way; it is so to himself in many respects, but God has called him to walk in it, he will obey. He walks by faith, not by sight, merely. His friends become alarmed at his conduct, and at first approach him with tenderness, beseeching him to give up his new-fangled notions; though he loves them sincerely, he can not, he dare not yield to their solicitations. They remonstrate, they threaten, but all in vain; he is determined, nothing will move him; he even invites them to go with him; nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to have them for companions; they will not be persuaded, and mourning over what they consider his self-will and stubbornness, permit him, at length, to have his own way.

Others, of a more hostile character, but equally blind, who know nothing of the Christian's motives and aims, who put darkness for light, and light for darkness, call sweet bitter and bitter sweet, beset the man with foul and abusive language. They revile and slander him, they maltreat and persecute him; they believe him to be an obstinate, stupid fellow—one who will have his own way at all hazards.

The man of God endures all things, and hopes all things; he prays for those who oppose him; he gives them good advice, and tells them, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." But God sees not as man sees; heaven approves of his conduct; hallelujahs resounded above when first he started on the way; new shouts of angelic applause might have been heard when he persisted to walk in it. God has enrolled his name among his obedient ones, and when earth's records, doings, and opinions shall be no more, he will receive, amid ten thousand thousand

witnesses, the welcome plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A wonderful example of what the world calls self-will lived many years since. An old man, who knew nothing about the business, took it into his head to turn shipwright and build a ship. Such a thing had never been heard of; of such enormous dimensions, too, that it was very clear there could not be water enough to float it; and a thousand idle things were said about the old man and his wild and willful undertaking. Yet he was self-willed day after day found him at his work; he knew what he was about, he knew who had commanded him; he doubted not but that there would be water enough to float his ship by and by, nor was he mistaken. His obedience had its full reward, and the lone Ark, floating majestically on the world of waters, testified that it was wiser and better to obey God than man.

The man Folly, his path, and the treatment he meets with, serve also to illustrate Christian character. The Christian is called to forsake home and friends, houses and lands, riches and honors, whenever they, in any measure, stand in the way of duty. The heavenly commission he has received makes it incumbent on him to deny self, take up his cross, to bear the yoke, and to become a pilgrim in the world. He is faithful to his calling. Pleasure courts him, but he embraces her not. Wealth entices, but he consents not. Honors and glories solicit him, but all in vain. He rejects them all. He will not have a clog to his soul. He is free, and he knows the value of his freedom. The poor slaves of sin and earth know no more of the man and his pursuits than of the angel Gabriel and his employments in paradise. To them, this spurner of gold, the rejecter of honors, this trampler on earth, is a fool and a madman; he is beside himself, and so he is denounced accordingly. They judge of him and his conduct by the rules of earth, but he follows another standard. As well might the oyster buried in the sand attempt to pass judgment on the towering eagle when he flies on the wings of the storm, mounts and mingles with the new-born light, and rejoices in the boundlessness of space.

The Christian rejects what he knows upon the authority of Truth, and the God of Truth,

to be worthless in themselves, unsatisfactory in their nature, and transitory in their continuance. He receives and holds fast what is invaluable, satisfying, and eternal. And when the light of the last conflagration shall reveal the secrets of all hearts, and declare the value of all things, then will it be seen that the Christian has governed himself according to the rules of the highest *Wisdom*.

Thus it was with the man of meekness; he gave up kingship and royalty, and formed an alliance with a troop of slaves; he relinquished the splendors of a court for the terrors of a desert—a life of luxurious ease for one of peril and fatigue. By the men of his generation his conduct was regarded as foolish and absurd; but his appearance on the glorious mount of transfiguration, as an Ambassador of the skies, encircled with the splendors of heaven, proclaims to the world that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of *Wisdom*," and the love of him its highest consummation.

Look again at the young man of Tarsus; see him resign the professor's chair to become a teacher of barbarians. The ruler of the Jews becomes the servant of the Gentiles; the friend of the great and powerful becomes the companion of the weak and contemptible; the inmate of a mansion becomes a vagabond on the earth, "having no certain dwelling-place." He embraces hunger, thirst, and nakedness; the dungeon, the scourge, and the ax. The world has pronounced its verdict upon him—he was a "madman," "a pest," "a disturber of the public peace," "a ringleader of the despised." The case, however, is pending in a higher court, and when those who "sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," and Paul, "shining as the brightness of the firmament," takes rank among the "*wise*," the verdict of heaven will have been recorded.

"Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God,
'T is proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said
The world; is quick and deadly of resentment;
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
And hastes by Death to wipe its honor clean.
Wisdom, said God, is highest when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down
Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,
And breaths adoring praise."

PSALM

xix:
verse 13.

2 PETER,

Chap. ii:
verse 10.

NUMBERS,

Chap. xv:
verse 30.

DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. i:
verse 43.

DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. xvii:
verse 12.

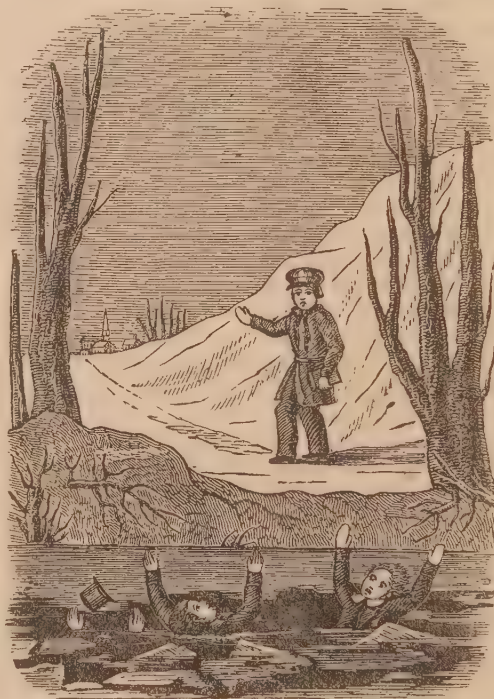
COLOSSIANS.

Chap. ii:
verse 18.

LEVITICUS,

Chap. x:
verses 1, 2.

ECCLESIAST'S

Chap. viii:
verse 11.

DANGER OF PRESUMPTION.

If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Prov. i: 10.—Lean not unto thine own understanding. Prov. iii: 5.

BEHOLD where Winter on his stormy throne,
With icy scepter sways the world alone;
From arctic regions fierce the whirlwinds blow,
And earth, all shivering, wears her robe of snow;
The leafless forest murmurs to the blast,
The rushing river now is fettered fast;
And clouds and shadows settling over all,
Wrap lifeless nature in her funeral pall.
Some youths now hasten to the frozen lake,
And on to school their way with pleasure take;

Nor go alone, but others they entice
With them to frolic on the slippery ice;
The way is pleasant, smoother far to go,
Than o'er the mountain through the drifted snow;
One, and one only, makes a wiser choice,
He will not hearken unto Pleasure's voice;
Awhile the others glide along the lake,
When all at once the ice begins to break;
In—in they plunge! In vain their piteous tones—
The waters quickly hush their gurgling groans.

Here we see the danger of presumption—the fruits of disobedience. It was a winter's day; the snow had fallen, and earth was clad in her robes of white; the north wind had moaned through the forest, and the ponds and rivers were partly frozen over. Some village school-boys, about to start for the school-house, which was situated at some distance on the other side of

a mountain, were admonished by their parents not to go by the way of the lake that lay round the foot of the mount; the parents judging it to be unsafe, the command was given with all possible earnestness and tenderness. Well would it have been for the boys had they obeyed; as soon as they were out of sight, Harry whispered to Charles that "it would be more pleasant to go by the way of the lake than to trudge it over the mountain, and nobody could know any thing about it." After a few moments pause Charles agreed; others now are invited to accompany them; "the more the merrier," say they; one by one they give their assent, and all, except Samuel, who forgot not his parents' injunction, and who preferred trudging through the drifts of snow over the mountain to disobeying his parents' command; all resolve to take the smoother and pleasanter way across the lake. They doubt not but it will bear; they anticipate a fine time; they hesitate not to trust the ice, though they will not trust the word of their parents. On they venture; away they glide o'er the slippery surface, with the wind behind them; full of delight they slide along; they see Samuel working his way through the snow; full of fun and laughter, they, with difficulty, stop to ridicule him, when behold! their entire weight is more than the ice will bear; suddenly it breaks; in, in they go, down! down! they sink; the cold waters close over them—they are lost. The school-bell rings, but they are not there; one only of the party has arrived to tell to the teacher and the rest of the scholars the dismal tale.

From the commonest events in life we may gather instruction; the bee disdains not to gather honey from the meanest flower. The Almighty is the great Parent of all, the Father of the spirits of all that live; he has not forgotten the work of his own hands; he takes pleasure in the security and happiness

of his children; he governs the world by laws—fixed, unalterable laws—except when he alters them for some special purpose, as in the case of miracles. His natural laws prevail in heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; the law of gravitation by which a body unsupported falls, exists every-where, extends to the remotest star or planet, and binds all material objects to a common center; the law of motion, by which a body once put in motion continues in that state, if it be not resisted by the action of an external cause; these laws and others govern the universe of matter, and they are uniform. Fire always burns, water always drowns, and ice supports bodies in exact proportion to its quality and thickness.

But for spirits, God has given laws that are spiritual; in wisdom he has given them to his creatures; these, too, are all fixed and unalterable, "Except ye repent ye shall perish." The way of sin always leads to disgrace, sorrow, and eternal death; the path of duty or piety always to honor, happiness, and everlasting life; they have always done so, they ever will do so; God has admonished the children of men of this truth; he has plainly pointed out the two paths, their character, tendency, and end; and, having done this, he, in the most affectionate manner, urges us to follow the path of life. "Behold!" says he, and wonder at the announcement, "I set before you Life and Death, Blessing and Cursing; choose Life, that you may live."

"Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man?
With naught in charge he could betray no
trust;

And if he fell, would fall because he must.
If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.

Divine authority within his breast
 Brings every thought, word, action to the test;
 Warns him or prompts, reproves him or restrains,
 As reason, or as passion, takes the reins;
 Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
 Cries in his startled ear—abstain from sin;
 The world around solicits his desire,
 And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire;
 While all its purposes and steps to guard,
 Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
 And Pleasure brings as sure in her train
 Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain."

The boys who broke through the ice and perished, had been faithfully warned; the two ways had been distinctly marked out to them; they followed their own course; they *presumed* their parents might not know every thing, they might not know how hard it had frozen during the night; that the ice was strong enough to bear them, there was no danger. The fact was, the way of duty looked difficult, and the way forbidden easy and delightful; they had their reward. So it is with the sinner, man; he *presumes* that he may violate the laws of God with impunity, that he will not punish, that the way is a safe one, although God has said "the end thereof is death." The truth is, the way of piety seems hard, steep, and difficult, and the way of sin smooth and agreeable to his carnal nature; hence, he ventures on, at first with diffidence, afterward with vain confidence; he entices others to accompany him in his sinful pleasures; this makes it more dangerous; they strengthen each other in wickedness, but "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

To show the influence of bad example, and the danger of presumption, Baxter has related the following anecdote: "A man was driving a flock of fat lambs, and something meeting them and hindering their passage, one of the lambs leaped upon the wall of the bridge, and his legs slipping from under him, he fell into the stream; the rest seeing him, did as he did; one after another leaped over the bridge into the stream, and were all, or almost all, drowned. Those that were behind did little know what was become of them that were gone before, but thought they might venture to follow their companions; but as soon as they were over the wall, and falling headlong, the case was altered. Even so it is with unconverted carnal men; one dieth by them and drops into hell, another follows the same way;

and yet they will go after them, because they think not where they are gone. O, but when death hath once opened their eyes, and they see what is on the other side of the wall, even in another world, then what would they give to be where they once were."

Last Summer, I noticed a little incident that may serve to illustrate our subject; the same thing, no doubt, is of frequent occurrence. An insect had entered the house and was upon the back of a chair; having walked to the end, it very circumspcctly employed its feelers above, below, and all around. Ascertaining that the side was slippery and precipitous, it turned round and went back again; this it did several times, nor would it leave its position until it could do so with safety. And yet man—man with the powers almost of an angel—rushes blindly on to ruin.

It is well known that the elephant, when about to cross a bridge, puts its foot down inquiringly to ascertain its strength, nor will he proceed unless he is satisfied the bridge is sufficiently strong to support him; but the transgressor ventures on the bridge of sin, beneath which rolls the river of eternal woe, bearing with him the weight of his immortal interests. the "vast concerns of an eternal state."

By the laws of motion, the boy sliding or skating on the ice can not easily stop himself, and sometimes he rushes into the openings or air-holes, that are often found on the surface, and meets with an untimely end.

It is so with the laws of sin; the sinner increases his momentum as he advances; from hearkening to the counsel of the "ungodly," he proceeds to the way of open "sinners;" a little further and he sits complacently in the seat of the "scornful," Now his doom is sealed!

Thus it was with Babylon's proud king; not content with having been an idolater all his life, against his better knowledge—for the judgment that befel his forefather, Nebuchadnezzar, must have instructed him—would ridicule the true religion, he would insult the majesty of heaven. He sends for the sacred vessels of the Sanctuary, that he and his companions may magnify themselves over the captive tribes of Israel. But behold! in the midst of his blasphemous revelry, the Hand, the terrible hand, appears, and the presumptuous monarch, after having seen his doom recorded on the wall of his own palace, is suddenly cut down, and his kingdom given to another.

JOSHUA,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 15.

PSALM
xxvii:
verse 8.

LUKE,
Chap. v:
verse 28.

ACTS,
Chap. xx:
verse 24.



EPHESIANS,
Chap. vi:
verse 18.

MATTHEW,
Chap. x:
verse 22.

HEBREWS,
Chap. vi:
verse 15.

JAMES,
Chap. i:
verse 18.

DECISION AND PERSEVERANCE.

My heart is fixed. Ps. cviii: 1.—I press toward the mark, for the prize. Phil. iii: 14.

SEE where the Alps rear up their giant brow!
King of the mounts, with coronet of snow;
Scorning all time, and change, his stalwart form
Endures the peltings of eternal storm;
In awful pride, enthroned above the skies,
Peaks upon peaks in matchless grandeur rise;
'Mid frowning glaciers on whose icy crest,
The savage vulture builds its craggy nest;
The fathomless abyss extends beneath,
And leads the traveler to the realms of death;

Napoleon comes in quest of fame and power,
He scans the mounts that high above him tower;
Though "barely possible," he will "advance,"
And in Italia plant the flag of France;
In vain the mountain, like a dreadful ghost,
Rises to frighten the advancing host.
O'er towering cliff and yawning gulf he speeds,
He means to pass nor aught of danger heeds;
He scales the summit with his conquering train,
And like the vulture swoops upon the plain.

Here the Alps lift up their snow-capped heads in awful sublimity; their icy pinnacles tower above the clouds; their colossal forms arise, mountain on

mountain piled. To all save the bounding chamois or his intrepid pursuer, they appear inaccessible; here vast overhanging precipices threaten destruction, and

there the treacherous abyss lies concealed, ready to engulf the unwary traveler; winter reigns supreme upon his throne of desolation; eternal tempests increase the horror of the scene. In vain does the famished traveler search for some stunted lichen, or the smallest animal, to save him from approaching death; he sees nothing but boundless seas of ice; no signs of life are there; it seems the very tomb of nature; the solemn solitude is broken only by the roar of the tempest or the thunder of the avalanche.

Yet over all these obstacles Napoleon would advance; he inquires of the engineer Marescot, who has just explored the wild passes of the St. Bernard, if it is possible to pass. "*Barely possible*," answers the officer. "Very well," says Napoleon, "*en avant*," "advance," and at the head of his army of above 30,000 men, with their arms, horses, and artillery, he commences the arduous passage. The mountains seem to bid defiance to the utmost efforts of the martial host; but dangers and difficulties deter him not; like the gale that wafts the vessel sooner into port, they only urge him on toward the object of his ambition; he conducts the army over slippery glaciers, wide yawning ravines, and eternal snows; he braves the fury of the tempest, and the crash of the avalanche; and overcoming every obstacle, he swoops upon Italy like the Alpine eagle upon its prey.

In the conduct of Napoleon in this instance, we have a striking example of decision and perseverance. If we can, "out of the eater bring forth meat," and "from the strong bring forth sweetness," it will be well.

The importance of possessing a decided character is best seen in its results, as the value of a tree is best known by its fruits; by its aid Napoleon accomplished the objects of his ambition—fame, and wealth, and glory, and power. With it, a man attains

that which he sets his heart upon; without it, he becomes easily discouraged and fails. With it, he controls his own movements, and influences, also, the conduct of others; without it, he loses his own individuality, and becomes a creature of circumstances. In fine, man without decision is like a rudderless vessel, tossed upon an uncertain sea; while the decided character, like the genius of the storm, commands the winds and the waves, and they obey him.

The importance of decision being so apparent, it becomes an interesting inquiry, "How can it be obtained?" After a proper object of pursuit is selected, it seems essential that a fuller *knowledge* of the object should be secured; no pains ought to be spared in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the object or profession, in all its parts; this is necessary to the foundation of such a character. The traveler who knows his way walks with a firm step, while he that is in doubt about his path advances with hesitation.

Another thing deemed essential, is *confidence* in the object of our choice, that it will yield us satisfaction; possessing a knowledge of our route, and a belief that at the end of our journey we shall be at home, the things that discourage others have no influence at all upon us. So it is with the decided character in the path he has chosen. Does opposition present itself? he assumes the attitude of a gladiator, determined to conquer or die; does danger appear, as it did to Shadrach and his companions, when the burning fiery furnace stood in their path? he burns the more ardently to fulfill his mission. Is he ridiculed, as were the builders of the walls of Jerusalem? he heeds it not, he still goes forward. Finally, does he find himself forsaken? it throws him on his own resources, it makes him firmer in his purpose, as the tree that stands alone and braves the storm,

strikes deeper its roots into the ground. If engaged in a good cause, he is, like Milton's Abdiel,

"Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unbroken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
Though single."

In the case of Napoleon the above points were exemplified; he selected as the object of his choice, military warfare; he made himself acquainted with every thing belonging to it as a science. He had confidence in it, as a means of procuring him the highest objects of his ambition; hence his devotion to it; hence his perseverance; dangers and difficulties are seized as allies; he rises with the storm, and "barely possible" is to him an assurance of success.

To the Christian soldier decision is of the highest importance; he has selected the Christian warfare as a means of procuring to him, "Glory, Honor, and Immortality." "If the righteous are scarcely saved," it behooves him to know what belongs to "his calling." He needs a knowledge of himself, of his duties, and of his privileges; a knowledge of the way, its dangers, and its difficulties; a knowledge of his enemies, their methods, and their power; a knowledge of his Almighty leader, of his Spirit, and of his Word. He needs a living, practical faith in religion, that will secure to him "Eternal Life." Opposition, danger, and death may stare him in the face, but if decided, he will say, "None of these things move me;" "my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise;" and having fought the good fight of faith, he will be enrolled among those who persevere to the end and are saved.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, and
looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities, and cries, '*It shall
be done!*'"

Decision of character may, however, belong to very different individuals—to the bad as well as the good, to Satan as well as to Abdiel. We may, like Enoch, "set ourselves" to walk with God; or be like the wicked whose "heart

is fully set in them to do evil." We may say with pious Joshua, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" or with ambitious Pizarro, we may draw the line with the sword, and say, "On this side lie poverty and Panama, on that, Peru and gold; as for me and the brave, we will cross the line." With the martyr Paul, we may exclaim, "I go to Jerusalem, though bonds and afflictions await me there;" or with the patriot Pompey, "It is necessary for me to be at Rome, though it is not necessary for me to live."

The following anecdotes, related by Foster, exhibit striking examples of decision and perseverance:

"An estimable old man, being on a jury, in a trial of life and death, was completely satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner; the other eleven were of the opposite opinion, but he was resolved the man should not be condemned. As the first effort for preventing it, he made application to the *minds* of his associates, but he found he made no impression; he then calmly told them that he would sooner die of famine than release them at the expense of the prisoner's life. The result was a verdict of acquittal." What follows is a less worthy instance:

"A young man having wasted, in two or three years, a large fortune, was reduced to absolute want. He went out one day, with the intention of putting an end to his life; wandering along, he came to the brow of an eminence that overlooked what were once his own estates; here he sat down and remained fixed in thought some hours. At length he sprang up with a vehement exulting emotion—he had formed the resolution that all these estates should be his own again; he had formed his plan, also, which he began immediately to execute; he walked forward determined to seize the very first opportunity to gain money, and resolved not to spend a cent of it, if he could help it. The first thing was a heap of coals shot before a house; he offered to wheel them into their place; he received a few pence for his labor; he then asked for something to eat, which was given him. In this way he proceeded, always turning his gains to some advantage, till in the end he more than realized his lost possessions, and died a miser, worth more than a quarter of a million of dollars."

ISAIAH,
Chap. lvii:
verse 20.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xlvi:
verse 22.

JAMES,
Chap. i:
verses 3, 4.

ECCLESIAST'S
Chap. vii:
verse 8.



ROMANS,
Chap. v:
verses 3, 4.

JAMES,
Chap. v:
verse 7.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xx:
verse 21.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. iv:
verse 6.

PASSION AND PATIENCE.

The fool rageth. Prov. xiv: 16.—Let patience have her perfect work. Jas. i: 4.

BEHOLD here! Passion, stamping, mad with rage;
He tries the knotted cord to disengage.
He twists and twirls, and fumes and frets in vain,
And all impatient cuts the cord in twain.
See! there is gold! that Providence has sent;
Favor abused—it feeds his discontent.
His soul a tempest—storms around him rise;
Thunder and lightning shake the trembling skies;
A troubled ocean—white with foaming spray,

Whose restless waters cast up mire and clay.

But mark the contrast! Patience, much at ease,
Th' intricate cord unravels by degrees,
No bags of gold has he. But what is more,
He has content—of this an ample store;
While the bright Rainbow sparkling in the sky,
Is pledge to him of future joys on high;
His soul a calm—by mellow light caressed;
A placid lake—whose waters are at rest.

Two very different characters are here presented to our view: Passion, storming, wild with rage; Patience, calm and tranquil. For some time Passion has been endeavoring to unravel a hank of entangled twine or cord. In his great hurry he entangles it more and more. It is full of knots; he grows hot with rage; his face is miscreated; he wears the aspect of a fury. Stamping with anger, he tramples upon some toys that lay near him, and brakes

them into pieces. A bag of gold is seen standing at his side. This only feeds his pride; it makes him more outrageous to think that *he* should have such work assigned him. A tempest is seen to arise behind him; the clouds gather blackness; thunders roll; fearful lightnings glare around. This is to show the state of his mind—wild, fiery, and tempestuous. He is also fully represented by the troubled sea, seen in the back-ground. Tumultuous it tosses its foaming billows; its restless waters casts up mire and dirt. So his troubled spirit, agitated by the tumult of his passions, gives utterance to oaths, blasphemies, and imprecations. Miserable youth! The fire of hell is enkindled within him!

Patience, on the other hand, sits with unruffled composure. He, too, has had the same work assigned him. He has the knotted cord to unravel; but he goes about it in the spirit of duty; patiently he unties knot after knot, overcomes difficulty after difficulty, until the whole is cleared. He has finished his task; he is seen looking upward, to show that he seeks help and counsel from on high. A heavenly light descends and sheds its luster round about him. Help is afforded. In the back-ground is seen a placid lake: this denotes the composure of his mind. Not a wave of perplexity dashes across his peaceful breast. He has not riches; no gold is seen shining by his side; he is, however, contented with his condition; nor is he without hope of future good. The Bow of Promise, glittering in the distant sky, intimates to us that he looks forward to a future recompense.

Passion represents a man of the world: one who has his portion in this life. The Almighty Father has appointed a work to all men; yea, every thing living, moving, creeping, swimming, flying, has its work to do. Duty is incumbent upon all. It is a condition of existence; it is also a condition of happiness. Man is under this

universal law. The man of the world lacking the proper qualifications for duty, fails in discharging it aright. He works from wrong motives and for wrong ends; he does all to the glory of self. No wonder he makes such a bungling work of it.

By the knotted cord may be understood those difficult passages of life through which man, as such, has to pass—afflictions, disappointments, etc. These are more than the worldly-minded man can bear. The reason seems clear enough. He has set his heart upon earthly objects; hence, the removal of these objects from him affects him very sensibly. These are thy gods, O, man of the world! When trouble comes, of course he does not look upward; he has no business there. He looks down—down—continually. "He leans to his own understanding," instead of waiting for further developments. He becomes impatient, fretful, peevish, angry, and passionate. He would curse God and die, if he was not afraid to die. He is

"Instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting his confinement, though fast
barred
By laws divine and human."

Providence may have lavished wealth upon him; he spurns the giver; he abuses his gifts. His pride becomes more inflamed; his table becomes a snare unto him; his riches add to his discontent. What he needs, though he may not know it, is a hope beyond the grave. He has title deeds enough on parchment, but none to the kingdom of heaven; houses and lands, but no "hiding-place" in which to enter when the great day of his wrath shall come. He has no anchor to enable his vessel to ride out the gales of adversity. Clouds and darkness surround him; a tempest is in his path; he is a cloud carried with the tempest, to whom is

reserved the mist of darkness forever; a troubled sea, which can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

Patience represents the man of God; him who has chosen God and the world to come for his portion. In this world, he, too, has presented to him the knotted cord—trials, perplexities, and afflictions. Man is born to trouble. He endures all things as seeing him who is invisible; in patience he possesseth his soul. He looks at the difficulty calmly; he considers what is best to be done, and which is the best way to do it. If it is beyond his power or skill, he looks to God for assistance. The composed state of his mind gives him a great advantage over the impatient one; but if he finds his own arm too short, he is intimate with *One* who is mighty to save, and who is a very present help in times of trouble. Soon the knot is untied, the difficulty is overcome, and the victory is gained. Hence a holy calm pervades him; he knows that all things are working together for his good. His soul is like a placid lake, reflecting the rosy light of heaven.

Earth to him may be a tempestuous ocean; but the eye of faith ever sees the beacon of Truth gleaming across its dark blue wave, pointing him to the haven of repose. Therefore, though cast down, he is not destroyed; perplexed, yet never in despair. He reckons that his light afflictions will work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He looks not at the things which are seen, but at those that are not seen. He has no gold, he is poor; but the Bow of Promise spans for him its glorious arch. "He is joyful in hope." He is reminded of his inheritance above. There he has a throne at the right hand of the King of Glory; a mansion in the skies; a bower in

paradise; a rest in Abraham's bosom; a shelter from the storm; a city which has foundations. No wonder that he sets his affections on things that are above. There is his portion fair; there, too, is, his heart; there is his eternal dwelling-place. He would rather have the lot of Lazarus here, and his portion hereafter, than fare sumptuously every day with Dives, and be perplexed with him at last in the hell of torment. As he walks through the vale of poverty and distress, the heavenly light shines around him, and awakes the voice of song:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord—
I will joy in the God of my Salvation."

How greatly is *Patience* to be preferred before *Passion*. *Passion* is a fury, breathing out threatening and slaughter; *Patience* is a cherub, whispering words of love and joy. *Passion* is a tempest charged with lightnings, hail, and thunder; *Patience* is a holy calm, where peace reigns and stillness triumphs. The one is a troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt; the other a placid lake, illumined by the mellow light of heaven. The one a foretaste of the fire of hell; the other a pledge of everlasting repose.

"The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies."

"Beloved self must be denied—
The mind and will renewed
Passion oppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued."

PHILIPPI'NS,

Chap. iv:
verse 13.

1 JOHN,

Chap. ii:
verses 13, 14.

1 JOHN,

Chap. v:
verses 4, 5.

1 TIMOTHY,

Chap. vi:
verse 12.



2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iv:
verse 7.

2 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. x:
verse 4.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. ii:
verse 3.

REVELATION,

Chap. iii:
verse 21.

THE CONQUERING CHRISTIAN.

Fight the good fight. 1 Tim. vi: 12.—Taking the shield of Faith - - - and the Sword of the Spirit. Eph. vi: 16, 17.

A GLORIOUS Temple rises to our view,
The conquering Christian fights his passage
through;
His dreadful foes who now attack him sore,
False Shame behind, fell Unbelief before;
And Worldly Love—great idol here below,
Unites to aid in Christian's overthrow;
But he, courageous, takes at once the field,
Armed with ancient, well-appointed shield;
A two-edged sword he wields, well known to fame,
And prostrates at one blow the dastard Shame;

On Worldly Love he falls with many a blow,
And soon he lays the usurping monster low.
Now Unbelief, the champion of the rest,
Enraged, bestirs him, and lays on his best;
A fearful thrust he makes at Christian's heart,
The Shield of Faith receives the murderous dart;
With his good sword brave Christian wounds him
sore,
And out of combat he is seen no more;
Into the Temple now the Victor speeds.
And Angel Minstrels chant his valiant deeds.

The above represents a man fighting his way toward a beautiful Palace; it is his home. From various causes he has been long estranged from his paternal inheritance. He is, by some means, reminded of its endearing associations, of its ancient magnificence, of its voices of happiness and love, pleasant things to delight the eye, choral symphonies to enrich the ear, rich vi-

ands to gratify the taste are there. He becomes anxious to return; he determines at once to regain possession of his mansion, or perish in the attempt. He meets with opposition; the odds is fearful, three to one. His enemies do not absolutely deny his rights, yet they are determined to oppose him to the uttermost. He gives battle, and by dint of skill and courage, he routs his foes, gains a complete victory, and enters his home in triumph.

This allegory represents a part of the Christian warfare. The temple or palace signifies that glorious inheritance which the Almighty Father has bequeathed to all of his children. It contains all that can please, delight, or enchant the soul, and that forever more. For it is an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. The hero denotes a man who has decided to be a Christian. By the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, he is convinced of his outcast condition; of the impotency of created good to make him happy; of the insignificance of the things of time compared with those of eternity. Convinced of these, in the strength of grace, he says, "I will arise and go to my Father," and he goes accordingly. But he soon meets with enemies who powerfully oppose his progress; and among the first of these is

Shame. Our passions, or powers of feeling, have been given to us by our benevolent Creator to subserve our happiness, and shame among the rest.

"Art divine

Thus made the body tutor to the soul—
Heaven kindly gives our blood a moral flow,
And bids it ascend the glowing cheek."

Shame stands as a sentinel to warn us of danger, and so put us on our guard. But all of our passions are perverted from their proper uses, and sin has done it. Therefore, as man loves darkness rather than light, calls evil

good and good evil, puts bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, so, also, he changes the proper uses of shame. Instead of being ashamed of the bad he is ashamed of the good. Shame is an enemy hard to conquer. The convert finds it so. He feels ashamed, at first, to be seen by his old companions in company with the truly pious, or going to a religious meeting, or on his knees praying, or in any way carrying the cross of him whom he has now chosen to be his Master. Shame confronts him every-where, and gives him to understand that, for the most part, religious people are a poor, low, and ignorant set; that no person of character will associate with him, etc. Christian remembers that what is highly esteemed among men is had in abomination with God; that shame, after all, is the promotion of fools only. Thus he vanquisheth shame by the sword of the Spirit, even by the Word of the Lord.

As soon as shame is disposed of, another foe appears—*Love of the world.* This consists in a greater attachment to this present world than becomes one who is so soon to leave it and live forever in another. As the boy should learn what he may need when he shall become a man, so should the mortal acquire what it may need when it puts on immortality. The natural man is so strongly wedded to earthly objects, that to him the separation is impossible. Argument will not effect it. He may be convinced, intellectually, that the things of earth are transitory and unsatisfying, yet he pursues them eagerly. His feelings may be lacerated by the death of some beloved relative, and his hopes blasted by the loss of property, still he cleaves to earth. The power of the Almighty alone can help him. He needs a new principle of feeling and of action; even that of faith that overcomes the world. Obtaining this principle, he looks not at the things

that are seen, but at those which are unseen.

The genuine Christian convert has many conflicts ere he can set his affections on the things above. *Worldly Love* opposes him perseveringly—in his religious experience, in his self-denying duties, in his . . . givings, and in his sufferings. The Christian, however, knows that he must conquer that foe or perish; therefore, he sets himself to meditate upon his duty. He searches the Scriptures; he finds that God's enemies are those who mind earthly things; he wishes not to join them; that the love of the world is hatred to God; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; and animated by the example of Christ his Lord, who left heaven for man, he renounces earth for God. He dies to the world and lives to Christ. As a soldier of Jesus he fights under his banners, and comes off more than a conqueror through him who has loved him.

Unbelief is a gigantic foe. He is indeed the champion of all the rest, peculiarly skillful and bold in his attacks. He knows how to shift his ground adroitly. Sometimes he assails vehemently, denying Christianity itself; nay, the very existence of the Almighty, declaring that "God is nature, and that there is no other god," and that "death is an eternal sleep." Thus, by one stroke, he would sweep away the being and attributes of the Eternal, the doctrines, promises, and commandments of the Word of God, man's responsibilities and consequent duties. Were this stroke successful, it would deprive man of all happiness in this life, and of the consolations of hope in the life that is after death. It expels him a second time from paradise into a desert, where not even thorns and briers spring up for his support.

Unbelief, however, does not always act so boldly. Sometimes he admits the existence of God, and the subject of religion, in general, but denies that man owes duties to the former, or that he is interested in the latter. He will even approve of the form of religion, provided there is no power, no faith, no Holy Spirit in it. Unbelief in this form destroys thousands of immortal souls who profess Christ, yet, not having true faith, in works deny him. He that believeth not shall be damned.

Sometimes unbelief attacks the Christian under the garb of benevolence. He pities and deplores most feelingly the present evils that flesh is heir to. He promises you a terrestrial heaven. But, first, the present order of things must be abolished. All institutions, political and religious, must be abrogated. The foundations of Society must be broken up; its frame-work dissolved; that is to say, a perfect chaos must be made, out of which shall arise a perfect paradise. You must first pass through a vast, howling wilderness, where no water is; and then (if, indeed, your carcass does not fall in the wilderness) you will be conducted into the promised land.

In these ways does unbelief make his onsets, suiting his methods to the dispositions of the age, or to the circumstances of individuals. The Christian repels them with the shield of Faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. He possesses the divine Word, which is full of promises, and that faith which is a deep conviction of things not seen, and the substance or foundation of things hoped for. Therefore, he gives no quarter to unbelief; God hath spoken, it is enough. There is a mansion for him; he will possess it. His Savior has conquered and reigns. He will conquer and reign also. He beholds, by faith, a glorious mansion, a palm of victory, a song of triumph, a crown of life. Animated by the prospect, he fights his way through all his foes; and as he fights he sings:

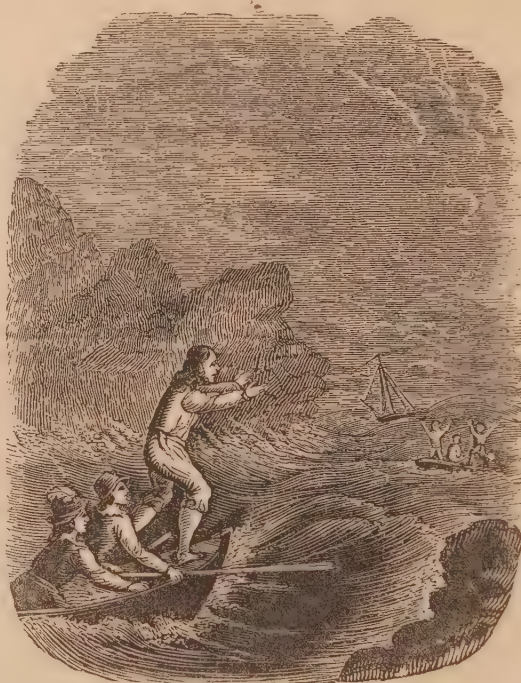
"The glorious crown of Righteousness,
To me reached out, I view;
Conqueror through Christ, I soon shall rise
And wear it as my due."

MATTHEW,
Chap. xviii:
verse 11.

JOHN,
Chap. vi:
verse 51.

REVELATION,
Chap. v:
verse 9.

JOHN,
Chap. iv:
verse 42.



1 JOHN,
Chap. iv:
verse 14.

LUKE,
Chap. ii:
verse 30.

ACTS,
Chap. iv:
verse 12.

1 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. i:
verse 30.

THE IMPERIAL PHILANTHROPIST.

Who gave himself a ransom for all. 1 Tim. ii: 6.

The hapless crew upon the reef are cast;
And round them rages wild the furious blast:
Deep calls to deep with wide-mouthed thunder-
ing roar,
Loud beat the billows on the rock-bound shore;
Crash after crash is heard with fearful shock,
As the boat dashes on the craggy rock.
The affrighted crew nor skill nor courage have,

To save their bark from the devouring wave;
Russia's great Czar beholds them on the reef,
And nobly hastens to afford relief:
Boldly he plunges in the boiling waves;
And all the fury of the tempest braves.
He leaps on board, and with a skillful hand,
Through rocks and breakers, brings them safe to
land.

We have here a picture of danger and of deliverance. Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, had been sailing in one of his yachts as far as the Ladoga Lake; finding himself refreshed by the sea breeze, instead of landing at St. Petersburg, he sailed

down the Neva toward the open sea of the Gulf of Finland. The day had been very fine; toward evening, however, the weather suddenly changed; the Emperor resolved to land, but he had scarcely reached the shore, when the storm burst forth in all its fury. The

waves rose and beat against the craggy rocks of the coast, and the wind roared from the wild sky with a thundering voice; in a few minutes a black cloud, let down like a curtain, hid the scene from view. Still, however, the Emperor looked and listened; he thought he heard the voice of distress mingling with the yell of the storm; his penetrating glance soon discovered a boat struggling against the rolling surge, that was driving it toward the furious breakers. The men, most of them being soldiers, are evidently at a loss what to do; presently the boat is dashed upon a reef; the sea breaks over it mountains high. The Emperor immediately sends a vessel to their aid, but in vain; the men on board want both skill and courage to execute the dangerous task. The poor men on the reef, seeing themselves deserted by their companions, rend the air with their piteous cries for help; the Emperor can contain himself no longer; he springs into his own boat, calling on all who have hearts to dare for their brethren to follow him. By great exertions he reaches as near to the sufferers as the breakers will allow; he perceives that he is yet too far off to aid them; what they need is a skillful pilot; he plunges into the raging billows; bravely he buffets the mountain surge, now floating on the topmost wave, now sinking in the depths beneath; soon he gains the boat; he springs on board like a delivering angel. The men, resouled at sight of the Emperor risking his life to save them, renew their efforts; they soon get off the shoal into deep water, and the Emperor guides them skillfully through the rocks and shoals, and brings them safe to land.

Now he is overwhelmed with the grateful demonstrations of those whom he has saved from the jaws of destruction, and of those happy wives and children, who, but for him, would now have been orphans and widows; he en-

joys the luxury of doing good; he feels most truly that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

We admire, and very justly too, the surprising condescension, the tender compassion, the heroic courage, and the consummate skill of the Emperor of all the Russias in risking his life for the sake of a few poor men; but what is this compared with the grace of our Lord and Savior, "*Jesus?*" The Emperor lost nothing of his dignity in doing what he did; he laid aside none of his titles; he assumed not a lower rank; in the boat, among the waves, and on the shoal, he was still an Emperor. But Jesus laid his glory by; the glory that he had with the Father before the world was; the glory resulting from creative power; the glory of guiding the armies of earth and heaven; the glory of eternity. "He emptied himself," "he made himself of no reputation." The master becomes a slave; the king becomes a subject; the maker of worlds becomes a creature; the God becomes a worm! How surprising this condescension! how wonderful this humility!

"Bound every heart and every bosom burn."

And O, with what tender compassion Jesus pitied us, as he saw us exposed to the gulf of eternal death! In the depths of our misery, he exclaimed, "Behold, I come!" and immediately hastened to our relief. O, how he weeps, groans, prays, and dies for us, and for our salvation! He pities our ignorance; he groans for our unbelief; he weeps for the hardness of our heart; he dies for our guilt.

What heroic courage *he* displays in

working out our deliverance! How he grapples with the powers of darkness! How he triumphs over temptation, poverty, and shame! How he conquers principalities and thrones, making a show of them openly! He wrests from death his dreadful sting, proves victorious over the grave, and opens the gates of Paradise to all believers. What divine wisdom, also, *he* manifests in the work of redemption; in securing to man his liberty, and to God his glory. How skillfully the Savior confines all the sophistry of the devil; how wonderfully he answers all the cavils of his adversaries! How, by his questions, does he take the wise in their own craftiness! His laws fill with admiration the hearts of his worshipers. How skillfully he guides his followers through the rocks and shoals of temptation and sin, and lands them safely on the banks of deliverance! "Verily, he hath done all things well." Hallelujah!

But for whom did the Savior labor and suffer? Peter risked his life for mortals like himself; Jesus gave his for beings infinitely beneath him. Peter for his own soldiers, Jesus for those who were arrayed under the banner of his great foe; Peter for his own subjects, Jesus for the subjects of another kingdom; Peter rescued merely his friends, Jesus died for the salvation of his enemies. Herein is love: "God commendeth *his* love toward us in that while we were yet sinners;" consequently enemies, "Christ died for us."

In the case before us—one rather of contrast than comparison—we see the men, re-spirited by the presence of their Emperor, come to save them, labor with all their might; had they not done so, they could not have been saved, not-

withstanding all the skill, power, and good-will of their Prince. But we, alas! stupid and ignorant as we are, when our Deliverer comes to our aid, are found questioning his skill, denying his power, and disbelieving his kind intentions; instead of working "out our own salvation," with fear and trembling, while he works in us, helping us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Those who were saved from death by the philanthropic Emperor, showered upon him every demonstration of gratitude; they invoked eternal blessings on his head, and devoted their lives to his service; and shall not we be grateful to our Spiritual deliverer? His name ought to be to us above every name. His Salvation is; to the man that believes, Christ is precious; he meditates upon his wondrous love, upon his unparalleled condescension, upon his heroic courage, upon his tender compassion, and upon his divine wisdom, until the fire of grateful emotion burns within him, and he presents himself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable before the Lord, saying:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing! so divine!
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

And he devotes himself, accordingly, to the service of his King and Savior. As a good subject, he will obey His laws, and seek to promote the peace and prosperity of his kingdom; as a good soldier, he will follow his Captain through every danger and every death, and having gained the victory, he will ground his arms at Jesus' feet, and so be ever with the Lord.

JAMES,
Chap. v :
verse 20.

MICAH,
Chap. ii :
verse 10.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. v :
verse 14.

LUKE,
Chap. xxii :
verse 46.



PSALM
cxli :
verse 5.

TITUS,
Chap. i :
verse 13.

ROMANS,
Chap. xiii :
verse 11.

LUKE,
Chap. xx :
verse 36.

THE WINTRY ATMOSPHERE.

Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. 1 Thess. v : 6.

THE icy mountains here lift up on high
Their barren peaks toward the arctic sky;
Terrific regions, where grim Winter reigns,
And bends the whirlwind in his frosty chains.
All life has fled, save where the shaggy beast
Prowls with intent on human blood to feast;
'Tis nature's tomb; no living voice is heard,
Of murmuring brook, nor cheerful warbling bird;
No leafy tree, nor smiling fields of green,
Nor corn luxuriant waving, here is seen.
In this cold clime some mariners are found—

Two, froze to death, lie stretched upon the
ground;
Others, more wise, to keep themselves awake,
They leap and shout, and strive their friends to
wake.
One plies the rod—yet from all anger free—
To rouse his neighbor from his lethargy;
Death of his prey, while thus engaged, he cheats,
And finds himself revive the more he beats.
These work and live, although the conflict's sore;
The rest they slumber and awake no more

Here we have a picture of the polar regions; the accumulating masses of ice raise to the sky their snowy summits, the formation, perhaps, of future icebergs. Here Winter sits securely upon his throne of desolation. Unmo-

lest by the Solar King, he sways his icy scepter. The very winds are hushed to silence by his power; a desolate and terrible region. It is the sheeted sepulcher of Nature deceased. No signs of life are seen, except the polar beast, fitted for his dreary abode. No sound of rippling brook, nor voice of joyous bird, echoes through the icy cliffs. To bless the eye, no leafy forests wave to the breeze; no cheerful fields of living green appear. To bless the heart, no rising corn, the all-sustaining food of man, bends with its weight of wealth. In this inhospitable climate, man, if he possess not a stout heart, soon dies. A drowsiness steals over him; he feels a very great inclination to lay down; then cold chills throughout his life's blood slowly creep; he sinks into a lethargy, from which he never more awakes.

In the picture are seen a few mariners who are thrown into this unfriendly climate. Two of them, in consequence of giving way to their drowsy feelings, have fallen asleep. It is the slumber of the grave. The others, aware of the deadly influence of intense cold, exert themselves to keep it off. They leap about and cry aloud; they are alarmed for their companions; they strive to arouse them from their dangerous sleep. One, perceiving his friend to have some signs of life in him, procures a rod; he lays it on unsparingly; he finds himself benefited by the exercise; he continues it; he is successful; he saves the life of his friend; they continue actively employed until deliverance appears. Thus, then, lives are preserved. The rest, cast into the deep sleep of death, are left to the beasts of prey.

The *wintery atmosphere* represents that spiritual declension that too frequently happens. Piety is in danger of freezing to death. The Church has gone too far north. The thermometer of holiness has sunk almost to zero. The sun of righteousness casts but a few feeble

flickering rays athwart the gloom profound. Fearful state indeed! The stillness of spiritual death prevails. The shaggy one alone is alive and active. "He goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The voice of prayer is hushed. No joyful halleluiahs break the monotony of the awful solitude. Doctrine and discipline are neglected. Even the all-sustaining Word of God is forsaken. Melancholy position! She will soon become a mere iceberg, dashing herself and others into oblivion. It has sometimes occurred that, by the faithful prayers and active labors of *one* saint, the Church has been brought out of the wintry atmosphere and been saved. This *one* living disciple brings the whole Church to Jesus, the Son of Righteousness, and keeps her there by faith until the whole tide of *his* rays fall full upon her. Her frozen heart now begins to thaw; soon it melts into penitence and love; now the voice of prayer breaks forth as the morning; the song of praise again mounts upward; God's house is filled with worshippers; ministers are clothed with salvation; converts are multiplied, and the sons of God shout aloud for joy.

The *wintery atmosphere* may, furthermore, denote the condition of individual Christians when thrown into the society of the wicked, when compelled, in the order of providence, to dwell in the "tents of Kedar." In the absence of the genial influences of religious ordinances, the freezing influences of ungodly principles and practices prevail. Infidelity itself may, perhaps, lift up its daring front, and defy the God of the armies of Israel—deny the inspiration of the sacred page, and laugh the Christian to scorn as a weak enthusiast. If unwatchful, the professor will at first fall a prey to the stupor of indifference. Then the chilling influence of sin will creep over him; the life's blood of his piety is arrested in its course; heart

and intellect are benumbed; Faith, Hope, and Love are now but indistinct images of the past. He is in danger of spiritual death.

As in the engraving, we see one arousing his companions with a rod or stick, so the Christian should endeavor to awaken his brother when he sees him falling beneath the influence of a wicked atmosphere. He may possess more Christian experience or more spiritual understanding; he has a stronger faith or is better acquainted with the wiles of the devil; these are so many gifts or graces, that he is in duty bound to exert for the salvation of his brother; hence, he is to exhort and admonish him with all long-suffering and faithfulness. If this fails, he is to reprove, nay, to "rebuke him sharply," and in no wise to suffer sin upon his brother. Though it may seem harsh, yet he is to persevere as long as any signs of life remain, lest he perish for whom Christ died; he will tell him of the danger to which he exposes his immortal soul, of the reproach he will bring upon religion if he falls into sin, of the wounds he will again inflict upon the sacred heart of Jesus; that he will cover heaven with sackcloth, and make hell echo with exultations of fiendish delight; he will not spare in order to arouse him from his slumber. With the hammer of God's Word he will strike him, with the sword of God's Spirit he will pierce him, and with the fuel of God's love he will kindle a fire round about him. He is successful; soon the sleeper moves; he melts, he weeps, he prays; in his gratitude, he exclaims, "Let the righteous smite me, it is an excellent oil unto me;" faithful are the wounds of a friend! Thus the active Christian, by his perseverance, under God, saves a soul from death, and hides a multitude of sins.

Most beneficial, also, has the exercise been to himself; it has proved the means of his own safety; by it he has been kept watchful and prayerful; his gifts and graces have been strengthened; the more he labored for his brother, the more he was blessed in his own soul. So true is the promise, "He that watereth others, shall be watered also himself."

The wintry atmosphere is such a dangerous region that the Almighty himself becomes, as

it were, alarmed for the safety of his children when he sees them exposed to its influence; he uses the rod of correction in order to keep them awake; he uses it in love; whom he loveth he chasteneth. Woe! woe! unto us, when he commands the ministers of affliction to "let us alone." Poverty, reproach, sickness, and death are employed by our heavenly Father as instruments of correction, yet they are blessings in disguise. He gives us *poverty* in time, that we may be invested with the riches of eternity; reproach, that we may receive the plaudits of the King Eternal; sickness of body, that the soul may flourish in immortal health; *Death*, to usher us into Life, into his immediate presence, that where *he* is there we may be also. God's children have borne witness in time, and they will bear witness to all eternity, "That it was good for them to have been afflicted."

"Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou mad'st me feel the chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God;
What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I blessed the hand that caused the smart,
I taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe."

"In sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign."
"Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained;
And bid to roar no more—a bleak expanse,
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of every life; that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible."—Thompson.

1 PETER,
Chap. v :
verse 8.

PSALM
xxxiv :
verse 7.

2 KINGS,
Chap. vi :
verse 17.

PSALM
iii :
verse 6.



1 PETER,
Chap. iii :
verse 12.

PROVERBS,
Chap. ii :
verse 8.

PSALM
xxvii :
verse 11.

PSALM
lxxxiv :
verse 7.

THE PROTECTED TRAVELER.

For I, saith the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about.
Zech. ii : 5.

'Tis night: the Traveler with labor spent,
Beneath the forest's shade has pitched his tent;
He and his household soon are fast asleep,
Their toilsome journey makes their slumbers deep;
Above their heads the stars are glowing bright,
Like diamonds sparkling on the breast of night;
This is the signal for the savage beast
To roam the forest for his bloody feast;
Leopards and lions round the tent now prowl,
And wake the woodland with their fearful howl;
The Traveler, startled at the dreadful sound,

A blazing fire soon kindles all around;
The monsters see it, and with horrid roar,
Rush through the thicket and appear no more.
As when Elisha 'mid the Syrian band,
Saw sword and spear arrayed on every hand,
In gracious answer to the prophet's prayer,
Angelic banners flashed upon the air;
Jehovah's armies round about him came
With burning chariots and steeds of flame;
The fiery seraphs circled all his path,
And kept him safely from the Syrian's wrath.

In these days of emigration, multitudes are continually leaving the homes of their fathers for distant climes. The populous cities of the old world are traversed; the broad blue ocean is traversed; the vast forests of the new

world are traversed, in order to find a home of peace and plenty. The engraving shows a family tented and guarded for the night. The travelers, weary with the day's journey, seek a commodious place whereon to pitch their tent. The sun already begins to sink below the horizon; the shadows lengthen, and night, silent and majestic, assumes her empire over the earth. Stars of glittering beauty bespangle her bosom and reflect their brilliancy on the broad leaves of the forest. The travelers retire to rest; wooed by fatigue, "balmy sleep" soon lights upon their eyelids; their slumbers are deep, but they are soon to be disturbed. Night gives the signal for the beasts of prey to come forth from their dens; hungry and thirsty for blood, they come; roaming, ravening, and roaring, they come; the woods echo their fearful howlings; they scent out the travelers, they surround the tent, they clamor loudly for its inmates; dreadful is the confusion; the beasts growl and fight with each other, that each might have the prey to himself; the travelers awake in trembling distress. One of them has heard of the effect of fire upon wild beasts; while they are quarreling, he quickly lights his brand, puts it to some dry leaves, and kindles a blaze; to this he adds more fuel, nor ceases heaping it on, till he has encircled the tent with flames. His efforts are successful; the wild beasts are now affrighted, and roaring dreadfully with fear and rage, they rush impetuously through the trees, and come near the tent no more.

The preservation of the traveler from the fury of the wild beasts by means of fire, represents the preservation of the Christian from the attacks of Satan and his helpers, by the Almighty. Among the Jews, and many other ancient nations, fire was regarded as emblematical of the Deity, and, indeed, not without reason, for on several well-authenticated instances did the Almighty

manifest himself under the appearance of fire. Moses was summoned before a court of fire to receive his commission as deliverer of Israel. God was in the fire. In their flight from Egypt, and after travels in the desert, the Israelites were guided by a column of fire. Their salvation and the Egyptians' overthrow, for Jehovah was there. In his reception of the sacrifices and prayers of his people, God answered by fire. When he gave his law upon the terrible Mount, he spake out of the midst of the fire. And when long after he would republish his law to all nations, the commission of the Apostles as the deliverers of the world, was crowned with fire; God was with them, and to be with them to the end of the world.

The Christian is a traveler; he is traveling through the wilderness of this world; he will pass through it only once; in whatever part of the wilderness he pitches his tent, he is safe from all the open attacks of his foes; his faith, love, and obedience secure to him the protection of the Almighty. He is holy in heart and life; holiness tends to God's glory, and upon "the glory there is a defense;" this is the glory that dwells in the midst of him, and where this is, there will be also "the wall of fire round about." The celestial fire burning between the Cherubim in the Jewish temple but shadowed forth him in whose heart Christ dwells by faith—the living "temple of the Holy Spirit."

Since his expulsion from the realms of light, the Devil has hated with perfect hatred every symbol of Jehovah's presence and glory; he hates the light; he is the prince of darkness; he is the great extinguisher, putting out the light of truth and holiness as often as he can effect it. He thought to extinguish the "Light of the World," by nailing it to a tree, but, in so doing, he only broke into pieces the vase that contained it,

causing it to shine forth with brilliancy, and to fill the whole earth with glory.

The great adversary is spoken of as "going about" the world as a roaring lion, "seeking whom he may devour;" once, when prowling about in this wise, he met with one of the saints of God, whom he desired to worry and devour, but behold! there was a hedge of burning bushes all around him. In vain he tried to get at him; though used to fire, he could not stand the fire of love and holiness; he knew very well, too, that no one could put out this fire, demolish this burner, except the man himself. Satan is permitted to tempt; he lays his plots with hellish ingenuity; he executes them with cruelty worthy of a devil; to destroy this man of God, he called into his service the pestilence, the sword, the tornado, and the lightning. The lightning came and did its work; the sword came and did its work; the pestilence came and did its work; the tornado came and did its work; yet the man of God is safe; he lives in his integrity; the hedge of fire around him burns higher and brighter, and becomes a beacon of hope to all the children of men. The devil, discomfited, leaves him, and flees away to his own place, because "Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly."

In like manner every child of God is surrounded by a divine protection; the servants of Satan are just like their master; they hate the light, and him that brings it; but were they to beset him, as the Assyrian army beset the prophet Elisha, he would be safe. The chariots of fire, and the horses of fire, with Seraphim and Cherubim, would encompass him. He may lay him down in peace; a wall of fire protects him, high as heaven, deeper than hell, wide as eternity; fire! fire! fire! formless, impetuous, mysterious, and devouring fire, is his safeguard and trust.

As the traveler by building a fire protects not himself only, but all who are in the tent, so the Christian, by his faith, love, and obedience, secures the protection and blessing of God upon all his household. "I will show mercy," saith the Holy One of Israel, "unto thousands of generations of those that love me and keep my commandments;" and one who had lived long in the world, and had seen much of it, declared, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his posterity begging bread."

The traveler may put out his fire without water: he can do it by omitting to supply it with fuel, or by casting earth upon it, thereby

smothering it, and thus expose himself and others with him to all the dangers of the forest. So the Christian may extinguish the fire of Almighty protection, the light of the Holy Spirit; he may do so, too, without employing the waters of transgression; he may do it by withholding the proper fuel, by "leaving off to do good," by neglecting the means of grace. He may do it by casting earth upon it, by letting the world gain the ascendancy in his heart and affections; the love of the world will put out the fire, "quench the Spirit," and leave the man again exposed to the malice of the evil one.

In the Book of the Prophets we read of some who "kindle a fire" and walk in the light thereof, who yet "lie down in sorrow," they are not safe; these may be the self-righteous, the mere nominal professor, who builds a fire with the wood, hay, and stubble of his own performances; it lacks the heat of love and holiness; God is not in it. Satan heeds it not; he breaks through it as easily as a lion through a cobweb, and seizes upon the defenseless sinner for a prey.

Of others, it is said that they "encompass themselves about with sparks merely; this may mean those who esteem themselves good enough already, good naturally; hence, they have no need of performances of any kind. The man of this class neglects, as useless, the light of truth, and faith, and the fire of love; he can dispense with Bible, Priest, and Temple; he lies down in peril; the devil do n't mind a few sparks.

It was a custom among the ancient highlanders of Scotland, when they would arouse the people for any great purpose, to send throughout the land a cross dipped in blood; wherever the cross was received, there the people immediately kindled a blazing fire; hence it was called "the Fire Cross." The blood-stained Cross of Christ has been sent and is now going throughout the world; the purpose for which it is sent, the greatest of all achievements; wherever it is received, a fire is kindled amid the surrounding darkness. The fire of a Savior's love, the fire of Almighty power:

"Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze."

Hasten! O hasten! ye who bear the cross, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure; carry round "the Cross," until a fire shall be kindled everywhere, and the whole earth be filled with the glory of God.

2 CHRONICLES,

Chap. xv:
verse 2.

MATTHEW,

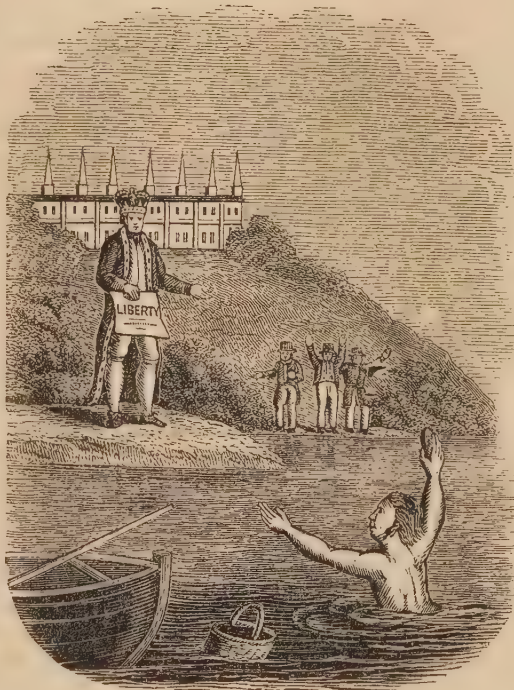
Chap. vii:
verses 7, 8.

PROVERBS,

Chap. iii:
verses 13, 15.

PROVERBS,

Chap. ii:
verses 4, 5.



MATTHEW,

Chap. xiii:
verse 46.

2 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 1.

REVELATION,

Chap. xxi:
verse 7.

ROMANS,

Chap. viii:
verse 17.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

For ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. vi: 20.—Those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. viii: 17.

BEHOLD the slave with joyful beaming eyes,
Holds up to view his glorious glittering prize;
A pearl, more precious than its weight in gold;
The price of Freedom, and of bliss untold:
The prince who promised the auspicious meed,
From his rich palace hastens down with speed;
With his own hand—unrolled that all may see—
The title-deed presents of Liberty,

The slave may enter now that mansion fair,
A slave no longer, but a rightful heir.
So when the sinner by Apollyon bound,
The priceless pearl of Gospel grace has found;
He breaks his chains, and into Freedom springs,
No more a slave, he ranks with priests and kings;
By the great Lord of all, to him 'tis given,
To be his child on earth, and heir in heaven.

A certain Prince, desirous of adorning his coronet with a pearl of the greatest value, promises liberty to any one of his slaves who shall find one of a certain number of carats; the Prince owns, upon his manor, a "Fishery," where the slaves, at proper seasons of the year, dive for pearls. The usual mode of operation is as follows: The divers, throwing off their clothes, dress

themselves in complete suits of white cotton; this is to protect their bodies from the contact of the medusae, or sea-nettles; then each diver, letting himself over the side of the boat, places his feet upon a stone, which is held by the seibor or puller up. On his left arm he carries a small basket to hold the oysters he may collect (the pearl is found in the fleshy part, near the joint of the shell); then closing his nostrils with a piece of elastic horn, he gives the signal with his arm, and is immediately lowered down; the stone enables him to sink without difficulty. Here, in a period varying from thirty to a hundred seconds, he employs himself in filling his basket. As soon as this is done, or if he wants breath, he jerks the rope, and is immediately hauled to the surface.

In the engraving is seen the fortunate slave, who has secured the prize; as soon as he discovers his good fortune, forsaking boat and basket, he leaps overboard and makes toward the shore, exclaiming, "I've found it! I've found it!" Others shout with him; the Prince, his master, hears the tumult, and learning the cause, repairs without delay to the bank of the river, to receive the pearl, and to bestow on the finder the promised reward, where, in the presence of all, he reads his deed of manumission, and proclaims him *free*. And he is free; his head, and heart, and hands are now his own; he is now free.

Happy man! Liberty, fair sister of Piety, has stooped upon the wing to bless him. Nor is this all; he is free to call his former master *Abba*, that is, father, and his mistress, *Imma*, that is, mother; he is, according to custom, adopted as a son; his future path is irradiated with knowledge, wisdom, and happiness.

By the slave finding the costly pearl, and obtaining thereby his liberty, is signified the sinner, who finds "the Kingdom of Heaven;" or who, in other

words, experiences religion; this puts him into possession of a liberty more precious than gold, and more to be desired than fine gold:

A liberty unsung

By Poets, and by Senators unpraised;
Which monarchs can not grant, nor all the powers

Of earth and hell confederate, take away:
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which, who so tastes, will be enslaved no more.

This is the liberty of Gospel salvation; a sinner is a slave—a slave not to one master, but to many, who exercise over him a cruel despotism. Satan takes the lead in tyrannizing over him; it is true, he is a willing slave, but not the less a slave for that; for let him but try to free himself from his power, and he at once feels that he is bound; Satan is his lord and master; he says to him "go, and he goeth; come, and he cometh; do this, and he doeth it." He is a captive, led about just as the devil pleases. Miserable bondage! *Sin* has dominion over him; forbidden objects control his passions, and his passions control his will; he is enslaved to the law of sin, he is chained to "this body of death." Sin wields over him its scepter with despotic sway; "he is sold under sin;" even when he would do good, evil is present with him. Again, he is a slave to the terrors of the law; Mount Sinai still stands, giving forth its dreadful voice of many thunders, and emitting its flashes of devouring fire; he stands quaking and trembling beneath its fearful brow. He is also "subject to bondage through fear of death;" although he may make a show of courage, when among his guilty companions, over the bottle, or on the battle-field, yet he dreads his approach; his very image embitters his sweetest pleasure, and makes him miserable. These are some of the lords that exercise dominion over the poor sinner; verily, he is bound!

The King of Holiness offers liberty

to the sinner, on condition that he exercise "repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ;" thus runs the proclamation. The slave who found the pearl was obedient. What did he know at first about pearls? He might have argued with himself, at least, that it was impossible that such uncouth, muddy oysters could contain such priceless gems, and so have given up the idea, and with it freedom; but he sought in the manner prescribed, and found; thus his obedience secured an ample reward.

Salvation is found only by those who seek aright. That the sinner might not lose his labor, the Almighty Lord tells him *where* it may be found; he tells him to look for it in *his* word, in *his* house, and ordinances; he tells him *how* he is to conduct the search; he is to lay aside his self-righteousness and put on sackcloth; he is to descend into the depths of humility, and there, by earnest, persevering prayer, and living faith, to seek until he finds; and the promise is, "If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."

But who shall describe the glorious liberty of the children of God. Satan reigns and tyrannizes over them no longer; his chain is broken, his allegiance is renounced; he is no longer the proud conqueror, leading his captive in chains; he lies bruised beneath the Christian's feet; he may threaten, but he can not harm; he may tempt, but he can not compel.

He who finds Gospel freedom is delivered from the dominion of sin; his understanding is now enlightened, the darkness of ignorance has passed, the true light now shines; his mind is now free—free to do good. He takes pleasure in righteousness. "O," he exclaims, "how I love thy law!" Henceforth the testimonies of Jehovah are the songs

of his rejoicing in the house of his pilgrimage; in him the promise is fulfilled, "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

From the curse of the law, moreover, he is free. Jesus has been made a curse for him; there is, therefore, now no condemnation; for him the fires of Sinai no longer burn; Jesus has quenched them with his blood; for him its voice of many thunders is forever hushed; Jesus has whispered, "Peace be still." Death has now for him no more terrors; death is a vanquished enemy; he is numbered among his gains. Why should he fear who has beheld "the burst gates, the demolished throne, the crushed sting, the last gasp of vanquished death!" Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

O, the glorious liberty of the children of God! The slave has become a son; he may now call God Abba, Father, and the Church Imma, Mother; he is now an heir of God, and fellow-heir with Jesus Christ; he receives a clear title-deed to mansions in the skies. Heaven for him

Opens wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges turning.

He is now free to see the King in his beauty, to see *him* as he is who loved him and gave himself for him; to hold converse with angels and archangels, with all the holy and the wise, "Glorious liberty," indeed! wondrous freedom! He is free to explore the regions of immortality and love; and as the years of interminable duration roll onward, he will live yet more free.

"All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies."

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iii:
verses 18, 19.

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LUKE,
Chap. xxiv:
verse 45.

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PSALM
cxix:
verse 18.

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ISAIAH,
Chap. xxv:
verse 1.

PSALM

CXIX:
verse 130.

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MATTHEW
Chap. xiii:
verse 16.

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LUKE,
Chap. ii:
verse 30.

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PSALM
xvii:
verse 15.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

Blessed are your eyes for they see. Matt. XIII: 16 — And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Eph. III: 19.

WHEN brave Balboa gained the mountain's height,
A glorious prospect burst upon his sight;
The great Pacific stretched before him lies,
And fills with new delight his ravished eyes;
O sight sublime! It meets the distant sky,
The splendid image of eternity.
He gazes on that sea, his hope of old,
Whose waters wander by the realms of gold;
Visions of wealth and glory fill his mind,

And he forgets the toils he left behind.
The dream is realized! that dream sublime,
That bore him onward through each deadly clime,
O'er burning mountains and o'er stormy main,
Through death and danger, far from ancient Spain,
His bursting heart adores that mighty Power
That brought him safely to behold this hour;
He prostrate falls, his grateful homage pays,
And to the God of heaven devoutly prays.

Above is portrayed the great discovery of the Pacific Ocean, made by Balboa, a Spanish cavalier. Balboa had, for some time, settled down in Hispaniola. Here he cultivated a farm; but hearing of an expedition that was about to set out for the west, he determined to join it. He was greatly in debt, and the governor had issued a proclamation forbidding debtors to leave the island.

Balboa, however, was resolved to go. He caused himself to be rolled on board of one of the vessels in a cask. He did not make his appearance until the ship was far out at sea. The commander at first threatened to send him back; but the ship pursued her way. He quickly rose into favor, became governor of the colony planted at the isthmus, and distinguished himself by the talents of command. Rumors of the gold country still further westward continued to inflame the minds of the Spaniards. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms could no longer restrain them. Balboa took the lead of the expedition, and pushed on to conquest. Many of the Indian tribes were to be conquered. These brave but defenseless warriors soon fell before the arms of the Spaniards, who, the more blood they shed, the more they thirsted for gold. An alliance was formed with a powerful cazique, who sent Balboa a rich present in gold and slaves. On the daring Spaniard led his soldiers Indian tribes were conquered, mountain difficulties passed, and burning, sickly regions traversed. Now the moment is at hand when he is to be more than recompensed for all his labors. The misty summits of the hills rise before him. One of these is pointed out to him as the object of his search. He commands his troops to halt. He himself ascends the hill alone, with his drawn sword. Having reached the top, he casts his eyes around; the Pacific spreads out before him; imbued with the religion of his country, he falls on his knees, weeping, and offers thanks to God for permitting him to see this glorious sight. On his return to Darien, the whole population poured forth to meet him. They hailed him as the glory of Spain, as the gift of heaven sent to guide them into the possession of honors and riches incalculable.

The *Pacific Ocean*, and its discovery

by the bold Spaniard, may serve to illustrate the ocean of God's love, and the joyful feelings of him who, for the first time, discovers it. The sinner is settled down in his sins; he is employed in cultivating Satan's husbandry; "he is sowing to the flesh." He hears of a revival of religion, of an expedition heavenward; he is determined to join it; he is in debt—dead in trespasses and sins. Satan, his governor, will not permit him to quit. He hedges up his way round about him. He is, however, resolved to join the expedition that is bound for heaven. By a violent effort he escapes and joins the converts. He is decided; he seeks earnestly the salvation of his soul. His way is now beset with difficulties; enemies appear on every hand to impede his progress; his old companions come to entice him, his old sins come to tempt him, and his old master strides before him the whole breadth of the way.

He now strengthens his alliances with the children of God. He receives sometimes some gracious tokens of the divine favor; he is encouraged to persevere; on he goes, weeping, praying, wrestling, fighting. His old companions are silenced; his sins no longer have dominion over him, and Satan falls like lightning from heaven. Now the time of triumph is near, when he will be more than paid for all he has endured. His heavenly guide directs him to the object of his inquiries. He ascends alone the mount—the sacred mount of Calvary. He casts his eyes around; the peaceful ocean of Almighty love spreads out before him. There it lays, covering all time and extending to eternity—immense, boundless, overwhelming.

When this Almighty sea of love

His rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view he's lost

In wonder, love, and praise.

All is *peaceful* above, below, within,

around. He has *peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. A peace which passeth all understanding fills his breast. He is at peace with man and beast. It is as the opening of the gate of heaven to his soul. An immense region of truth, divine truth, is laid bare to his view. A new and heavenly light flashes over his mind. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.

On this mount of vision he discovers that God is love—not only lovely and loving, but *love*, nothing but love. In his nature and operations, love—pure, unexampled love. Here he beholds the Son of God, the maker of earth, the well beloved of heaven, suffering and dying for him, for all, for a world of sinners. For the foulest of the foul, *he* dies. He beholds, with astonishment, the tokens of his love. Earth is suddenly arrested in her retrograde motion, and rolled back again to God. Strange darkness covers the world, that all might henceforth be light forever; the opened sepulchers proclaim life and immortality. Here he beholds a new and living way cast up—a highway from earth to heaven—and countless multitudes, leaving behind them the badges of their guilt, pollution, and wretchedness, and washed and clothed in the robes of salvation, ascend thereon. Forward they go, each one walking in his uprightness. A cloud overshadows them for a little while; that is death. Soon they ascend toward the gates of the heavenly city. Now the golden portals are lifted up, and the children of glory enter in. A multitude, that none can number, are thus ransomed from hell and the grave, and all through the love of God in Christ Jesus. Behold what manner of love is this that the Father has bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God. Well might the rapt poet sing—

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

An indifferent spectator, walking far beneath Balboa, seeing him prostrate on the mount, and with uplifted hands offering his thanksgiving, might have laughed him to

scorn for a madman, or have pitied him for his weakness. He may not have been so high. He knows not that the ocean exists. He perhaps denies its existence altogether. Thus it often happens to the man of the world, when he sees converts, having tasted that the Lord is gracious, give vent to their feelings in a lively manner, or when he hears experienced Christians discourse on the love of God, it is foolishness to him. He considers the persons so acting to be “beside themselves,” or very weak-minded. He may perhaps deny altogether the existence of vital godliness and religious experience; yet if the skeptic would but “come and see” for himself, he would confess that “the half was not told him.”

In order to make his great discovery, Balboa had to rise above the world. So it behooves him who would discover the great pacific of eternal love, to rise above sublunary things; especially must he surmount the fogs of prejudice, the mists of ignorance, and the clouds of unbelief which surround the surface of the earth.

Having made his discovery, the Spaniard was at once rewarded with honor and glory. He looked upon the past with contempt, as not worthy to be compared with the splendor that awaited him. So he feels who realizes that God is love. He is clad with the “*Best Robe*.” He looks with disgust on the past. He hates the vain pomps and glories of the earth; is astonished at his infatuation, in being so taken up with them; and yet what he now possesses is but as the drop to the teeming shower. The wealth of eternity awaits him.

Balboa could not explore his vast prize. Had he traversed the ocean till this time, he would have gone over only a small portion of it; much of it he would never see. Realms of gold lay glittering upon its placid margin. Mines of wealth lay hidden beneath its purple wave. He had but found the key of this magazine of wealth. So the discoverer of Almighty love can know but little of his precious prize while here below. Boundless, fathomless, endless, it spreads out before him, and will ever spread. Here he merely sips of its overflowings. He has but discovered the key of the treasure-house of love. O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and goodness of God!

PSALM

xxxix:
verse 12.1 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verse 11.1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 17.DEUTERO'MY,
Chap. xxxii:
verse 10.PSALM
lxxvii:
verse 20.1 SAMUEL,
Chap. ii:
verse 9.HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 13.PSALM
lxxiii:
verse 24.

PASSAGE THROUGH THE DESERT.

They wandered in deserts. Heb. XI: 38.—For here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come. Heb. XIII: 14.

AMID the arid desert's burning sands,
The caravan proceeds in various bands;
Jew, Frank, and Mussulman, in search of gain,
Unite to traverse the destructive plain.
The desert drear, more terrible to brave,
Than furious tempest on the ocean wave;
The sky a molten dome of quiv'ring heat;
The earth a furnace, glows beneath the feet;
The wild waste echoes as they move along,
With laugh of humorous tale or voice of song.

Armed, and united, they no danger fear
From lion's prowling, nor from robber's spear;
But other foes oftentimes 'gainst them advance,
More to be dreaded than the Arab's lance;
The sandy column, and sirocco's blast,
Laden with certain death, come rushing past.
Down straight they fall, flat on their faces lie,
While the destroying angel passes by;
Through varied dangers, thus their way they wend,
Until at length they reach their journey's end.

Here is represented the passage of a caravan through the great and terrible desert of Africa. Merchants being desirous of visiting the interior parts of Africa, for the sake of trading with the natives, form themselves into com-

panies for this purpose. Here may be seen Arabs, Jews, Franks, and others, uniting for a common end, regardless of the differences of country and of creed. They hire a certain number of camels, with their drivers; they lay in their stock of goods, provisions, etc.; they furnish themselves with a compass, and with arms for defense. When all is prepared, the signal for departure is given, and the caravan moves onward; by degrees they leave all traces of the living world behind them; soon they come in sight of the desert; evening now casts its shadows round them; they find a stopping place; here they rest for the night. In the morning they commence the perilous route; in a short time nothing is beheld by the travelers but one vast ocean of sand, bounded only by the horizon; as they move on the heat becomes intense; the sky appears a dome of molten fire; the earth glows like a furnace beneath their feet. A momentary gloom overspreads the faces of the travelers as they see scattered here and there, upon the sand, skeletons, the remains of former travelers. They shorten the distance by rehearsing tales of wit and humor. Sometimes the desert rings with the sound of their merry songs; they trust to the guides for direction, and to the guards for safety; being well armed, they fear nothing. Sometimes, while yet on the border, the lion of the desert appears; he sees them united and watchful; he dare not attack them; he lashes his sides with his furious tail, and with a dreadful roar he bounds out of sight. Sometimes the Arab robbers, who think they have an hereditary right to plunder travelers, attack the caravan; they meet with a stout resistance, and, finding themselves worsted, they quickly disappear amid clouds of dust and sand.

Other enemies, however, frequently appear, that laugh to scorn their might of union, and hold in derision the

shaking of the glittering spear; the pestilential simoon, with the speed of thought, comes rushing on toward them, and, unless they fall instantly upon their faces and hold their breath, they are all dead men. Sometimes they behold huge pillars of sand before them, the sun gleaming through them, giving them the appearance of pyramids on fire; each one is large enough to bury the caravan; now they move toward them with fearful rapidity; now they take another direction. The wind shifts, and, dashing against each other, they vanish in a storm of sand. Sometimes the caravan is refreshed by meeting with a fertile spot called an oasis; here is seen the grassy plain, the flowing fountain; here is heard the voice of singing birds; here the palm, the vine, and the olive tree abound. New spirited, the caravan resumes its journey, and in good time reaches the place of its destination.

The passage through the desert may be considered as an allegorical representation of the passage of the Church of Christ through the moral desert of this world. The Church is in quest of eternal gain. She seeks a city which is out of sight—"the New Jerusalem." The way thereto is through a moral desert, which is destitute of every heavenly plant. No living stream flows through the midst thereof. No food for the soul is there; no provision for immortality. Above, around, beneath, the elements are, in themselves considered, unfriendly to spiritual life and spiritual progress. Hence, the Church furnishes herself with provisions—Christ, and the Word of Christ; her compass, the law of Jehovah; her weapons, the whole armor of God; her watchmen and guides, the ministers of Jesus.

The caravan was exposed to danger and death from the lion, the robber, the moving sands, and the fell simoon.

The Church, too, has her dangers to contend against. No sooner does she

commence her march, than Abaddon, the destroyer, comes out against her. If he sees her united, moving on firmly, and watchful withal, she is safe, and he knows it. He gnashes his teeth with rage, and looks about for more defenseless prey. Woe, woe, to the straggler he may meet with in his wrath—to him who through indolence has lingered behind, or through pride thinks he can take care of himself—he falls a victim to his temerity. His fate becomes a monument of warning unto others. Next she is assailed by the disciples of ancient heresies. These come forth against her with their rights of prescription and of proscription. They advance “damnable doctrines,” and seek to plunder her of her heaven-born treasures. But the Church is armed, thoroughly armed. The efficient panoply, “the whole armor of God,” is round about her. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon prevails, and the spoilers, vanquished, retire amid the dust of their own confusion. But other foes sometimes appear, more dangerous than Satan undisguised. Splendid images of idolatry present themselves, glittering with the gilded pageantry of pompous ceremonies, impositions of unrighteous prerogative. Their tops reach the very heavens. They move to and fro, threatening to overwhelm the Church beneath their crushing weight. She looks on awhile in astonishment at such heaven-daring impiety. She stands firm; she is girt about with truth. With a loud voice she gives utterance to her faith, “Jehovah, he is the God! Jehovah, he is the God!” The sandy fabrics disappear like the moving columns of the desert.

Sometimes, as a last resort of fiendish malice, the simoon of persecution

is let loose upon her. Earth and hell combine. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, saying, “Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.” The watchword is, “Destroy, destroy,” and the whole power of the enemy is hurled against the Lord’s anointed. Her ordinary weapons of defense are here of no avail. She has recourse to “*all prayer*,” she falls down low in the dust. In God is all her trust; he is her help and her shield. She hides herself in him until this “calamity be overpast.” In every conflict she comes off victorious, as long as she continues united and watchful.

Sometimes the Church is favored with extraordinary manifestations of divine power and love; these are to her as an oasis in the desert. The river that makes glad the city of God pours its full streams into the midst of her. She enjoys a glorious revival; it is a foretaste of heaven. She arises and puts on strength. Multitudes are added unto her. Clothed with salvation, she again moves onward in all the power of truth, and in the majesty of holiness, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and glorious as an army with banners. Above her waves triumphant the banner of Redemption. Taking up the song of prophesy as she advances, she sings—

In the wilderness shall burst forth waters,
And torrents in the desert;
And the glowing sand shall become a pool;
The desert and the waste shall be glad,
And the wilderness shall rejoice and flourish;
Like the rose shall it beautifully flourish.

Thus she goes forward from strength to strength, scattering in her path a new creation, until Mercy’s triumphs are complete, and God is all in all.

2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iii:
verse 2.

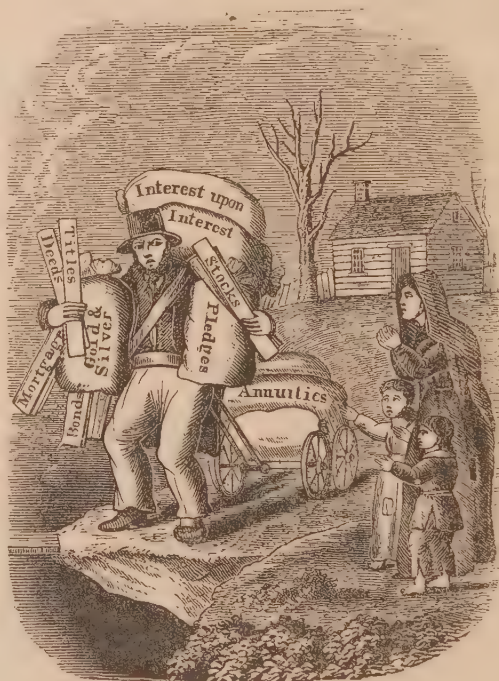
JAMES,

Chap. v:
verse 3.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xix:
verse 24.

1 JOHN,

Chap. iii:
verse 17.

JOB,

Chap. xx:
verses 19, 20.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xxii:
verse 16.

HABAKKUK,

Chap. ii:
verse 9.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. vi:
verse 10.

SELFISHNESS.

He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them. Ps. xxxix: 6.—The covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth. Ps. x: 3.

Look at the selfish man! See how he locks Tight in his arms his *mortgages and stocks!* While *deeds and titles* in his hands he grasps, And *gold and silver* close around him clasps. But not content with this, behind he drags A cart well laden with the pond'rous bags; The *orphans' wailings* and the *widow's woe*, From mercy's fountain came no tears to flow; He pours no cordial in the wounds of pain,

Unlocks no prison, and unclasps no chain; His heart is like the rock where sun nor dew Can rear one plant or flower of heavenly hue. No thought of mercy there may have its birth, For helpless misery or suffering worth; The end of all his life is paltry pelf, And all his thoughts are centered on—*himself*; The *wretch* of both worlds; for so mean a sum, "First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

Here is a poor fool "crouching beneath" more than "two burdens." Look at him! See how he pants, and heaves, and groans beneath his load. With his right hand he grasps a large bag of gold and silver, together with

bonds, titles, deeds, and mortgages; in his left he clutches fast stocks and pledges, while suspended to his left shoulder dangles interest upon interest. Around his waist is buckled a leathern girdle, to which a wagon is attached by

means of traces. This is loaded with bags and bales of rich annuities. He appears to have made "a clean sweep" wherever he has been; desolation follows in his train. On the left hand of this receiver-general stands a female, accompanied by two children. Look at them. They have come through the peltings of a winter's storm, poorly clad as they are, to lighten the poor man's load. They have nothing to carry. See! they are beseeching him to allow them to bear part of his burden. It would help them somewhat; it would circulate the blood, and keep them warm. It would benefit him, however, a great deal more—perhaps save his life. He looks angry; he growls at them; he curses them in the name of his God, and spurns them from his presence. The man can not be in his right mind surely. Refusing assistance, on he goes again, lamenting very much the time he has lost, for "time" with him "is money." On he goes, puffing, and sweating, and dragging. At length, still followed by the woman and children, he comes to a bridge, thrown across a rapidly-rolling river. It looks quite safe; as he proceeds, it bends and cracks with the weight, and just when he arrives at the middle, it gives way and down he goes, bags and all; he sinks to the bottom like a stone. The dark wave rolls over him; he dieth as a fool dieth; his memory has perished.

The above engraving represents Selfishness refusing the claims of distressed humanity. Perhaps all the manifestations of sin in man may be traced to selfishness as their source. The warrior in his pursuit of glory, the politician in hunting for power, the covetous in scheming for wealth, the scholar in his aspirations for fame, all act from the principle of selfishness. Here the selfish principle manifests itself in the acquisition of money, in keeping it, and, of course, fixing the heart upon it as an object worthy to be adored. The Most

High, looking down from the height of his holiness, pronounces the man "*fool.*" Fool, in so mistaking the true ends of life, in so mistaking the nature of things, as to think the soul could be satisfied with dust and corruption; in employing the noble powers of the mind about things so base, mean, and contemptible; in loving that which can not return our love. Fool, in substituting the body for the soul, time for eternity, the world for God. Fool, to be "*bit by rage canine of dying rich, guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell.*" Fool, in heaping up riches, and knowing not who shall gather them.

"High built abundance heapon heap, for what?
To breed new wants and beggar us the more,
Then make a richer scramble for the throng,
Soon as this feeble pulse which leaps so long,
Almost by miracle is tired with play;
Like rubbish from dislodged engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse, fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fools—
How justly, for dependence on their stay,
Wide scatter first our playthings, then our
dust."

This is bad enough, but, what is worse, the man of selfishness is a man of guilt—often of deep, double-dyed, damnable guilt. Even in its most innocent form, selfishness dethrones the blessed God from his proper place in the human heart. Selfishness is a rank idolator; he worships the creature more than the Creator. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Like the horse-leech, he is continually crying, Give, give. He covets his neighbor's possessions; he is determined to obtain them if he can, either by fair means or by foul. To this end he often bears false witness against his neighbor; nay, he will destroy his reputation, sometimes take his life.

He is a devourer of widows' houses; he forestalls and forecloses whenever he can gain by so doing. Selfishness is a thief—first, in withholding what

belongs to God and the poor; secondly, in actually seizing upon the property of others. See him go forth to take possession of his neighbor's farm or house! In the face of day he goes; the sun is looking at him, and God is looking at him, and the prophet of God within his breast—conscience—remonstrates, as did the prophet Elijah, when Ahab had gone down to the vineyard of Naboth, to take possession thereof. But Selfishness is deaf to the voice of the prophet, and the helpless family is turned out into the streets, and another inheritance is added to his rent-roll.

How great is the guilt of Selfishness; by him the commandments of God are all set at naught; nay, standing on the mountain of his ill-gotten wealth, he takes the two tables of the law and breaks them to pieces, trampling the remnants beneath his feet. His heart is ossified, callous, hard as the nether mill-stone. The ministers of religion plead for help; he regards it not. The daughters of benevolence plead for objects of charity; all in vain. The weeping widow and the wailing orphan stand before him, begging only what will support life a day; he spurns them from his presence. He has more than he needs or ever will need, yet, dog-in-the-manger like, he snarls and keeps it all.

In the map of Palestine may be seen the Dead Sea. Several rivers pour their streams into the midst thereof, and among them the Jordan. Here they are all swallowed up; the Dead Sea gives nothing back but bitterness and dearth. It was formerly said that birds, in their passage over it, dropped down dead. Selfishness is a *dead sea*, receiving all, giving nothing, save misery, and want, and death.

In the engraving, the house in the background looks ruined and desolate;

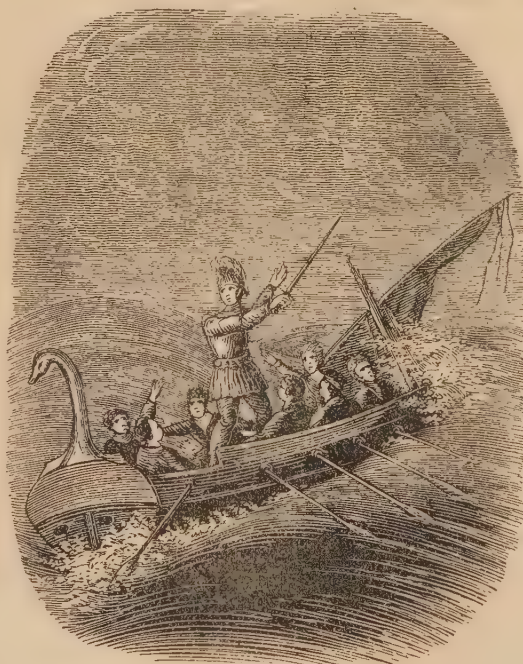
Selfishness has been there. It is related of the locusts that "the noise they make, in browsing the plants and trees, may be heard at a distance, like an army plundering in secret. Wherever they march the verdure disappears from the country, like a curtain drawn aside. The trees and plants, despoiled of their leaves, make the hideous appearance of winter instantly succeed the bright scenes of spring; fire seems to follow their tracks." Selfishness may look behind him, if he will, and see in his rear the same marks of desolation.

Selfishness is a great advocate for the *protection* of his own interests. He has become rich, yet he is not rich Godward; he has mortgages, but he himself, alas! is mortgaged to the devil, and, when the time expires, *he* will foreclose and take possession. He has pledged enough on earth, but no pledge of a future inheritance in heaven. And where, where is the hope of the *wretch*, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul!

"How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!

To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasures here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
O, might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close, through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

PSALM

xxxvi:
verse 7.MATTHEW,
Chap. xxxiii:
verse 20.PSALM¹xlvi:
verse 7.1 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. iii:
verse 16.GALATIANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 20.ROMANS,
Chap. xii:
verse 5.EPHESIANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 17.COLOSSIANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 4.

THE IMPERIAL PASSENGER.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Gen. xxvi: 24.—I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii: 4.

WHEN the great Cæsar, bent on high emprise
Beheld the winds and waves against him rise,
The sea and skies in wild commotion roll,
To damp the ardor of his mighty soul;
But winds and waves in vain 'gainst him engage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage;
He nothing fears, he deems himself a God.

And furious tempests but await his nod.
Not so the mariners—in sore dismay
They dare not venture from the sheltered bay,
To whom the chief their craven souls to cheer,
"Who carries Cæsar, need no danger fear."
Awed into courage, soon they're on the wave,
And all the fury of the ocean brave.

The above engraving represents Julius Cæsar in a violent storm. He is encouraging the boatmen to pull away. Cæsar and Pompey, at this time, were about to dispute the empire of the world. The legions of Pompey were at Macedonia; those of Cæsar lay at Brundisium, on the other side of the river

Apsus. Cæsar, judging his presence to be absolutely necessary for the safety of his army, determined to cross the river, notwithstanding it was guarded by the ships of Pompey. A furious tempest raged also at the same time. Depending upon his good fortune, he disguised himself, and secured a small

fishing-boat. His mind occupied with the importance of his mission, he thinks not of danger. He has had so many hairbreadth escapes on flood and field, that he deems himself under the immediate protection of the gods; nay, that he himself possesses the power of controlling fortune. The boatmen think, however, very differently. Though accustomed to danger, they will not put to sea in the present gale. Cæsar, thinking all would be lost, assumes a commanding attitude, throws off his disguise, and, addressing the pilot, exclaims, *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis.* "What do you fear? you carry Cæsar." The effect is electrical. Struck by his courageous bearing, the sailors, ashamed of their fears, immediately put to sea with the intrepid chieftain. They exert themselves to the utmost, brave fearlessly the peltings of the storm, and land their noble passenger safely on the other side.

The above instance of profane history may serve to illustrate the presence of God with his people, and the confidence they should have in him. The presence and consequent power of God exists, of course, every-where. We can not tell where God is not. We see him in the embattled host that nightly shines in the blue vault of heaven; in the queen of night, as sailing through the sky, she gives to the shadowed earth a look of kindred affection. When rosy morn lifts up the curtain of darkness and gives to our view the glorious orb of day coming forth from his chambers, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; in the vast mountain, towering to meet the skies; the immense ocean, rising in the greatness of its strength; the embowered forest, bending to the breeze; the deep blush of the verdant mead, the smiles of the luscious corn, and in the laughing flowers, we see the power and presence of the Omnipotent. The thunder proclaims him in the heavens, the woodland minstrels among the

trees; the mountain torrent and the rippling brook bespeak his power; insects sporting in the sunbeams, and leviathan in the depths of the sea, alike show forth his praise. Magnitude can not overpower him, minuteness escape him, or intricacy bewilder him. He guides and preserves all by his presence and power.

"The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love;
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime. Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast."

The presence of God with his people is, however, manifested in a different manner. Nature is managed by subordinate agents, the Church by his immediate presence. Natural objects wax old and perish, as doth a garment; yea, the elements will melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up; but of the Church it is declared that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and of Christ's kingdom, which is the Church, it is said, Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion without end. Hence, to perpetuate the Church, the presence of God has been manifested in a peculiar manner. In the march of the Church, through the ages of time on toward eternity, how plainly has he shown his powerful presence.

Is the world, through sin, covered with a flood of waters, as with a garment? God himself superintends the building of an ARK, for the salvation of his infant Church. Does famine threaten her with destruction? he opens to her

wants the granaries of Egypt. Does the sea oppose her when she would go and "sacrifice to the Lord her God?" he divides for her a passage through the midst thereof, and she goes through dry shod. Does she suffer hunger in the desert? he unlocks the storehouse of heaven and feeds her with angels' food. Is she thirsty? the very rocks are made to yield streams of living water. By his presence her foes fall before her; Jordan's waves roll backward, and Canaan spreads for her repast its stores of milk and honey. "Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, who is the sword of thy excellency and the shield of thy help?"

Nor has the Church been less favored with the divine presence, since Jesus paid in full the price of her redemption, remodeled his temple, and adorned the sanctuary with the beauty of holiness. When we see the Savior in the storm, on the sea of Tiberias, chiding the fears of his disciples, and stilling the winds and the waves, we see a type, and a promise of his future presence with his people. Immanuel, "God with us," this is his name. How full of consolation! with us in his own proper person. The government is still upon his shoulders. "He will not give his glory to another." He does not rule by proxy. He needs no "vicar" on the earth. His real presence is with his people. He is fulfilling his own gracious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

The fact of being engaged in an important enterprise, and a consciousness that great results will follow a certain course of conduct, nerves up the soul to action, and enables it to do and suffer. When the boatmen knew who it was that said unto them, "Fear not," knowing too that the fate of nations depended upon their conduct, they were inspired with energy and courage, and determined to sink or swim with Cæsar. But behold a greater than Cæsar is here.

Jesus, the Almighty conqueror, says to his people, "*Fear not, for I am with you.*" In the furious tempest that sometimes meets them in the path of duty, when their hearts quail, and all appears to be lost, his glorious presence

shines amid the darkness. "*Fear not,*" he exclaims, "*you carry Jesus.*" The Church, emboldened at the sight, dismiss their fears, receive a new inspiration, and, in the strength of a living faith, respond, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed out of its place, and the mountains be cast into the depths of the sea for the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

"*Fear not, you carry Jesus.*" Thou desponding one, fear not. Does not Christ dwell in thy heart by faith? Is not "Christ in you" the life of faith, the life of love, "the hope of glory?" Is he not working in you both to will and to do? Then be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Fear not, he is thy *shield*, and thy exceeding great reward.

Of Cyrus it is said that he knew his soldiers, every one by name; but by the Captain of your salvation the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Unbelief dims the eye so that it can not see Jesus. Faith opens it, and the glorious presence of the Savior is revealed. Where the king is, there also is the court; and where the Savior is, there also is his court. His attendants are all there. Power, majesty, riches, and glory encircle his throne. Stormy winds, lightning and thunder, are ministers of his that do his pleasure.

God is with his people; he is their covenant God. Hence all his attributes are employed for their good. He cares for them. As a father pitieth his children, so he pities them that fear him. He has purchased them by "his own blood." They are his "peculiar treasure," "the lot of his inheritance." Therefore no weapon that is formed against them can prosper. To banish distrust forever from their hearts, he pledges himself never to leave them, never to forsake them.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee,

And through the rivers they shall not overflow thee;

When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned,

Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,

For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel,

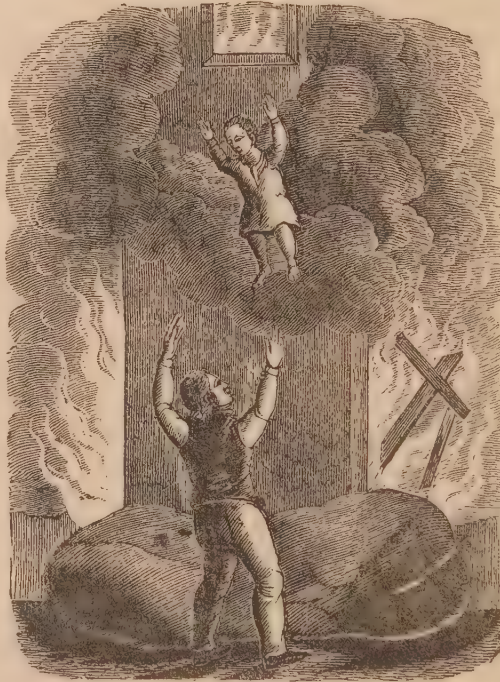
THY SAVIOR.

PSALM
xviii:
verse 6.

JOB,
Chap. xiii:
verse 15.

PSALM
lxxi:
verse 1.

2 KINGS,
Chap. vii:
verse 4.



MARK,
Chap. v:
verses 27, 28.

MARK,
Chap. ix:
verse 24.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 8.

PSALM
xxxvii:
verse 5.

VENTURING BY FAITH.

I will trust in thee. Ps. lvi: 3.—According to your Faith be it unto you. Matt. ix: 29.

ВНОВО the flames in all their fury roll,
Raging and spreading, spurning all control;
Upward they shoot in many a gleaming spire,
And then rush downward in a flood of fire.
With fiercer heat the burning columns glow,
And soon the building totters to and fro.
But whence that scream that rings upon our ears?
In the high casement see, a child appears!

With outstretched arms, imploring for relief—
The crackling timbers only mock his grief.
“O, Father, save!” in piteous tones he cries;
At length his father hears him and replies,
“Fly to my arms, my son, without delay—
Fly ere the flames devour their helpless prey.”
Death hastes behind, Hope beckons from before;
He ventures freely, and his danger’s o’er.

“The soul of an awakened sinner,” says Dr. Coke, “before he ventures on Christ for salvation, may be compared to a person who is in some of the upper stories of his house when he learns that it has taken fire, and that all its nether parts are so far involved in flame as to cut off his retreat.” The engraving shows a young person, who has been roused from his midnight slum-

bers by the raging flames which burst into the place where he was reposing, or perhaps he was awakened by the voice of some friend, who raised a warning cry from without. The child, thoroughly awakened, sees that if he stays where he is, he will perish in the flames; he hears the voice of his father; he flies to the window; he sees the outstretched arms; he is invited to leap or cast himself from the burning house; the attempt seems perilous indeed, but, having *faith* in the word of his father, he takes the perilous leap; he ventures all; he falls into the hands of his father, unharmed; he is saved from death.

This is a good illustration of the act of justifying faith. The child in the burning house, perhaps, made several efforts to escape from the approaching ruin; he attempts to gain the door, but finding the flames increase upon him, he is obliged to give up his hope of escaping this way, and to ascend the stairs before the pursuing fire. His friends without, who know his condition and danger (particularly his father), entreat him to cast himself from the upper window, as the only means by which his life can be preserved.

The child hears the earnest entreaties of his friends, hesitates, attempts, retires, approaches the window, calculates upon the fearful height, and dreads to make the effort. His understanding is convinced that the fire will soon overtake and destroy him, yet, while the danger appears somewhat remote, he strangely lingers, possibly thinking there may be some other way to escape besides casting himself from the window.

His friends again encourage him to venture from the window, assuring him that they have provided for his safety by spreading on the ground the softest materials, to break the violence of his fall. Full of hesitation, he asks for sensible evidence. They desire him to look; he makes an effort, but the dark-

ness of the night, and the injury his sight has sustained, only permit him to view the object of his wishes obscurely and indistinctly. Belief and doubt contend for the empire of his mind, and by keeping it in an equipoise, prevent it from making any decisive choice.

Thus far the situation of the child resembles that of the soul who feels his need of salvation. The understandings of both are enlightened, the judgments of both are convinced by the force of evidence; they appear to assent to the truths which are proposed for their belief, and still neither of them has escaped to the place of safety, or city of refuge, which lies before him. Both, however, have found the way to escape the impending ruin; and to him who thus spiritually seeks after Christ, it may be said, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. But still one thing is lacking; that is, to *venture* on the Savior for salvation.

Thus far, in the allegory, the child has made no effectual effort to escape from within the burning walls. While lingering in his room in a state of indecision, agonizing for deliverance, without using the means of obtaining it, feeling a measure of confidence in his friends below, but not enough to venture, the flames burst into his apartment and scorch him in his last retreat. Alarmed at the immediate prospect of death, he concludes, If I remain here I shall surely die, and if I cast myself down from the building I shall but die.

Fully impressed with this truth, he once more repairs to the window. He pays more attention to the call of his friends, particularly to that of his father; the difficulty now appears somewhat less, and the prospect of safety greater, than what he before imagined. Encouraged by these favorable appearances, as well as driven by terror, he commits his soul to God—he casts himself into the arms of his father below. In a moment, in the twinkling of an

eye, he falls! He is caught and embraced by his father; he finds every thing prepared for his reception, as he had been promised, and he now feels himself in a state of safety. With tears of grateful joy, and a heart overflowing with thankfulness for his deliverance, he gives glory to God, and finds his bosom filled with peace.

This is the case of every soul who, by faith, ventures his all on Christ. But who can find words to express all that is conveyed by this simile? Every one who has cast himself into the arms of his heavenly Father, through the atoning sacrifice, can feel it, but adequate expressions are not to be found. Human language is too poor to unfold, in all their branches, the things of God, and we are often under the necessity of resorting to such expedients in order to find a medium to communicate our thoughts.

We see by the allegory that no one is in a state of safety till they have actually ventured on Christ for salvation. The soul may be convinced that there is no other way of salvation, but by venturing on Christ, but unless it acts and puts forth an effort there is no salvation. The youth in the burning house may be convinced he must leave it if he would save his life, but he may, perhaps, think there is no immediate danger if he stays in the house a little longer; it will take some time, he thinks, for the fire to consume the foundation on which the floor of his apartment rests. The very reverse of this may be true. The fire has almost reached him, and he knows it not; all that supports the platform on which he stands is well-nigh consumed, and he may be precipitated in a moment into the burning flames below. So the soul may be rationally convinced that if it remains in its present state it must be forever lost; yet, thinking that there is time enough yet to attend to the subject of the soul's salvation in earnest, and wishing to remain in its present state a little longer, "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and folding of the arms to sleep," sudden destruction may come in a moment; the cords of life may be snapped asunder, without a moment's warning, and sink into the flaming billows to rise no more.

We will suppose that the youth in the burn-

ing house, instead of trying to get out of it as soon as possible, should stop to ascertain by what means the house took fire—who set it on fire, this man or the other, or whether it took fire accidentally or not—would not every spectator call him a fool for troubling himself about such questions while his life was in such danger? Would not the cry be, Escape for thy life; tarry not; look not behind thee; leave the burning house instantly! Equally foolish would that soul be who is convinced of his guilt and danger, instead of flying to Christ for salvation, should spend its time in trying to find out the reason why sin was suffered to lay waste the works of God; could it not have been prevented, and many other subjects of the like kind, equally unfathomable by the human mind.

It must be observed that the faith exercised by the youth in the burning house, caused him to act, and venture his life on the issue. Perhaps he might reason, that his being at such a distance from his father and his friends, who stood on the ground below, it would be impossible for them to save him from being dashed to pieces should he cast himself down; there may be a strong conflict between belief and unbelief, but genuine faith will conquer. The soul that is truly and savingly in earnest about its salvation, not only believes, in a general manner, that the Bible is the voice of God to man, but his belief must induce him to hearken to that voice, and consider its threatenings as denounced against his disobedience; he must, in order to obtain salvation, fly to Christ, cast himself upon his mercy, and claim the promises which are made to the soul that puts its trust in his mercy and power.

The youth in the burning house discovers that there are no back stairs by which he can reach a place of safety, for they are already entirely destroyed by the fire, or else nothing but a burning mass, so that escape by them is utterly impossible. In like manner, the truly awakened soul will see that there is no other way of escape but to leave the state of sin and death, as there can be no salvation while remaining in it. But if the soul will go forward and cast itself into the everlasting arms of love and compassion, he who can not lie

J. W. B.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iv:
verse 18.

PSALM
xvi:
verse 11.

PROVERBS,
Chap. ii:
verses 8, 9.

PSALM
xvii:
verse 5.



PSALM
cxlvi:
verse 9.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iv:
verse 19.

PSALM
lxxiii:
verse 18.

1 SAMUEL,
Chap. ii:
verse 9.

THE PATH OF LIFE AND WAY OF DEATH.

Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Matt. vii: 13, 14

THE Path of Life, and Death's frequented way,
Who can describe? what pencil can portray?
The Way of Death is broad, with downward slide.
Easy and pleasant to man's lust and pride;
'Tis thronged with multitudes who glide along
With gold, and drink, and dance, and wanton
song:

Not these alone, but some of decent mien,
"Harmless" and "useless" on the way are seen;
In ruin's gulf it ends. See! rising there,

Thick clouds of blackness, and of dark despair.
The Path of life lifts up its narrow breadth,
High o'er the realms of darkness and of death;
Sky-rising, still, laborious and straight,
Leading directly up to heaven's gate;
'Tis wondrous strange, and yet, alas! 't is true,
The Path of Life is traveled but by few.
Though ending where the shades of night ne'er
fall,
But one eternal Light encircles all.

Here is depicted the path of life and the way of death. The way of death is exceeding broad, and on an inclined plane. It has a downward tendency; it is occupied by a vast multitude. Some are seen throwing themselves off the way headlong; others are bearing aloft the terrible banners of war. They

are elated with victory. Here the man of pleasure revels in delight. The drunkard is dancing with wild delirious joy, and the miser groans beneath his bags of gold. There are, however, some sober, respectable people on the way. These appear to look grave and thoughtful. The way ends, you perceive, in total darkness. Thick clouds of curling blackness, rising from a pit or gulf, cover the extremity of the way. The travelers enter the dismal shades, and we see them no more.

From the way of death you see another way, or path, rather, stretching up, as it were, into the clouds. This is called the path of life. It is extremely narrow. It is, moreover, difficult, on account of its upward tendency. Few persons are seen walking on it; these are scattered here and there. This path appears to end well. We can see where it does end. A beautiful palace opens its golden gates to receive the wearied travelers. From its opened portals bursts forth a dazzling light that illuminates the pathway beneath.

By the way of death is signified the way of sin that leads to death eternal. "The wages of sin is death." Its downward tendency denotes that it is much easier to go wrong than to go right. The way of sin is easy and pleasant to man's corrupt nature. He delights in it after the inner man. Were it not so, surely so many in all ages would not be found walking therein. The Creator himself gives us the reason. "The thoughts of the imaginations of his heart are evil, only evil, and that continually." Hence man follows the bent of his inclination. He goes with the stream, "every one in his own way." To do otherwise would require self-denial, and vigorous, persevering effort.

In the engraving, some are seen casting themselves off the way. By this is meant, not that sinners grow tired of the way of sin exactly, but that they are tired of themselves; they are tired

of life. Their substance is expended in gambling and profligacy. The means of indulging their depraved appetite no longer exists; hence they commit suicide, plunge into eternity, and add to the number of those who die without hope; for, "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Others, by their excesses in riotous living and debaucheries, break down their constitution and destroy life, and thus perish with those who "live out not half their days."

Warriors are also in the way of death, raising to the breeze the flag of triumph. These denote the men "who delight in war"—who, for wealth and glory, "sink, burn, and destroy," and slaughter their fellow-creatures. These violate the law of Jehovah, "Thou shalt not kill." Drunkards, too, are in this way, carousing with strong drink, dancing with maniac madness, and yet, on the way to ruin, drowning the cares of time, but planting thorns for eternity. These belong to the class of whom it is said, "Such shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The one with the bag of gold represents that very large class who worship Mammon on the earth; who never think even of heaven, except when they remember that it is paved with gold. These are idolaters, the meanest of the Devil's drudges, the vilest of the slaves of sin. Others enjoy the pleasures of sin, but he sweats and groans beneath his load; he takes place with the breakers of God's law. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Some pass the time in wanton dalliance; these designate the adulterer, fornicator, and the impure. These take pleasure in unrighteousness, give up their affections to the control of lust, indulge in mere animal delights, imbrute their manhood, quench their intellect, and barter the glories of heaven for a "portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; this is the second death." Others of staid and re-

spectable appearance are in this way—men of dignity and of consequence; men of morals and philosophy, all honorable men; men who are harmless in their generation, honest in their dealings. They “render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s,” but, alas for them! they do not “render unto God the things which are God’s.” One thing only is wanting; “One thing thou lackest.” The heart is unsundered; hence there is no repentance, no living faith, no homage, no love, no obedience, no salvation. These, alas! all take rank with the “unprofitable servant,” who was cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

But time would fail to describe the various characters that throng the way of death. The gross sensualist, the haughty Pharisee, and the specious hypocrite are all here. But is it possible, some one may say, that so many are in the way to eternal death? God himself has answered the question; we have heard his voice. It is not only true that they are going, but that they go of their own accord. The sinner is threatened, admonished, and warned, and yet he goes on. He is persuaded, entreated, and invited to turn and live, and yet he goes on.

If you see a man traveling a road that you know to be frequented with robbers, you tell him of his danger; he persists in going on; the robbers strip him and leave him for dead; who is to blame? The sinner is warned of his danger, and yet he persists in sin. Numbers control not the sword of Justice. The antediluvians were faithfully warned; they went on, and perished in the flood. The men of Sodom were warned; they persisted, and perished in the rain of fire. The Jews were warned also, even by the Son of God, and yet they went on in rebellion, until of their city not one

stone was left standing upon another, and themselves scattered and peeled among the nations.

The sinner neglects a great salvation. Neglecting only to get into the ark will expose him to the flood of fire. Neglecting salvation, he contemns the “love of God.” He “tramples upon the blood of the covenant.” He does “despite to the Spirit of grace.” How shall he escape if he neglects so great salvation? “These shall go away into everlasting punishment.”

By the path of life is designated the path of holiness, that leads to life eternal. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” It is narrow and steep; it requires care and effort. The pilgrim must deny himself, take up his cross daily, and watch unto prayer. It is difficult only to flesh and blood; to the carnal mind, not to the spiritual; to the unregenerate, not to him that is born again. To the righteous its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are paths of peace. Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there are who find it. Fewer still endure to to the end thereof. The few were once in the way of death. They were among the many that were called. They obeyed the heavenly call, forsook the broad way, and entered upon the path of life.

The path of life ends well; God delights in holiness. He did not overlook Noah in the overflowing of the ungodly, nor Lot in Sodom. The faithful few are God’s jewels; his hidden ones, while tribulation and “anguish are assigned to the disobedient.” The patient continuance of the righteous in well-doing “will be rewarded with glory, and honor, and immortality;” for the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

HEBREWS,

Chap. i:
verse 11.

JOB,

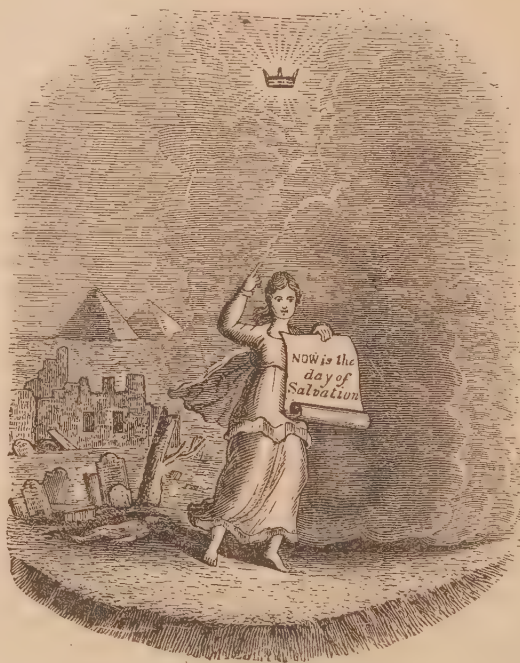
Chap. xxxiv:
verse 15.

HEBREWS,

Chap. iii:
verses 7, 8.

ACTS,

Chap. xvii:
verse 30.



ROMANS,

Chap. x:
verse 13.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxiv:
verse 42.

ACTS,

Chap. i:
verse 7.

2 PETER,

Chap. iii:
verse 10.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

The world passeth away. 1 John II: 17.—Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. VI: 2.—Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. James IV: 14.

Look on the *Past*. Behold! wide-scattered round,
Time's fragments—every-where they strew the
ground;

The Dead are there—once blooming, young, and
gay,

'Mid putrefaction, lo! they waste away.

The aged oak, once tall, and strong, and green,
Decayed and withered in the past is seen;

The lordly mansion, once the owner's trust,
Its glory gone, see crumbling into dust.

'E'en Egypt's boast, the pyramids of yore,
Shall fall to ruin, and be known no more.

The *Past* is gone; the *Future* black as night,
By clouds lies hidden from all mortal sight;
The *Present's* here—see there with angel brow,
Wisdom lifts up her voice of mercy. *Now—*
Now—the accepted time, the gracious day,
When man repentant, wipes his stains away;
Inspires new life, through the atoning blood,
And writes his name among the sons of God.

This picture is emblematical of the
Past, Future, and Present, as these di-
visions of time appear to us who are
now on the stage of human life. Be-

hold the Past! See there the fragments
that time has left behind! There is the
burying-place, filled with the records
of the past. What a volume of biog-

raphy is the grave-yard! There they lay, the blooming and the beautiful, the strong and the active, all moldering into dust. The laughing eye, the noble brow, the dimpled cheek, the teeth of pearl, the musical tongue, the brain creative, and the cunning hand—all, all are silent in the tomb, and melting into earth.

There, too, is the oak, that once towered in strength and beauty, now withered and decayed. Once it gave shelter to the beasts of the field—the fowls of the air lodged in its branches; now it needs a prop to prevent its falling to the ground.

The splendid mansion is seen crumbling into dust. Architecture, and sculpture, and painting had bestowed upon it their highest efforts; the artist looked with pride upon it, the owner delighted in it. But it is gone; its glory has departed; it is among the things that have been.

In the distance are seen the huge forms of the pyramids—Egypt's renown and the wonder of the world—memorials of the past, telling us of the folly, cruelty, despotism, and ambition of kings—telling us, too, doubtless, of the sweat, and groans, and tears, and blood of thousands of the men like ourselves, who slaved and labored to build these gigantic monuments; but these, also, will pass away—if not before, they must when the earth shall reel to and fro, and totter like a drunken man. Then, at least, all physical reminiscences of the past, sinking into the deep sea of oblivion will be recognized no more.

The *Future* is represented by clouds of darkness that rise upon the path, and shut out from mortal vision all prospect of what is before. *Religion*, the daughter of the skies, who descended from heaven, and who is hastening back again to her blest abode, is seen on the circular path of time. It is time *Present*, wherever she ap-

pears. She holds in her hand a scroll; see its burden! She is in earnest. She looks benignly and compassionately as she passes by; she makes known to man his highest good. Above her head is seen a crown of glory; this she promises to all who will obey her voice, and improve the present time.

The past is gone—the castles, the mansions, the green oak, and the tower, and let them go! The monuments of the pride, and ambition, and wickedness of kings and conquerors, are crumbling into dust, and let them crumble! The glory, splendor, and renown of heroes, are fast fading away, and let them fade. But the dead shall live again; they that sleep in the dust shall awake; that which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory.

The past is gone. The time once lost, is lost forever. Past opportunities for doing good, and for getting good are gone, and gone forever. 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven." Happy he,

"Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
Nor like the Parthian wound him as they fly:
That common but opprobrious lot. Past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave."

Yet there is a sense in which the past never dies. It haunts us like the ghost of the murdered; it is ever present, an angel of light, casting upon us a look of heavenly love, or a demon of darkness, scowling with malignity and hate. Thy memory will exist forever; the remembrance of past actions will, therefore, live forever. "O, for yesterdays to come!"

The *Future* is concealed; clouds and darkness hide it from our view. We know not what a day may bring forth, nor what an hour; we know, however, that *death* is there, and after death the judgment, and after the judgment the

issues thereof—"Eternal life," or "*Eternal death*." But this is all we know, and this is enough, if we are wise. How much of joy or sorrow there may be for us in the future we know not; whether our path will be strewn with roses or with thorns we can not tell—most likely they will be mixed. What opportunities for improvement in religious duties and privileges, or what hindrances we may have, we know not; how much of life, who can tell? A man may plant, and build, and lay up goods for many years, and yet to-day may be his last day—to-night his soul may be required of him.

If, then, the past is gone, and if the future may never come to us in life, it behooves us to improve the present. God, in his mercy, offers salvation *now*. *Now* is the accepted time! *now* is the day of salvation! What is it that is offered? Salvation. Thou canst not do without salvation; without it thou art lost and lost forever! Seize thou, O seize the angel as she passes, nor suffer her to go until she bless thee! The present time, how important! It includes the vast concerns of the eternal state. Destroy it not; there is a blessing in it. "Throw years away! throw empires, and be blameless!" The *present* seize—

* * * "O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroyed,
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt;
Time flies—death rages—knells call—heaven
invites—

Hell threatens—all exerts; in effort all;
More than creation labors!—labors more!
Man sleeps, and man alone; and man for whom
All else is in alarm; man the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm; and yet *he* sleeps,
As the storm rocked to rest."

Now is the accepted time! God will accept thee now; he nowhere promises to accept thee to-morrow. Think, O think of thy soul and its value; think of Jehovah and his love; think of Christ and his precious blood; think of heaven

and its eternal blessedness; of hell and its terrible torments! Upon thy present conduct rests thy eternal destiny. What art thou sowing? What art thou working? What art thou treasuring up? Let conscience answer. Think of the past and all its guilt—of the future and its great uncertainty—of the *present* as thine. To-morrow may be too late. Now is the day of salvation; now thou mayest wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord, inspire a new life, rejoice in glorious hope, enroll your name among the children of God, and become a glorious citizen of immortality in heaven.

Improve the present. See! look on that beach; there is a boat high and dry, with a man in it; he is asleep. The ship to which he belongs is in the offing; she will sail the next tide. The tide rises, the man sleeps on; the tide ebbs, he awakes; the water is gone, the ship is gone, and he is left to perish on a desolate island. There is a tide in man's spiritual affairs, which, when taken at the rise, leads on to heaven; omitted, he may be left to perish. My spirit, saith the Lord, shall not always strive with man.

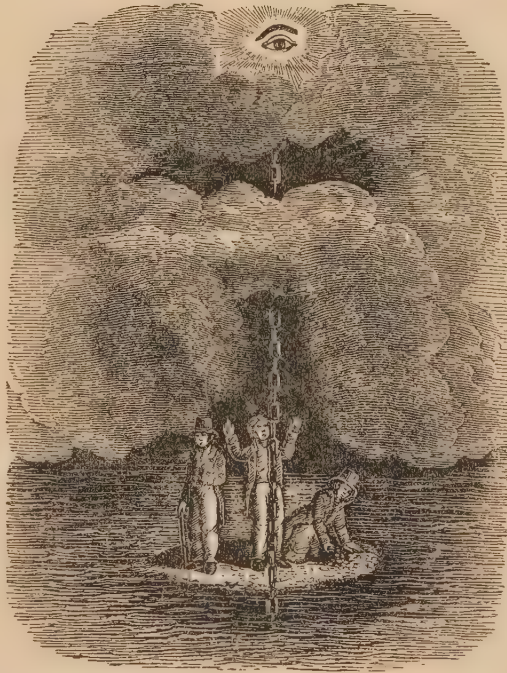
Now is the accepted time. Behold that railroad car; it has just started. Look again; there is a person with his hands upraised, exclaiming, "Alas, too late!" He is left behind; his friends are all on board, and he is not with them. Great is his grief. Man is a stranger here. God sends the chariot of his love to bear him home. Again and again it comes; it is here now. O sinner, step on board! The Savior is there; he invites thee to leave thy sins and sinful companions, and get on board of the heavenly car—the car of mercy. It is ready to start; all things are now ready; some of thy friends are there. Hesitate not, delay not, or, like the passenger, thou mayest find thyself, in a more mournful sense, "*too late*," and "a moment you may wish when worlds want wealth to buy."

PSALM
cxxxix:
verses 7-10.

PSALM
xcvii:
verse 2.

ROMANS,
Chap. xi:
verse 33.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 16.



1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 17.

PSALM
xc:
verse 2.

2 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verse 8.

DEUTERON'Y,
Chap. xxxiii:
verse 27.

PROVIDENCE, TIME, ETERNITY.

For of him, and through him, and to him are all things. Rom. XI: 36.—Time is short. 1 Cor. VII: 29.—Which is, and which was, and which is to come. Rev. I: 8.

UPON a narrow isle, 'mid waters vast,
By stress of tide the voyagers are cast;
Beneath around, a dark and boundless sea;
Above, thick clouds wrap all in mystery.
The Ocean wears the shore on every side,
As Time decreases 'neath the Eternal tide.
Yet one—deluded man! strives much to reach
The shells and pebbles on the crumbling beach;

The waves dash on—another pondering stands,
And sees destruction come with foldéd hands.
Not so the third—he turns his longing eyes,
And views a chain descending from the skies;
The *Providential* chain with links of love,
Watched by an eye that never sleeps above;
He grasps the chain—from all his fears it saves,
While his companions perish 'neath the waves.

In the engraving is seen a representation of the All-seeing Eye. It is placed above every thing else, to show that the eye of God's providence watches over all creation, taking notice of every

event throughout all time and space. Though to human vision there may be clouds and darkness about the throne of the Eternal, yet to his all-seeing eye darkness is as noonday. All things are

before him, and nothing is too minute for his inspection. He sees the rise and fall of empires, and with equal attention sees the sparrow fall to the ground, for, in a certain sense, nothing is great or small before him. Throughout all time and space the eye of Providence penetrates; yea, more, it reaches further; eternity itself, to the human mind dark, fathomless, boundless, endless, is penetrated and comprehended.

A chain is seen descending from above, of which we can neither see the beginning or the ending; but, as far as we can discover, is but a small part of a mighty whole. It is true a man may see a few of the links of the chain before him, their connection with each other, but how far they may extend above or below his vision he has no knowledge. This shows us that the great chain of God's providential dispensations in the universe is but partially seen or comprehended. It is true, while on these mortal shores, we may see a few of the connecting links of this chain, but to what heights it reaches or to what depths it penetrates we have no adequate conception.

"In what manner, indeed," says a celebrated writer, "providence interposes in human affairs, by what means it influences the thoughts and counsels of men, and, notwithstanding the influence it exerts, leaves to them the freedom of choice, are subjects of a dark and mysterious nature, and which have given occasion to many an intricate controversy. Let us remember that the manner in which God influences the motion of all the heavenly bodies, the nature of that secret power by which he is ever directing the sun and the moon, the planets, stars, and comets in their course through the heavens, while they appear to move themselves in a free course, are matters no less inexplicable to us than the manner in which he influences the counsels of men. But though the mode of divine

operation remains unknown, the fact of an overruling influence is equally certain in the moral as it is in the natural world.

"In cases where the fact is clearly authenticated, we are not at liberty to call its truth in question merely because we understand not the manner in which it is brought about. Nothing can be more clear, from the testimony of Scripture, than that God takes part in all that happens among mankind, directing and overruling the whole course of events, so as to make every one of them answer the designs of his wise and righteous government.

"We can not, indeed, conceive God acting as the governor of the world at all, unless his government were to extend to all the events that can happen. It is upon the supposition of a particular providence that our worship and prayers to him are founded. All his perfections would be utterly insignificant to us, if they were not exercised, on every occasion, according as the circumstances of his creatures required. The Almighty would then be no more than an unconcerned spectator of the behavior of his subjects, regarding the obedient and rebellious with an equal eye."

In the lower part of the engraving is seen a little spot of earth in the vast ocean by which it is surrounded, on which is seen three persons. This small place may represent *Time*, which has arisen out of the eternity of the past. Though now visible, it is destined soon to sink into oblivion in the midst of the mighty waters. One of the figures on this little spot of time is seen very busy in collecting the little pebbles or particles of shining dust around him. How foolish this, when he must know that the rolling tide will soon overflow all around him. Equally foolish is he who, in this transitory life, instead of looking upward and using the means Providence has placed within his reach for

his escape from overflowing destruction, spends his precious moments in collecting the little baubles and toys of earth.

On the left is seen one who appears to be gravely philosophizing upon the scene he beholds around him. He realizes that he is standing on a speck of earth, in the midst of a mighty ocean, of which he can neither see the bottom or the shore. He looks backward, all is dark to his vision; he looks around him, all is mysterious and incomprehensible; forward, all, all is thick darkness. He is sensible that the tide of death will soon overflow him and all with whom he is connected; but will eternal oblivion and forgetfulness be his portion? Perhaps he thinks so; but at times the immortal spirit will stir within him and "startle back" at the thought of annihilation. Ah, poor fool! he turns his back and will not look at the bright chain of God's providence, which so manifestly appears. Perhaps he may try to persuade himself that the chain hangs there by chance. He has been told that earth and heaven are connected by it. He professes to see no necessary connection; he can not see its beginning, how it is supported on high. He has heard that by it man can be elevated to a heavenly life. This may appear foolishness to him. Perhaps he may think that if man were destined to live hereafter, he would not have been placed on these mortal shores; or if immortal, it will be in some other mode than that pointed out in the Bible. He is wise in his own conceit. He turns himself from God's method of salvation, refuses to look upward, continues to reason "in endless mazes lost," will not lay hold of the only hope set before him; he "wonders and perishes" in the overflowing of the mighty waters.

One of the persons on the little island is seen with his eyes turned upward; his hands are uplifted in thankfulness and adoration. He beholds the bright chain of God's providential mercy; he

lays hold of the only hope set before him. It is true he can see but a few of the connecting links of the golden chain above, but he fully believes that it is connected with, and sustained by, an Almighty Power above. He has occasional glimpses of the All-seeing Eye; he feels that he is under its supervision. He feels himself encircled, upheld, and sustained by infinite power and love, and rejoices that all things are under the control of a kind Providence.

It is true, the Christian may see clouds and darkness above, around, and below him. He may not know why sin, and consequently misery, is suffered to exist in the universe of God. He may not know why he is placed here in the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He weeps often; it may be to see how sin has laid waste the works of God, how the wicked often triumph and the good are crushed into the dust. He may not know the beginning or origin of God's providential dealings, how far they reach into this or other worlds. But notwithstanding the Christian may not be able to fathom these and many other subjects, yet he confides in the Almighty power above. He lays hold of salvation; he is elevated to the regions of eternal light and glory, while his unbelieving companions perish amid the dark rolling waters of the ocean.

The ocean has sometimes been considered as an emblem of eternity, on account of its vast extent, its fathomless depths, and its appearance to human vision, oftentimes, as without a bottom, or shore. "Eternity," says one, "with respect to God, is a duration without beginning or end. With regard to created beings, it is a duration that has a beginning, but will never have an end. It is a duration that excludes all number and computation; days, months, and years, yea, and ages, are lost in it like drops in the ocean. Millions of millions of years, as many years as there are sands on the sea shore or particles of dust in the globe of the earth, and these multiplied to the highest reach of number, all these are nothing to eternity. They do not bear the imaginable proportion to it, for these will come to an end as certainly as a day; but eternity will never, never, never come to an end! It is a time without an end! it is an ocean without a shore! Alas, what shall I say of it! it is an infinite, unknown something, that neither human thought can grasp nor human language describe!"

DANIEL,
Chap. vii:
verse 27.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xxxv:
verse 10.

2 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verse 13.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xi:
verse 9.



REVELATION,
Chap. xx:
verse 4.

ISAIAH,
Chap. ii:
verse 2.

DANIEL,
Chap. ii:
verse 44.

REVELATION,
Chap. xi:
verse 15.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Rev. xix: 6.

'Tis come! 'tis come! The long-expected day,
When sin no longer o'er the earth bears sway;
But Truth, triumphant, sheds its mellow light,
And all below is clear, and pure, and bright.
See Christianity! the gift of Grace!
Receives in form the homage of our race;
Europa fair, her princely tribute brings,
A grateful offering to the King of kings;
Asia rejects the *Shasters* and the *Sword*,
Throws by the *Koran* and receives the *Word*;
Lo! Afric breaks her chains of crime and blood,

And lowly bending, lifts her hands to God.
No more she wages wars for white man's gold—
No more she mourns her children bought and sold.
See, too, America, with pipe of peace!
Comes now to sue for love and heavenly grace;
The tomahawk, and bow, and cruel knife,
To exchange for records of eternal life:
'Tis come! 'tis come! the long-expected day!
Lo! God has triumphed, Truth divine bears sway;
Loud alleluias heavenly angels sing,
For earth, renewed with joy, receives her king.

The engraving represents Christianity receiving the homage of the world. In her right hand she holds the crown of immortality; in her left, the Word of God. Her looks and bearing bespeak grace, dignity, majesty, empire, triumph, and matchless love. Behold! *Europe* brings her crown—emblem of power—and lays it meekly at the feet of Christianity. *Asia*, represented by a follower

of Mahomet, laying aside the cimeter and the Koran, receives with humble adoration, instead thereof, the revelations of God's Word. *Africa* is represented by a figure in a kneeling posture; she has broken off her chains, and is lifting her hands to heaven. *America* is represented by an Indian; he holds in his hand the calumet, or pipe of peace; he has laid aside the murderous tomahawk, the bow that sprang the arrow of death, and the scalping-knife. He buries the hatchet forever, and offers the emblem of peace.

The above is a representation of the final triumph of Christianity over the world, a day long expected by the faithful, even from the time of the first promise, "He shall bruise thy head." That this earth, this blood-stained earth, should become the scene of triumph, has ever been the hope of the righteous; that here, where was the first defeat, renewed conflict, and continued struggle, here would be, and ought to be, the arena of victory. Exulting in this hope, the prophet touched the sacred harp of prophesy, and sang of "the sufferings of Christ, and of the glory that should follow," when he would see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. In this hope Israel's king prayed, "that thy way may be known upon the earth, and thy saving health among all nations." Inspired by this hope, martyrs have kissed the stake, embraced the flames, and gone triumphantly home to God; yea, the general assembly of the Church of the first-born—the whole body of the faithful upon earth—in this hope rejoicing, have sent up their prayers continually, which, like intercessory angels, surrounding the throne of the Eternal, have prayed, O "let thy kingdom come."

And now it has come. *Europe* is the Lord's; she consecrates to God her dominion; her kings and queens are subject to Messiah, and labor to promote

the best interests of their people. Her people are all righteous; her philosophers having proved all things, hold fast now that which is good; her rich men deposit their wealth in the bank of heaven; her statesmen, studying the politics of both worlds, regard also the interests of both; the poor are raised to competency, to knowledge and to virtue, and consequent happiness. Her arts and sciences are consecrated to God; her ships of war now sail in the service of the prince of peace; ships of commerce are floating Bethels. The songs of Jesus have succeeded to the songs of Satan, and blasphemies are turned to praise.

"The abundance of the sea is converted to God;" railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs are all employed in promoting God's glory, and in benefiting mankind. The Anglo-American race and others partake of this triumph; they have labored for it; they rejoice in it, and say, Lo! this is our God! we have waited for him, we will rejoice in his salvation.

Asia, too, is the Lord's; here, where the conflict first began with sin and death, here the victory is gained. The lion of the tribe of Judah has prevailed; the inhabitants, so long enslaved by despotic creeds, now exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; so long oppressed by systems of superstition and blood, now rejoice under the mild yoke of the Savior; the Koran and Shasters are exchanged for the Bible, *Juggernaut* for Calvary, *Kalee* for Jesus, *Mahomet* for God. Here now is seen "China without its wall of selfishness, India without its castes, and earth without its curse." The people are elevated, the nations are united, Jehovah is their King.

Africa throws off her load, and breaks her chains and comes to Jesus; so long crushed and degraded, she has at length arisen; she takes her place again with the nations of the earth, with the re-

deemed. Ignorance, superstition, and slavery are now no more. Her warfare is past, her mourning is o'er, her long captivity is at an end. Jehovah has triumphed, his children are free.

"No more Coomassie offers human blood,
But takes for sacrifice the Lamb of God,
And on Siberia's long-contested ground,
A living army of the cross is found.
The gospel tree, so ample and so pure,
Bears precious fruit; its leaves the nation's
cure:

Its healing influence to Loango spreads;
Angola feels it, and health's blossoms sheds,
And where Cimbebas no fresh water brings,
Life's fountains bubble in a thousand springs.
Korana's shepherds now Christ's flock become,
And Bosheman's Kraals are changed to home,
sweet home.

Good Hope has added Faith and humble Love;
The Cross has triumphed! praise to God above."

America, the whole of the western world, rejoices in the light of the glorious Sun of Righteousness; the islands of the sea wait for Jehovah's law; the Indian tribes obey his word, and hail him their Almighty Lord. The tomahawk and scalping-knife, and other weapons of war and blood, are exchanged for the olive-branch; for the war-whoop is now heard the sound of the "church-going bell," greeting the Sabbath morning; the disciple of the Pope has become the disciple of Jesus, and, laying aside all superstition, he worships the Lord his God, and him *only* does he serve. The dispersed of the seed of Abraham, the "scattered and peeled" among the nations, have looked upon him "they pierced." The winds of heaven have blown upon the valley of dry bones; they have revived; they have come forth out of their graves, and, seizing every one the banner of his tribe, have hastened to join the army of Messiah.

Hail! happy day! Jesus the Conqueror reigns; the song of triumph resounds; island answers to island, con-

tinent to continent, world to world. Earth with all its voices, heaven with all its harps, resound, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his anointed, and he shall reign forever and ever. Alleluia! alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;" "he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new!"

Even now the Spirit is moving on the face of the human chaos; fiat after fiat goes forth, and what light breaks in on the darkness of ages! what mighty masses of humanity are uplifting themselves in solemn majesty, like primitive mountains rising from the deep! What more than verdant beauty clothes the moral landscape! How gloriously dawns the Sabbath of the world! Where is now the midnight gloom of darkness and idolatry, the desolation and misery attendant on sin? We look and listen, but no reign of darkness, no habitation of cruelty, no sound of anguish remains. The will of God is done on earth, as it is done in heaven; the nations own no other law, and hence their aspect is that of a happy family. The Church aims at no other end, and hence all her members are invested with the garments of salvation, and with the robes of praise. The world is bathed in the light of peace, and purity, and love.

Inanimate nature itself partakes of the general joy. To the eye of the renewed man it exhibits a beauty unknown before, and to his ear it brings lessons of surpassing wisdom. The trees wave with gladness, and the floods clap their hands; the light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun is sevenfold. Over the scene the morning stars sing together and the sons of God shout for joy, while the divine Creator himself complacently beholds it and proclaims it good.

THE
CHRISTIAN PILGRIM:
AN ALLEGORY,

UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM, BEING A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

"I have used similitudes." HOSEA, XII: 10.

BY JOHN W. BARBER,
AUTHOR OF SEVERAL HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS WORKS.

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CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.



This ancient-looking picture is a great curiosity, being in all its features the same as that in the seventh edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1681, when Mr. Bunyan was fifty-three years of age—nearly two hundred years since. It was intended as a portrait of Bunyan dreaming. In front is a lion in a den, probably emblematic of the jail at Bedford with its occupant. In the background is the City of Destruction, from which Christian is fleeing toward the wicket gate with a burden on his back and a book in his hand.

INTRODUCTION.

Two centuries ago, John Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail, in England, for preaching the Gospel according to the dictates of his conscience, being a dissenter from the established church. He was committed to jail in 1660, and was a prisoner for more than twelve years. While there, he penned several religious works, which were afterward published. While thus shut out from the world, like John the Revelator, on the isle of Patmos, the immortal allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was conceived (may we not say) in the inspired mind of the Author, and probably mostly written, before he was liberated from prison.

For nearly a century, this remarkable work remained in comparative obscurity, being considered rather beneath the notice of the literati of that age. It was, however, popular among the moral and religious part of the common people, the same class of old who "heard gladly" the words of the Divine Teacher. In more modern times, when the learned and polished wished to ascertain the cause why a book "written by a tinker" could continue to be so popular among so large a class of people, they discovered that John Bunyan, with all his want of learning, together with his roughness of style, was indeed "a child of genius and providence, a writer of striking originality and power."

The Pilgrim's Progress has been published in every variety of form—some of the editions with all the attractions which art or taste could impart—and it has found a place in the libraries and drawing-rooms of lords and nobles. "It has been read with avidity wherever the English language is spoken, and has been translated into more than thirty languages—an honor paid to no other book,

the Book of God alone excepted." Although two centuries have nearly passed since it was first issued, the work now stands higher in the public estimation than at any former period, and there is every reason to believe that it will be read with admiration and advantage until the consummation of all things.

The secret of Bunyan's charm is the strong human interest which he gives to his characters. Dr. Franklin remarks that "Honest John Bunyan is the first who has mingled narrative and dialogue together—a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted, as it were, into the company, and present at the conversation."

"The happy idea," says James Montgomery, "of representing his story under the similitude of a dream, enabled him to portray, with all the liveliness of reality, the scenes which passed before him. It makes the reader himself, like the author, a spectator of all that occurs, thus giving him a personal interest in the events, an individual sympathy for the actors and sufferers."

Robert Southey, the poet-laureate, the high-church advocate, the apologist of persecution, describes the "Pilgrim's Progress" as a "book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart. The child pursues it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age."

The estimate of Coleridge is remarkable. He says: "This wonderful work is one of the very few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you that there is a great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings, and once as a poet. . . . I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Jesus Christ, as the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. I hold John Bunyan to be a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them (the divines), and to have given a far more edifying picture of Christianity. His "Pilgrim's Progress" seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of theologians mixed up with it. I have been always struck by its piety; I am now,

having read it through again, after a long interval, struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom."

Macauley places the shrine of Bunyan next to that of Milton, in his hero worship. In his review of "Southey's Life of Bunyan," he says: "The characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. In the wildest parts of Scotland it is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant Killer." Every reader knows the strait and narrow path as well as he knows the road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not, should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another; and this miracle the tinker has wrought. The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable, as a study, to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortations, for subtle disquisitions, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds: one of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress!" Other allegorists have shown great ingenuity, but no other allegorists have ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of piety, and of love."

Elstow is one mile from the outskirts of Bedford. There are no houses on the route between the villages. The country is open and generally level, having very much the appearance of the better portion of our northern Atlantic States, excepting, of course, the hedges on each side of the road, which were so thick-set, that in many places one could hardly see into the fields adjoining the road.

As I entered the village, I was quite struck with the appearance of a man *tinkering* in the narrow street, nearly opposite the small house seen in the central part of the engraving. This house, I was afterward informed, was the one in which John Bunyan was born,

and where he lived, and, in all probability, worked at the same business, on or near the same spot, *two centuries* before. The accompanying view shows the southern extremity of the village as it



ELSTOW, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

Drawn by the Author, when on a visit to this place several years since.

is entered on the Bedford road. The hawthorn hedges appear on each side of the road, and the thatched-roofed cottages next. The Bunyan house is the smallest in the view, and has two windows in its roof. By the very ancient appearance of the houses and surroundings, I should judge there had been no material alteration in the appearance of the village since the time that Bunyan lived in it, two centuries since. Even the dress of some of the inhabitants appeared quite antiquated, and judging from some language which I heard while in the village, the morality of the inhabitants remained at the same standard as in the days of Bunyan.

Having made some inquiries of an aged and respectable inhabitant, who had always lived within a few rods of the Bunyan house, he kindly offered his services in conducting me to the localities in

which I felt interested. The cottage in which Bunyan was born, and in which he lived, was of course the first spot visited. As I entered this humble, but venerated dwelling, I was struck with the appearance of its great antiquity. The entrance door from the street was so low that a person of but moderate height could but hardly enter it without stooping. The floor was of brick, and the timbers overhead projected below the ceiling. William Church, the tenant, was absent as a day laborer, but his wife, a respectable looking woman, was working at the wash-tub, near the large fireplace. I told her I had rather have the privilege of coming under her roof than of going into the palace of Queen Victoria, and that John Bunyan, the tinker, who once lived in her house, was better known and more respected in America, where I belonged, than all the kings and queens they ever had, or probably ever would have, in England. Also that John Bunyan's book was more read and admired in my country than in any other, and that his name would be venerated while the names of their great men of the present age would be forgotten.



Bedford Jail, where Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim's Progress.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was born in 1628, at Elstow, a small village about a mile from Bedford. His parents were very poor, and his father followed the occupation of a tinker, but bore a fair character. He took care that his son, whom he brought up to the same business, should be taught to read and write. The character of Bunyan, in his youth, previous to his conversion, is usually represented as extremely profligate and wicked. This does not appear from the facts recorded of his life. His besetting and prominent sin was that of profanity,* to which he got addicted at an early age. His fluency of speech and force of manner probably rendered him conspicuous among his companions in this vice. To his habit of swearing, he probably added that of lying, and he might have been properly called a *common swearer*. It does not appear that he was guilty of the prevalent sin of intemperance or licentiousness. Although perfectly willing to speak of himself in the most disparaging terms, he emphatically denied that he was ever guilty of the latter crime.

At a very early age his conscience condemned him, and he suffered much by frightful dreams about devils and lost spirits—the reflection, no doubt, of religious impressions on a sensitive mind. The

* It is believed that this odious habit still prevails to some extent in Bunyan's native place. When on a visit to Elstow, in 1853, as I was passing through the narrow street of the village, by one of its humble dwellings, I heard, from within, *profane* language. This, with the circumstance of a man's tinkering in the street, at the same time, and both within a few yards of the house where Bunyan was born, was somewhat of a remarkable occurrence. The "Immortal Dreamer" was represented in two phases of his youthful character—first, he was heard as a *common swearer*, and, second, he was seen as a *tinker*, on the very spot they were exhibited two centuries ago.—J. W. B.

fears of future retribution came upon him, not only in the night season, but also during his waking hours, when he had hardly reached the age of ten years, when among his vain companions. At such times, when deeming it in vain to wish there were no hell, he could wish himself a devil, so that, instead of being tormented, he could be the tormentor. A copious narrative of these inward conflicts and of his outward life is contained in a treatise published by himself under the title of "*Grace abounding to the chief of sinners.*"

While in his career of sin and folly, uttering profanity with almost every word, he was severely reprov'd by a woman, who was a notorious sinner herself, who said that it made her tremble to hear him, adding that he was "the ungodliest fellow for swearing, that she ever heard in all her life, and that he was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came into his company." This reproof, coming from such a woman, filled him with shame, and from that time he began to leave off the practice. In this part of his life he was several times preserved from death—twice from drowning, and once from the fangs of a poisonous reptile. In 1645, being a soldier in the Parliament's army at the siege of Leicester, he was drawn out to stand sentinel; but one of his comrades, having by his own desire, taken his place, was shot through the head on his post.

Bunyan was married at the early age of nineteen. The young woman who became his wife was almost portionless, and they began housekeeping without so much as "a dish or spoon" between them. She was the daughter of a person who had been very religious in his way, and remarkably bold in reproving vice. Her discourse to him of her deceased father's piety, excited him to go regularly to church; and as she brought him for her whole portion, *The Practice of Piety* and *The plain man's Pathway to Heaven*, he employed himself frequently in reading these books, this, with her conversation, caused him to make some exertions to reform his life.

He now, to adopt his own language, "fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times." He was very punctual in his attendance at church in his native village, and had great reverence for every thing connected with it—the priest, the clerk, the altar, and surplice. His first clear sense of the evil of sin seems to have been by the impression made upon him by a sermon against Sabbath breaking, a practice in which he continued to indulge, notwithstanding he had become a diligent frequenter of the church.

By methods certain, though gradual, however, and in spite of

frequent relapses, Bunyan was being led to clearer and more scriptural views. Though the impressions of the sermon wore off while he was at dinner, and he betook him to the afternoon sports then tolerated by law, his serious thoughts returned as quickly as they had vanished. "The same day," he relates, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment." He was now tempted to conclude that it was too late to repent, and that he had better follow his corrupt inclinations without restraint, as he could have no other pleasure during his whole existence.

Bunyan, notwithstanding all his convictions, seemed reluctant to part with his irreligious associates and vain pleasures, until the conversion of a poor man, who came in his way, induced him to read the Bible, especially the preceptive and historical parts of it, and this put him upon an entire reformation of his conduct, so that his neighbors were greatly astonished at the change. In this manner he went on for about a year, at sometimes satisfied with himself, and at others distressed with fears and consciousness of guilt. While in this state of mind, when at Bedford, in the exercise of his trade as a tinker, he overheard the conversation of three or four poor women respecting regeneration or the new birth, and though he did not understand their meaning, he was greatly affected by the earnestness, cheerfulness and humility of their behavior.

Being thus led to frequent their company, he was convinced that his own views of religion were very defective, and he was brought, as it were, into a new world. Such an entire change took place in his views and affections, and his mind was so deeply engaged in contemplating the great concerns of eternity, and the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, that he found it difficult to think on any other subject. This uncommon flow of affections, not being with proportionate religious knowledge, laid him open to the various attempts of Satan and his emissaries. Among these were the *Ranters*, a sect of the time, who made loud professions of *faith*, but had very little to do with good *works*. While engaged in reading their books,

not being able to decide, in his judgment, about them, he was led to offer up the following prayer which is perfectly appropriate to all persons in the same circumstances, in all ages or places :

“O, Lord, I am a Fool, and not able to know the truth from error: Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve or condemn this doctrine. If it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the Devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy feet; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee.”

No Christian will be surprised that such a prayer, in such a spirit was granted. The Epistles of St. Paul, which he now read with great attention, but without any guide or instructor, gave occasion to his being assaulted by sore temptations. He found the Apostle had much to say about *faith*; and he could not understand the meaning of that word, or discover whether he was a believer or not. He was tempted to seek a solution of the difficulty by trying to work a miracle. He thought, however, it would be right to pray before he made the attempt, and thus he was induced to desist, though his difficulties remained. By the means of these inward trials, he was enabled, afterward, to instruct others on these subjects, and more tenderly to sympathize with the tempted.

Eventually, Bunyan became acquainted with Mr. Gifford, a Baptist minister, at Bedford, whose conversation was useful to him. Soon after this, he was admitted, by baptism, a member of Mr. Gifford's church, in 1665, being then twenty-seven years old. Soon, he was earnestly desired by his brethren to expound, or preach, as a preparation for the ministry. At first he resisted their importunity, under a deep sense of incompetency; but was at length prevailed upon to speak in a small company, which he did, greatly to their satisfaction. Having been thus proved for a considerable time, he was at length called forth, and set apart to the ministerial office by fasting and prayer. This he executed with faithfulness and success during a long course of years, though frequently through many inward trials.

Bunyan's companions and associates, before his conversion, were among the *scum* of every town and village in the county among which he itinerated, while working at his trade as a *tinker*. To this class, among whom he had been a *ringleader*, in their vicious con-

duct, he felt himself particularly drawn during the first years of his ministry. Accordingly, his "great desire," as he calls it, was to get into the *darkest* places of the country, even among those people who were the *furthest* off of a profession. "My spirit," he adds, "did lean most after awakening and converting work, and the word I carried did lean itself most that way also." This it doubtless was that led him to write and circulate that awakening work, "*Sighs from Hell; or, The Groans of a Damned Soul*"—a work no man could have written who had not been in the ways of the ungodly himself, and known experimentally the pangs of remorse.

When the restoration of the monarchy took place after the civil wars in England, the laws were framed and executed with a severity evidently intended to exclude every man who scrupled the least tittle of the doctrine, liturgy, or government of the established church. John Bunyan was one of the first sufferers by them; for, being courageous and unreserved, he went on in his ministerial work without any disguise. On November 12th, 1660, he was apprehended by a warrant from Justice Wingate, at Harlington, near Bedford, with sixty other persons, and committed to the county jail. Security was offered for his appearance at the sessions, but it was refused, as his sureties would not consent that he should be restricted from preaching.

When his trial came on, the indictment stated "that John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, laborer, had devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service; and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to laws of our Sovereign Lord the King." The facts charged upon him were never proved, as no witnesses were produced. He had, however, confessed before the magistrates that he was a Dissenter, and had preached; these words being considered as equivalent to conviction, were recorded against him, and as he refused to conform, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. This sentence, indeed, was not executed, but he was confined in Bedford jail more than twelve years, notwithstanding several attempts were made to obtain his deliverance.

It appears that sixty Dissenters and two ministers were confined with Bunyan in this jail, and as some were discharged, others were committed during the time of his imprisonment. This painful situation, however, gave him an opportunity of privately exercising his ministry to good effect. He learned, in prison, to make lagged-

thread laces in the intervals of his other labors, and by this employment he provided for the wants of himself and family. He seems to have been endued with extraordinary patience and courage, and to have experienced abundant consolations while enduring these hardships; he was, however, sometimes distressed about his family, especially his eldest daughter, who was blind; but in these trying seasons he received comfort from meditating on the promises of God's Word.

Bunyan, like Joseph in Egypt, found a friend in the keeper of the prison. He permitted him to see his family and friends, and during the former part of his imprisonment he was even allowed to go out occasionally, and once to London, probably to ascertain whether legal redress might be obtained. Elizabeth, the wife of Bunyan, a very superior woman and faithful wife, made several applications to the judges for the liberation of her husband. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the justices at that period, touched with humane feelings, promised to do his best for her, but expressed a fear of being unable to grant her petition.

In 1671, the last year of his imprisonment, Bunyan was chosen pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford, though it does not appear what opportunity he could have of exercising his pastoral office except within the precincts of the jail. His release from imprisonment was effected by royal authority. The Quakers and Baptists carrying their dissent to a greater extent than other non-conformists, were more severely punished, many of them being thrown into prison. The advisers of Charles II, having tried "many and frequent ways of coercion for reducing all erring dissenting persons," and being convinced, by the sad experience of twelve years, that there was very little fruit of all those forcible courses, wisely counseled his majesty to suspend the execution of all penal laws against all dissenters, except Catholics, and induced him to declare in favor of licensing places of worship for them. Active measures were taken by some of the leading Quakers for obtaining the benefit of the indulgence for some hundreds of their friends. George Whitehead, the foremost among them, knowing Bunyan, advised him to petition the king. The consequence was that his name was inserted in the General Pardon granted for the Quakers, dated September 13th, 1672.

A short time after his enlargement, he built a meeting-house at Bedford, by the voluntary contributions of his friends; and here he preached, to large audiences, until his death. He used to go to

London every year, where he labored among the non-conformists with great acceptance. He likewise made stated circuits into other parts of England, and animated his brethren to bear the cross patiently, to obey God rather than man, and to leave all consequences with Him. He was, at the same time, very attentive to the temporal wants of those who suffered for conscience' sake. He employed his influence very successfully in reconciling differences among professors of the Gospel, thus preventing disgraceful litigations. He was very exact in family religion and instruction of his children, caring more for their spiritual than temporal interests.

The last act of Bunyan's life was one of charity. A young man, under his father's displeasure, implored his intercession; for which purpose he journeyed to Reading, in Berkshire. Having succeeded in his errand, he was on his way back through London, when he stopped at the house of his friend Strudwick, on Snow Hill, very wet with the heavy rain then falling. He was soon after seized with a fever, which, in ten days, terminated his useful life. He bore his malady with great patience and composure, and died in a very comfortable and triumphant manner, August 31st, 1688, aged sixty years. He was buried in Bunhill fields, in London, where a tombstone to his memory is to be seen.

Bunyan was twice married. By his first wife he had four children, one of which, named Mary, was blind, and died before him. He was married to his second wife about 1658, two years before his imprisonment, by whom he seems not to have had any children; she survived him about four years. Thomas, his oldest son, became a preacher in 1692. The last of his descendants, of whom any record is found in Elstow, is Hannah Bunyan, his great-granddaughter, who died February 15, 1770, aged seventy-six years. A lineal descendant from Bunyan, Mrs. Senegar, by his son Joseph, was living at Islington in 1847, aged eighty-four; and there was living at Lincoln, in 1853, an aged farmer, Robert Bunyan, a lineal descendant through the same parentage.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM;

AN ALLEGORY, CONDENSED FROM THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Christian flees from the City of Destruction, and is directed by Evangelist to the Wicket Gate. As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I came to a certain place where was a Den; I lay down, and as I slept, I dreamed, and behold! I saw a man clothed in rags, standing with his face from his own house, in the City of Destruction, with a book in his hand, and a great burden on his back. I saw him open the book, and as he read therein, he wept and trembled, crying out, "What shall I do to be saved?" In this miserable plight he returned home, where, unable to conceal his distress, his friends and neighbors thought that his mind was disordered, and some of them even ridiculed and reproached him. In order to obtain some relief he retired from his companions, and spent much of his time in reading and praying. In one of his solitary walks, as he was bemoaning his condition, he saw a man coming toward him named *Evangelist*. This venerable person asked him "*Why he wept?*" "Because, sir, this sacred book informs me that I am condemned to die, and after that, brought to judgment." Then Evangelist put a parchment scroll into his hands, on which was written, "*Flee from the wrath to come.*" The man, after he had read these words, exclaimed, "Whither must I fly?" Then Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, inquired if he beheld a wicket gate. The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said

Evangelist, "Keep that light in view, and you will find the gate, where you will be directed what to do."

Mr. Bunyan wrote his "Immortal Allegory" in Bedford jail, where he was confined several years, for preaching the Gospel in an unauthorized manner. He refers to this when he speaks of the "Den." The Lord frequently causes "the wrath of man to praise him." Had not Bunyan been shut up in jail, it is not probable that we would have ever seen the Pilgrim's Progress and other works which are now so highly

prized in the Christian world. The person clothed in rags represents the man who first sets out to be a Christian; the book in his hand, the Bible; his rags, his self-righteousness; and the burden on his back, his distressing sense of guilt; the City of Destruction, where he resided, represents the present evil world. Evangelist is the true minister of Christ, who points out the only way of salvation.

Christian, Obstinate, and Pliable. Slough of Despond. After Christian had been directed by Evangelist, he began to run toward the light which he saw in the distance. His wife, children, and neighbors cried after him to return, but Christian, putting his fingers in his ears, ran on, crying "*Life! Life! eternal life!*" Two of his neighbors, *Obstinate* and *Pliable*, ran after him, to fetch him back by force. Christian not only withstood the noisy and bitter reproaches of *Obstinate*, who soon gave up his purpose, but he prevailed upon *Pliable* to accompany him, by representing to him the glories of the Celestial City to which he was going. He told him that if faithful, they would have everlasting life given them; crowns of glory would be granted, and garments which would shine like sun in the heavens; and they would forever dwell in perfect happiness and joy. *Pliable* was much elated with these glorious prospects, and pressed forward so fast that Christian could hardly keep up with him. By and by, being heedless, they both fell into a miry slough, in the midst of the plain, called the *Slough of Despond*. This unwelcome accident so discouraged *Pliable* that he struggled out on the side next his own house, and turned back immediately. Christian exerted all his efforts and reached the opposite side, and not being able, on account of the burden on his back, to ascend the bank, a person named *Help* assisted him on to the solid ground.

Few persons become truly serious without some opposition from irreligious relatives or neighbors; some of these are obstinate, and despise religion altogether; others are more pliable, and profess to be religious for a time, but turn back "when tribulation or perse-

cution ariseth." The miry place, or *Slough of Despond*, represents that desponding state of mind into which some convinced sinners and new converts fall at first, arising from ignorance of the grace of God in the Gospel.

Christian deceived by Worldly-wiseman. After Christian had passed the slough, he pursued his onward journey. He had not traveled far, before he discovered a person at a distance crossing over the plain to meet him. The man's name was *Worldly-wiseman*, and he dwelt in the town of *Carnal Policy*, near the City of Destruction. He was a very fair-spoken person, and had very much the appearance of a gentleman. When he came up to our laboring pilgrim, "How now," said he, "my honest fellow; whither art thou trudging with that heavy burden upon thy back?" "Heavy indeed! sir," replied Christian, "for I have not strength enough to get it off myself; but I am directed, by the advice of Evangelist, to the Wicket Gate, where I shall be shown how to get rid of it." "*Evangelist!*" replied the other, "he hath, I see, already directed you into the Slough of Despond, where you have been bemired, and if you continue to follow his advice, you will encounter many other difficulties and dangers of like nature, or something much worse." "I see," continued he, "that your mind has become disordered by poring too much over that mysterious book you hold in your hand. Weak men, by meddling with things too high for them, often get themselves into your distracted state of mind. I can, however, direct you how you can get rid of your burden easier than the way you are now going." Christian then replied, "Do, sir, give me this information." *Worldly-wiseman* then directed him to a village near at hand, named *Morality*, where dwelt a very judicious old gentleman named *Legality*, who had relieved thousands of their burdens like his; and if he was not at home, his son, Mr. *Civility*, could easily supply his place. In order to get to his house, Christian was directed to strike into a road which passed a high hill, in the distance.

Worldly-wiseman represents the teachers of mere morality, who dislike the doctrines of the Gospel. He is a person of consequence, a reputable and successful man; prudent, sagacious, and acquainted with mankind; moral and religious in his way, and qualified to give the very best counsel to those who wish to serve both God and mammon. He is decided in his judgment against all kinds of religion which interfere with a man's worldly interests, and disquiets his mind.

Christian at Mount Sinai. As Christian drew near the hill (*Mount Sinai*) to which he had been directed, he perceived it was very high and craggy. But when he came to notice that side of it which lay near the road, projected over it in a very dangerous manner, he was afraid to venture any further; also, his burden seemed heavier to

GALATIANS,

Chap. ii :
verse 16.

ISAIAH,

Chap. lxi :
verse 6.

GALATIANS,

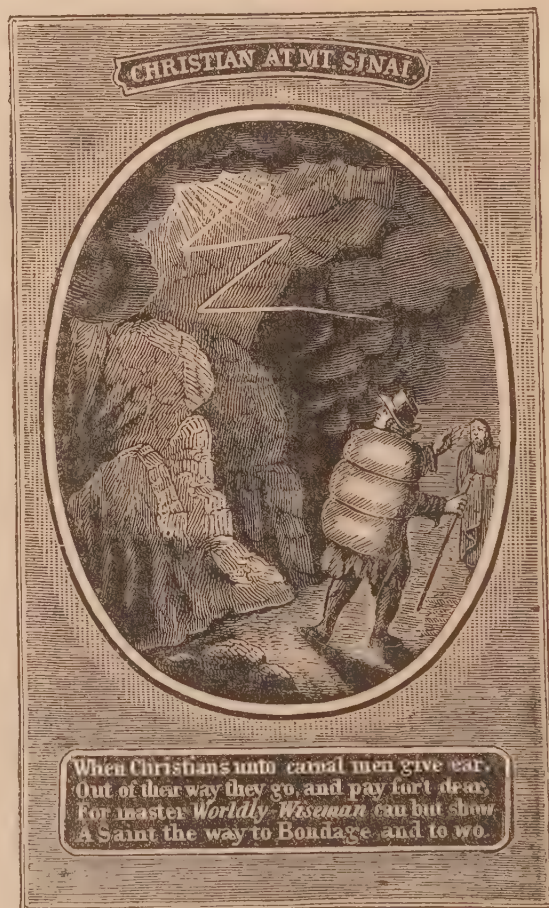
Chap. iii :
verse 10.

ROMANS,

Chap. iii :
verse 20.

GALATIANS,

Chap. v :
verse 4.



LUKE,

Chap. xiii :
verse 24.

I CORINTHIANS,

Chap. i :
verse 20.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii :
verse 29.

ROMANS,

Chap. x :
verse 4.

TITUS,

Chap. iii :
verse 5.

"Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was on his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned; here therefore he did sweat and quake with fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly-wiseman's counsel."

him than while he was on his way. There came, also, flashes of fire out of the hill that made Christian afraid that he should be burned; here, therefore, he did much sweat and quake with fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly-wise-man's counsel. While in this deplorable situation he saw *Evangelist* coming to meet him, at the sight of whom he was ready to sink with shame, as he had gone contrary to his directions. This friendly visitor at first beheld him with a severe countenance, and told him he had been guilty of folly in thus beginning to reject the counsels of the Most High, in withdrawing from the paths of peace. Christian now sunk before him in humility and self-abasement, exclaiming, "Woe is me, for I am undone." Evangelist now caught him by the hand, saying, that "sin would be forgiven to those who repented and believed the Gospel." He then proceeded to inform him that Mr. Legality was a formal imposter and could do him no good. In confirmation of what he had said, Evangelist appealed to the decision of heaven: upon which a loud voice was heard from the fiery hill or mountain, saying, "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the Law to do them." After this, Evangelist cautioning him not to turn aside again, Christian resumed his journey.

Legality, or that system which teaches salvation by the works of the law, is an enemy to the cross of Christ; it leads the soul astray, and prevents it from believing in, and trusting wholly in the blood of Christ for pardon and deliverance. Gospel comfort can only be obtained until the soul rejects the doctrine of Legality, which trusts upon our own works for justification.

Christian arrives at the Wicket Gate. Christian having regained the path which he had left, to pass Mount Sinai, he soon came to the wicket, or narrow gate, to which he had been directed by Evangelist. He found written over it, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He did as the inscription directed, and repeated his knocking several times. At last a grave person, whose name was *Goodwill*, came to the gate, and after being informed who he was, and that he was traveling to *Mount Zion*, very readily admitted him. But when Christian was entering, the other pulled him forward with great seeming violence, which was a necessary precaution, for there was a strong castle near the gate, from whence a company, under the command of Beelzebub, who, with himself, shot arrows at those who came up to the gate, so that they may kill those who are about

to enter. As soon as Christian had passed through the gate, he was cautioned to keep on the narrow way thrown up by the Apostles, which was strait as a line. Being anxious to get rid of his burden he was assured that when he came to the place of deliverance, it would fall of itself. He was also told to call at the house of the *Interpreter*, who would show him many excellent things.

The Gate, or door, represents the reception of the broken-hearted sinner by Christ himself, for he has nothing but *good will* toward them; as one becomes more decided in applying to Christ, so Satan, if permitted, will shoot his arrows at him. The Gate is narrow, so that none can take their sins with them, and the path is "*straight as a line*," in opposition to the *crooked* ways of men, for it consists in an uniform piety, integrity, and sincerity.

The Interpreter's House—Portrait—Dusty Room. Having arrived at the Interpreter's house, Christian was received by the Interpreter with kindness and hospitality. The first thing shown to him was the portrait of a venerable person, with his eyes directed toward heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, the world behind his back, and a dazzling crown of glory over his head. This portrait the Interpreter requested Christian to notice, as it was a likeness of the person who alone is authorized to be his guide in difficult or dangerous situations. He was next conducted into a large parlor, that was filled with dust, because never swept. The Interpreter called for a man to sweep it, which, when he had begun to do, the room was filled with a cloud of dust that Christian was almost stifled. A damsel, who stood by, was ordered to bring some water and sprinkle the floor, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure. "This parlor," said the Interpreter, "shows the heart of an unsanctified man; the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions. He that began to sweep is the *Law*; she that brought the water and sprinkled it is the *Gospel*. The *Law of Works* shows the depravity of the heart, but can not remove it. The influences of the *Gospel* prevents the risings of sin, and the heart becomes purified.

The Interpreter means the Holy Spirit, by whom all real Christians are taught. The Portrait is a true picture of a gospel minister. He is one who has put the world behind him; he looks upward to heaven for help, and has in his hand the Book of God, by which he is guided. The dusty room very plainly represents the unsanctified human heart.

Patience and Passion, Grace Sustained. Christian was next taken into a little room and directed by the Interpreter to observe two

children, each of whom was sitting in a chair. The name of the eldest was *Passion*; the other's name *Patience*. *Passion* was much discontented, but *Patience* was very quiet. The reason of *Passion* being so discontented was, that the governor of these children wished them to wait for their best things until the beginning of a new year. *Passion* wanted every thing now, but *Patience* was willing to wait. Some one came in to *Passion* with a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet, which he took up with eagerness and laughed *Patience* to scorn. But soon he lavished his treasure away, and hath nothing left but rags. Christian was now taken into an apartment where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by, who constantly poured water upon it to extinguish the flame, but it grew hotter and brighter. "This," said the Interpreter, "is the work of Grace in the heart; he that tries to put it out is Satan." Christian was then taken to the other side of the wall, where he saw a person secretly conveying oil into the flame by which it was sustained. This represents Christ who sustains the flame by the oil of his grace.

Passion and *Patience* represent carnal and spiritual men; the former prefer to have their good things in this life; the latter live by faith, and look for joys to come. The latter emblem shows how the work of Grace is secretly aided and sustained in the human soul.

The Hero who wins Eternal Glory. The Interpreter now took Christian to a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, where he saw persons walking, who were all clothed in gold. Before the palace there stood many armed men, who appeared determined to oppose all who attempted to enter. At a little distance from the entrance sat a man with a book, to take the names of those who would enter the palace. Many who wished to enter, on seeing the armed men, were so discouraged that they made no effort to force the passage. But, at length, a man of a very stout countenance came up to him who sat to write, saying, "Set down my name, sir," which, when done, the man drew his sword, put a helmet on his head, and then rushed toward the door, upon the armed men. After a fierce contest, in which many wounds were given and received, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace. The conqueror now heard heavenly voices from within and from those that walked on the top of the palace, saying:

"Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in, "and was clothed with such garments as they." Then Christian smiled, and said, "I think I know the meaning of this."

Many desire the joys and glories of heaven, according to their carnal ideas of them, but few are willing to fight the good fight of faith. The similitude shows the spirit and disposition of a soul who is determined to win Christ, and to enjoy the kingdom of glory. In spite of all opposition, he resolutely forces his way and presses toward the mark for the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii, 14. He is not content with a few lazy wishes or languid hopes; for the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.—Matthew xi, 12.

The Man in an Iron Cage. Christian was next taken into a dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage, with his eyes fixed on the ground, his hands folded together, and sighing as if in extreme misery. While he was viewing this unhappy wretch, he was directed by the Intrepeter to talk with him. Christian readily complying, asked him who he was, and how came he into such a miserable condition. "I was once," said the man, "a fair and flourishing professor of religion, both in my own eyes and in the eyes of others, and even had joy in the thought that I should be admitted into the heavenly city. But I am now a man of despair, and shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I can not get out. O now I can not!" In answer to the inquiry he continued, "I came into this condition because I left off to watch and be sober; indulged in lusts, pleasures, and profits of the world. I have sinned against the light of God's Word, abused his goodness; I have tempted the evil one, and he is come to me. I have crucified the Son of God afresh. I have despised his person and righteousness, and I have so hardened my heart that I can not repent. O, eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that awaits me there!"

Though it does not become us to limit the grace of God in cases of apostasy, yet it is an awful fact that there have been cases where the apostate has been "shut up under despair," beyond relief; and "it is impossible to renew them to repentance." We must, however, leave the doom of apparent apostates to God, and take warning, by such examples, to "shun even the appearance of sin."

The man who dreamed of the Last Day. In the next apartment into which Christian was conducted, he saw a man rising hastily out of his bed, and while he was dressing himself he shook and trembled. When asked why he was thus agitated, he replied, "This night, in my dream, while I was busy in my usual affairs,

the heavens grew exceeding dark; it also thundered and lightened in a fearful manner, which filled me with the utmost terror and alarm. Looking upward, I beheld the clouds convulsed at an unusual rate; then came the sound of a mighty trumpet, and I saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the hosts of heaven. Thousands of flaming spirits were in attendance to execute his orders, and the heavens were on fire. I heard then a voice as of the Eternal, saying, "*Arise ye dead and come to judgment;*" and behold! in the twinkling of an eye, the rocks were rent asunder, the mountains tottered and fell, the earth rolled and was agitated like the waves of the sea; the graves were opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad and looked upward, and some sought to hide themselves under the rocks and mountains. The man that sat upon the cloud opened a book and bade the world draw near. They were judged according to the things written in the book. I heard it also proclaimed by the man on the cloud, "Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake." Upon that I saw the bottomless pit open, and multitudes thrust therein. It was also said, "*Gather my wheat into the garner.*" And with that I saw many taken up and carried away into the clouds, but I was left behind. I sought to hide myself, but could not; the all-seeing eye of him on the cloud was still upon me, with indignation in his countenance, and my sins came in my mind, and conscience accused me on every side. Upon this, I awakened from sleep."

The Interpreter's curiosities, or emblems, shown to Christian, are the principal subjects which faithful ministers enforce, publicly and in private, on all who begin to profess the Gospel. The safety of all consists in a due propor-

tion of hope and fear; when devoid of hope, we resemble a ship without an anchor; when unrestrained by fear, we are like the same vessel under full sail, without ballast, floundering at the mercy of the waves.

Christian's burden falls at the Cross. After the Interpreter had charged Christian to keep all the things he had seen and heard in remembrance, he addressed himself to his onward journey, saying:

"Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them and understand
Wherefore they shewed me were; and let me be
Thankful, O, good Interpreter, to thee."

The road which he traveled was fenced on both sides with a high and substantial wall, called *Salvation*, so that he went forward with a cheerful heart, though at the same time with some difficulty, on account of the burden on his back. But when he came in sight of an elevated cross, which stood on a hill, his burden, which had so long pressed upon him, was loosed, and fell from his back. It continued rolling down the hill until it came to the bottom, where there was a sepulcher, into which it fell, and was seen no more. The joy and astonishment of Christian at this great deliverance was so great, that he was lost in wonder, and when he came to himself and found it was no illusion, but that his burden was gone, he burst into tears of joy, and his mouth was filled with praise. While he stood looking and weeping, three shining angels appeared before him; one said to him, "Peace be to thee; thy sins be forgiven thee." The second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with a beautiful garment; the third set a mark upon his forehead and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look upon it as he ran, and that he should deliver it when he arrived at the Celestial Gate, and it would instantly procure him admittance into the Heavenly City.

Thus far the Christian Pilgrim carried with him the burdensome sense of his guilt and condemnation, but now by faith he sees the Redeemer's Cross, the motive and efficacy of Christ's sufferings; he is relieved of his burden, and is filled with joy and peace in believing. While at the Cross three

"shining ones" suddenly appeared and gave him a beautiful garment, which signifies the righteousness of Christ, set a mark upon him showing that he was the Lord's, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it denoting the assurance of salvation.

Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. After Christian had experienced his great deliverance at the Cross, he pressed forward on his journey. Arriving at the bottom of the hill, he saw, a little out of the way, three men, fast asleep, with fetters upon their feet. Their names were *Simple* or *Stupidity*, *Sloth*, and *Presumption*. Being of a compassionate disposition, Christian endeavored to awaken them, telling them that they were like those that slept on the top of a mast, and liable every moment to fall into the sea. Just opening their eyes, *Stupidity* said, "I see no danger;" *Sloth* said, "Yet a little more sleep;" and *Presumption* said, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." After having said this, they fell asleep again.

Many who have transient convictions chained in bondage, to sin and Satan. They learn to talk about religion, but still are They reject instruction and hate all

trouble, and are confident that it is all well with themselves. They say to them who warn them of their peril, "Mind your own business; we see no danger; we will not be disturbed, and there is no necessity for making so much ado about religion." Thus they sleep on until death and judgment awake them.

Formalist and Hypocrisy. Traveling a little further, Christian saw two men tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way. They were *Formality* and *Hypocrisy*, who were born in the land of Vainglory. When Christian had overtaken them, he expostulated with them on the impropriety of their not coming in at the gate, where all were directed to come, and told them that to steal into the road, as they had done, was unlawful. To this they replied that the way they had taken was the shortest; that what they had done was no more than thousands had done before them, and as they were in the way, it was sufficient, no matter how they got there. They also told Christian they did not see what he had gained by coming in at the gate, except the whimsical garment which had been given him to cover his nakedness. In a short time the three travelers came to a steep and high hill called *Difficulty*. As this was difficult to ascend, *Formality* and *Hypocrisy* discovered two other roads which passed by the side of the hill, which were much easier to travel; they concluded to pass over them. The name of one of these roads was *Danger* the other *Destruction*. He that took the road *Danger* was led into a pathless wilderness; the other, who took the path of *Destruction*, was soon lost in a desert full of dark places, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

Formalist and Hypocrisy are near relations; the first represents those who, by their notions and observances, deceive themselves; the second, those who more grossly attempt to impose upon others. Both are satisfied with the form of godliness, neither choosing to walk in the way of self-denial. When difficulties and persecutions arise, in order to secure their worldly interests, they take some other path than the right one, and thus involve themselves in ruin.

The Hill Difficulty—Christian loses his Roll. Christian, after refreshing himself at the spring, at the foot of Mount *Difficulty*, began to go up the hill, saying:

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear,
For, I perceive, the way of life lies here;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

Christian at first went up rapidly, but was soon forced to fall from

MATTHEW,
Chap. vii :
verse 1 .

PSALM
xvii :
verse 12.

PSALM
xxii :
verse 21.

LUKE,
Chap. xii :
verse 4.

DANIEL,
Chap. vi :
verse 27.



JOHN,
Chap. x :
verses 3, 9.

PSALM
xxiii :
verse 5.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xiv :
verses 8, 15.

PSALM
xxvii :
verse 4.

PSALM
lxxxiv :
verse 1.

"Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the Porter's Lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Then he was afraid. But the Porter, whose name is Watchful, cried unto him, saying, Fear not the Lions, for they are chained."

running to going, and from going to climbing on his hands and knees. When he had gained about half the ascent, he came to a pleasant *arbor*, made by the Lord of the Hill, for the refreshment of weary travelers. In this agreeable recess Christian sat down to rest himself, and pulling the roll out of his bosom, read in it, with great pleasure, for a considerable time. But, at last, not being sufficiently on his guard, he fell into a deep sleep, until near night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. He was at length awakened by some one saying in his ear, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise." This started him suddenly up, and he made the best of his way to the top of the hill, without once thinking of his roll.

When he had gained the summit he saw two men, *Mistrust* and *Timorous*, running to meet him, in great terror, as if pursued by an enemy. As soon as they came near, Christian asked them what was the matter? "The lions! the lions!" said they. "We were going to the Celestial City, but the road is full of danger, and the further we go the worse it is." Without waiting for a reply, fearing the lions were after them, they ran down the hill. Christian, though afraid, resolved to go forward. Wishing to comfort himself by reading his roll, he felt in his bosom, but it was gone. He was now in great distress, for it was his pass to get into the Celestial City. As he was bemoaning himself in his sad condition, he thought he might possibly left it in the arbor. Going carefully back, he looked on both sides of the road until he arrived at the arbor, where, to his great joy, he found the precious treasure.

The Hill Difficulty represents those seasons and situations in life, which require peculiar self-denial and exertion, which test the Christian's sincerity after he has commenced his religious life. If his trials be moderated, or if he receives an abundance of consolations, it is possible that he may presume too much on what he has received; he may become unwatchful and drowsy, and for a time even lose the evidence of his acceptance with God. *Mistrust* and *Timorous* are great enemies of the Christian faith, and bring up an evil report of the way of salvation. The true Christian, however, presses forward, and soon experiences a sense of divine favor, which for a time he had apparently lost.

Christian admitted into the Beautiful Palace. Christian, having resumed his journey, came, about the dusk of the evening, in sight of a stately palace, just by the wayside, named *Beautiful*. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off from the Porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Then he was afraid to go further, for it seemed death was before

him. But the porter, whose name is *Watchful*, seeing Christian make a halt, as if he was going back, cried unto him, saying, "Fear not the Lions, for they are chained," and if he kept in the path he would receive no harm. Christian then ventured forward with trembling, and though the lions roared loudly they did not touch him. Having arrived at the gate before which the Porter was standing, he inquired to whom the building belonged, and whether he might lodge there until the next morning. The Porter answered that the palace was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of Pilgrims. He then proposed several necessary questions concerning the character and business of his new visitor, to all of which Christian returned satisfactory answers, and was, thereupon admitted into the palace.

The Palace Beautiful, and the privileges in it, is designed to show the benefit of being admitted into the visible Christian Church. The lions in the way represent the opposition of friends and acquaintances, often made to those who wish to enter into a Christian Church. *Watchful*, the Porter, shows that proper caution should be exercised in their admission.

Christian entertained by Prudence, Piety, and Charity. Being admitted within the gate, Christian was affectionately received into the family of Prudence, Piety, and Charity. He was most hospitably entertained by these heavenly women, who renewed the inquiries concerning the motives of his journey, and the remarkable occurrences which had attended it. They were so much pleased with the account he gave them, that they conceived a very high esteem for him, and afterward conversed with him in as friendly and unreserved a manner as if they had been acquainted with him for many years. But *Charity*, the most lovely of them all, inquired if he was a married man or a single one; and being informed that he had a wife and four small children, tenderly inquired, "Why did you not bring them along with you?" Christian, at this, wept, and said, "Oh, how willingly would I have done it!" but they were utterly unwilling to go with him. Whether it was owing to the bad example, and more prevailing influence of his neighbors, was unknown, but all his entreaties were in vain. While they were discoursing together, the supper was made ready. It was indeed a "feast of fat things, and with wine that was well refined." All the talk at the table was about the Lord of the Hill, what he had done for them, and why he did it. It also appeared that their Lord had been a great warrior, and had fought with and had slain him that

had the power of death; they also dwelt much on the sufferings of their Lord, and the shedding of his own blood for their defense. Thus they discoursed together until a late hour, when Christian was conducted to a large upper chamber, called *Peace*, where he reposed on a bed of down until morning.

The admission of Christian into the palace, with the kind reception given him, and the profitable conversation which ensued, shows the advantage of communion of Saints. The administration of the Lord's Supper is also emblematically set forth, where Christians, by faith, feed on Christ, and call to remembrance his sufferings and the shedding of his blood for their salvation. *Peace* of conscience follows these manifestations.

The Rarities, or Museum. In the morning, after some conversation, his hostesses would not let Christian depart until they had shown him the varieties or curiosities of the place. They first took him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity. They showed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the Hill, that he was the Son of the Ancient of Days, and that he was before all things. Here was recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds which he had taken into his service; what they had done, how they had subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, and how they had put to flight armies of aliens. In another part of the house it was shown by the Records how willing their Lord was to receive all transgressors into his favor. The next day they took him into the Armory, where he was shown all manner of weapons and defenses, furnished by the Lord of the Hill for the use of Pilgrims. They also, with other things, showed him the victorious rod of Moses, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; also, the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath, and the sword by which the Lord will kill the man of sin.

Contemplation on the things of old, recorded in the Word of God, tends to increase the faith, hope, love, and patience of Christians; and animates the soul in emulating the illustrious examples there exhibited, and to furnish instructions for every good word and work.

The Delectable Mountains—Christian armed for his journey. When Christian was about to pursue his journey, his kind entertainers took him up to the top of the palace, and bid him look south;

which he did, and at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautiful with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts; of flowers, also, with springs, fountains, and every thing desirable to behold. This, they told him, was *Immanuel's Land*, which was intended for a resting-place for Pilgrims, and when he arrived there he could almost, if not quite, discern the Gate of the Celestial City. Christian was now most anxious to go forward on his journey, but his kind hostesses, before he started, took him again into the Armory, where they harnessed him from head to foot. On his head they put the Helmet of Salvation, his feet were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace; in his hand was the Sword of the Spirit, while over all was held the Shield of Faith. Then he began to go forward, but his friends would accompany him down to the foot of the hill, as it was somewhat dangerous in going down.

The Delectable Mountains, as seen from a distance, represent those distinct views of the privileges and consolations with which Christians are sometimes favored, while attending on the ordinances of the Gospel, or obeying its

precepts. The Christian's armor is described in *Eph. vi: 13*, etc. It is sometimes hard, after having been favored with peculiar blessings, to go down into the Valley of Humiliation without slipping into murmuring and discontent.

Christian meets Apollyon. Christian having passed into the Valley of Humiliation, he soon espied a foul demon coming over the field to meet him, whose name was Apollyon. Christian now began to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or stand his ground. But considering he had no armor for his back, he concluded it would be safer to stand. So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now this monster was hideous to behold; he had scales like a fish, wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his bowels came fire and smoke. Disdainfully beholding Christian, he fiercely asked him whence he came, and where he was going. Christian replied that he came from the *City of Destruction* and was traveling to the *Celestial City*. "Indeed!" said Apollyon; "then it is plain you are one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the Lord of it, and were it not that I hope you will return to your allegiance, I would strike you to the ground. Come, now, and return, and I will give you every encouragement my kingdom will afford." "I despise both your service and wages," answered Christian, "and have engaged myself to the Prince of Glory, whose service I like better than yours." Apollyon now told him how many of the Prince's servants had come to a bad end; how he would not protect

them when they got into danger. Besides this, Apollyon told him how unfaithful he had been to his new master, how he had blundered into the filthy *Slough of Despond*. Think how sinfully he slept and lost his Roll, how he was shamefully terrified by a couple of superannuated old lions who were chained to the ground, and like a coward thought of going back; and to sum up his whole character, he was one who had no higher motive than to gain the applause of fools like himself.

The *Valley of Humiliation*, in which Christian met his great foe, may signify some great depression in a Christian's outward circumstances, of which the enemy takes advantage. Apollyon signifies *the destroyer*, and in carrying on the work of destruction, fallen angels endeavored, by various ways, to turn men from the path of duty. The genuine Christian sees no safety except in facing his enemy, for he has no armor for his back.

Christian fights Apollyon. When Apollyon reproached Christian for his cowardice and short-comings in duty, Christian replied that it was all true, but his infirmities he brought with him out of his country; but he was now sorry for them, and obtained pardon for them from his Prince. Apollyon, upon this, broke out into a great rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people, and I am come out to stop you." Christian then told him to beware what he did, for he was in the king's highway. Apollyon then fiercely strode over the whole width of the road, swearing by his infernal den that he should go no further, and that there he would spill his soul. He then threw a flaming dart at Christian's breast, which he warded off by his shield. He now saw it was time for him to bestir himself, for Apollyon threw his burning darts like hail at him, by which Christian, notwithstanding all his care to avoid it, was wounded in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back, for he began to grow weaker. Apollyon, perceiving this, began to close upon him, and after a dreadful struggle, threw Christian to the ground, and caused his sword to fly out of his hand. Then said the demon, "I am sure of thee now." But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "*Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise;*" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian then made at him again, but Apollyon spread forth his dragon

I PETER,
Chap. v :
verse 8.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. vi :
verse 11.

I TIMOTHY,
Chap. vi :
verse 12.

I CORINTHI'NS,
Chap. ix :
verse 26.

2 CORINTHI'NS,
Chap. x :
verse 4.



JAMES,
Chap. iv :
verse 7.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi :
verse 34.

I TIMOTHY,
Chap. xi :
verse 3.

REVELATIONS,
Chap. xxi :
verse 7.

I CORINTHI'NS,
Chap. xv :
verse 57.

"But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O my enemy! when I fall I shall arise,' and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back as one that had received his mortal wound."

wings, and he saw him no more. Christian, upon this, gave thanks for his great deliverance, saying:

“Great Beelzebub, the captain of the fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end,
He sent him harness’d out; and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage!
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly;
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise
And thanks, and bless his holy name always.”

The fight between Christian and Apollyon denotes those severe trials and temptations which the children of God experience from Satan, the enemy of their souls. and it is thought, by some commentators, that Mr. Bunyan, the author of the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, here describes conflicts through which he passed, in the earlier part of his Christian course. Satan is indeed the accuser of the brethren; but by humbling ourselves and pleading the merits and grace of Christ, we can successfully meet all his accusations, and by using the Shield of Faith and the Sword of the Spirit, we will come off conquerors.

Valley of the Shadow of Death. When Christian came to the end of the Valley of Humiliation, he found himself at the entrance of another, where he met a couple of men, who were returning from it in a violent hurry, with marks of terror in their countenances. Upon his inquiring the reason, they informed him that the valley before him was called the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*, which was of pitchy darkness, where they beheld more fearful sights, and heard more doleful noises than they had ever met with before, and they thought themselves happy in escaping from such a place. Christian, however, observing that the high road led directly through the place, determined to go forward. As far as the valley reached there was on the right hand a very deep ditch, into which the blind have led the blind, in all ages, and where both have miserably perished. On the left there was a very dangerous quagmire, into which king David once fell, and would have been smothered, had he not been pulled out. The pathway here is so exceeding narrow, that when one would avoid the dangers of one side, he would be apt to fall into the other; besides these dangers, the pathway was so covered with darkness that when he would go forward he hardly knew where to set his foot.

About the middle of the valley, he perceived the mouth of Hell, from whence issued volumes of fire and smoke, accompanied with hideous and doleful noises, so that he was forced to cry out in terror,

"O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul." In this forlorn manner he was obliged to travel several miles, and coming to a place, he heard a company of *fiends* approaching, and when it seemed they were within a few yards Christian cried out, in a most vehement voice, "*I will walk in the strength of the Lord God,*" when these demons gave back and came no further. In this perilous passage, Christian at times was so disordered in his mind that he did not know his own voice. Just as he got against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones came behind him, and stepping up softly and whispering, suggested many grievous blasphemies, which he verily thought proceeded from his own mind. While Christian was traveling in this disconsolate manner, he thought he heard the voice of a man going before him, saying, "*Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.*" This gave him some comfort. After awhile the day broke; he then had a more distinct view of the dangers he had escaped. He also saw what a mercy it was to have the light of the sun in passing through the second part of the valley, which, if possible, was more dangerous than the other, for it was thickly set with snares, traps, nets, and pitfalls, so that one could hardly escape without having the light to guide his footsteps.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death seems to represent a time of great discouragement and distress of mind, arising from various causes. The ditch on the right hand may represent error in principle, into which fall the blind (as to spiritual truths blind guides). The ditch on the left may mean outward

sins and wickedness, which many fall into. Many conscientious persons, at times, have suddenly suggested to their minds blasphemous thoughts, which they abhor, and are much troubled, for they hardly know from whence they come.

Christian passes the Giant's Cave and overtakes Faithful. Christian having passed safely through the valley, came to a kind of cave, where two Giants had dwelt for a long time, whose names were Pagan and Pope. Around their habitations were seen the mangled bodies and bones of men, some of whom were Pilgrims, who had gone this way. Of late years, these Giants, by age and other infirmities, had grown so enfeebled that Pilgrims passed by them with little or no apprehension. After Christian had gone by this once dangerous spot, he came to a gentle eminence, from which he discovered *Faithful* before him upon his journey. As soon as he came within call, he cried out to him to stop. Faithful, not know-

ing who he was, kept on without stopping. Christian, somewhat nettled at this, exerted all his strength and ran by him. But while he was smiling in a rather vainglorious manner, because he had got the start of his brother, he stumbled and fell, and could not rise until Faithful came to his assistance. After this they went on lovingly together.

The bloody remains and the bones of Pilgrims at the Caves of the Giants, show the bloody persecutions and religious intolerance in times that have, in a great measure, gone by. Let us hope that they may never return. Let us beware of vainglory in thinking we have got the start of our brother in the heavenly race. There is danger, a fall may be a hand to humble, and we may need the assistance of those whom we thought we had excelled.

Faithful relates his Experience. As Christian and Faithful traveled together, each related to the other what had happened during their pilgrimage. Faithful left the City of Destruction after Christian had commenced his journey to the Celestial City, and saw *Pliable* after he had left Christian in the Slough of Despond. Contrary to his expectation, he was derided and despised as a turn-coat, by all his acquaintance; for even the worst of men have a contempt for those who desert their party from motives of cowardice. "When I was near the Wicket Gate," said Faithful, "I was accosted by a very tempting female, whose name was *Wanton*. She had such a flattering tongue and fascinating look, that she almost persuaded me to go home with her, but recollecting what was said of her in an ancient writing, that '*Her steps take hold on hell*,' I shut my eyes so that I should not be bewitched by her. Then she railed on me, and I went my way."

"When I arrived at the foot of the Hill Difficulty," continued Faithful, "I met with an aged man, who asked me who I was, and where I was bound. I told him I was a Pilgrim, going to the Celestial City. He then tried to make me go home with him. He said his name was *Adam the first*; he kept a house stored with dainties, and that he had three beautiful and attractive daughters, *The Lust of the Flesh*, *the Lust of the Eye*, and *the Pride of Life*, any one of whom I might marry if I would. At first I was inclined to go with him; but as I looked upon his forehead, I saw it written, '*Put off the old man with his deeds*.' I then told him I would not go near his house, and as I turned to go away, he gave me a deadly twitch back, which seemed to tear me asunder, and told me he would send one after me who would make my way bitter."

Faithful and Moses. Just as Faithful got up the Hill Difficulty, to the place where Christian lost his Roll, he espied some one coming after him. "Soon as the man overtook me," said Faithful, "it was but a word and a blow, for he knocked me down in an instant, and I lay as one dead. When I was a little recovered, I asked him why I was so badly used? He answered, it was because of my secret inclining to Adam the First; and upon this, he gave me another blow on the breast, so that I lay helpless as before, and he would have doubtless made an end of me, had not a compassionate one passed by, and told him to forbear. This person, I afterward understood, was the Prince of Glory himself."

Apostates, as in the case of Pliable, are despised as turn-coats by their wicked associates. Fleshly tusts plead hard for indulgence, and promise much. Many have fallen by temptation and plunged themselves into lasting shame and misery. Sometimes there is no safety but in shutting our eyes and fleeing, like Joseph, from temptation. The old Adam, *the corrupt nature*, often proves a constant snare to many believers, by its thirsting after the pleasures, riches, honors, and pride of the world. Moses, or the *Law of God*, shows no mercy to transgressions, even in thought only, and were it not for the merciful interference of our Redeemer, we should all perish.

Faithful meets with Discontent and Shame. "When I was in the Valley of Humiliation," continued Faithful, "I met with one *Discontent*, who would have persuaded me to go back with him, as the valley was altogether without honor. He told me that to be in such a place would disoblige all my old friends, such as Pride, Arrogance, Self-Conceit, Worldly-Glory, and others. I told him that all these, which he had named, might indeed claim a kindred to me, but since I became a Pilgrim, we had disowned each other, and before true and lasting honor there must be humility. Soon after I met with *Shame*, whom I found it difficult to shake off. He objected against *Religion* itself. He said it was pitiful, low, and mean for a man to mind Religion, to be associated with a set of gloomy and insipid creatures, who had no taste for the noble and refined pleasures of elevated society. He, moreover, objected to the base and low estate and condition of those that were chiefly the Pilgrims of the times in which they lived. Also, that it was undignified and unmanly to sit whining and mourning under a sermon, or to ask my neighbor's forgiveness for every little fault.

Some believers are tempted to repine at the outward reproach, or ridicule, which sometimes attends a consistent course of practical Christianity. A believer may, perhaps, have flattered himself that by caution, uprightness, and

benevolence, he would insure respect and affection; but experience and knowledge often constrain him to adopt and avow sentiments, and associate with persons, that the world despises. Shame is a powerful enemy to many Christians; but to gain the victory, one must

remember "that which is esteemed among men is often an abomination in the sight of God;" and like his Divine Master, the Christian must "despise the shame," and "seek that honor that cometh from God only."

The Pilgrims overtake Talkative. After Faithful had finished his narrative, and as he proceeded onward with Christian, they perceived a man in the distance, who seemed to be traveling the same way as themselves. He was rather taller than the common size, and looked better at a distance than near at hand. Faithful coming up with him, opened the conversation by asking him if he was traveling to the heavenly country. *Talkative*, for that was his name, replied that he was, and hoped he would have the pleasure of his company. Faithful suggested that it would be well to spend much time in discoursing on profitable subjects. To this *Talkative* quickly assented, and added he was much gratified that he had found one who was desirous of conversing on noble, elevated, and dignified matters. After touching on a variety of topics, on which they both seemed perfectly agreed, Faithful proposed that he should name some particular subject on which to found a lengthened and profitable conversation. "What will you," said *Talkative*. "I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home; things more essential, or things circumstantial; provided all be done to our profit.

Talkative is a correct portrait of many professors, whose religion consists principally in *talk* only. In the present age, when the preaching and profession of any doctrine is attended with little or no hazard, but insures regard and favor from a numerous body

who hold the same opinions, such characters may be expected to come out. "Such men appear *above others*, pushing themselves into notice;" but their profession, specious at a distance, will not bear a near and strict investigation.

Talkative Exposed. Faithful was much taken with *Talkative's* conversation, and when he returned to Christian, he expressed his admiration, at which Christian modestly smiled, saying, "This man, with whom you are so much taken, will beguile with his tongue many who know him not. I know him well; he is the son of one *Saywell*; he dwelt in Prating Row, and, notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is a worthless fellow. He appears best abroad, but

ugly at home. He is for any company and for any talk. He can join with the wicked in their conversation as well as with the righteous; religion hath no place in his heart or house; all that he hath lies in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise and gain favor with men. He talks of prayer, repentance, faith, and of the new birth; but all he knows about them consists in talk only. Men that have any dealings with him say he is a hard customer, and will overreach them if he can; and the people that know him say of him, "*A saint abroad but a devil at home.*" In short, he is a stain and reproach to the cause of Religion."

Sometimes Christian duty requires us to unmask hypocrites and undeceive the deluded. We must be cautious not to speak needlessly against any one, nor testify more than we know to be true; but we should show that vain talkers belong to the world, though numbers class them among religious people, to the injury of the cause.

Faithful and Talkative. Christian having advised Faithful to enter into a discourse with Talkative about the *power of religion*, whether he feels it in his heart or conversation, Faithful then stepped forward again, and found Talkative very ready to converse with him on any subject he would name. Faithful proposed the question, How doth the grace of God discover itself in the heart of man? To this Talkative replied: "This is a good question, as I perceive our talk must be about the power of things. My answer, in short, is, first, where the grace of God is, it will cause a great outcry against sin; secondly,"—"Hold," says Faithful, "let us consider but one thing at a time. I should rather say, it shows it by inclining the heart to abhor its sin. Many can cry out against sin in the pulpit, yet can abide it well enough in the heart, house, and conversation. What is the second sign of grace in the heart?" To this question Talkative replied, "Great knowledge of *gospel mysteries.*" Faithful then told him that he might understand all mysteries, speak with the tongue of angels, yet without love he was nothing; that not *talkers* but *doers* are those that have the grace of God. He then proposed that Talkative should propound another token of Divine grace in the heart. This he declined, and told Faithful he might describe it if he wished; for he saw they could not agree. Faithful then told him that he that had the grace of God in his heart would show it by a holy walk and conversation, would hate all manner of sin in himself and others, being humble and prayerful. When he had concluded, he asked Talkative if his life

and conversation agreed with this, or did his religion stand in *word*, and not in deed and truth? Talkative at first blushed, and said he did not expect such conversation, and did not consider himself bound to answer such questions, and as he seemed to be ready to take up reports and judge so rashly, he would hold no further conversation with him.

“How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes!
How bravely doth he speak! How he presumes
To drive down all before him! But so soon
As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
That’s past the full, into the wane he goes;
And so will all but he that heart-work knows.”

Those professors of religion “who have a form of godliness without its power, can converse in general terms *about* religion, complain of the wickedness of the world, the blindness of Pharisees, and even sit unmoved under the most severe denunciations against the wicked, supposing they do not apply to them; but when the conversation is close, stinging their consciences, they seek refuge in more liberal or comfortable companions.

Vanity Fair. After the Pilgrims had got out of the wilderness in which they had been traveling, they saw a city before them, which presented a dazzling but somewhat disorderly assemblage of splendid houses, gilded temples, magnificent palaces, arches, columns, with a vast variety of buildings, dwellings, and market-places. The name of the city is *Vanity*, and in the place there is a fair kept, all the year round, called *Vanity Fair*. The place was named by a wise man, because every thing in it, and every thing brought to be sold in it, was unsubstantial as Vanity. The place was founded almost six thousand years ago, there being pilgrims at that time who were walking to the Celestial City, as Christian and Faithful were; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving that pilgrims would be obliged to pass through the town, contrived to set up a fair, for the sale of all sorts of vanity, which would last all the year, without intermission. For the ambitious, there were honors, preferments, splendid equipages, costly villas, and even mighty kingdoms and empires. For the sensual, there was a profusion of the richest wines, dainties of the most tempting kind, fashionable wives, husbands, and children, lascivious women, pimps, buffoons, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, precious stones, and what not. There was also, at all times to be seen, jugglers, cheats, games, plays, gamblers, fools, knaves, and rogues of every kind. The Prince of Glory once passed through this fair, and

Beelzebub, knowing his noble origin, took him over the city, showed him all the wealth of the place, and offered to give him all of it if he would condescend to pay him homage; but the Prince disdained to purchase any thing at the fair.

Vanity Fair is a representation of this wicked world, whose profits, pleasures, honors, and distinctions are transient and frivolous. The Prince of Devils sets up this fair to lure mankind to ruin. Solomon, after a complete experiment, pronounced the whole to be

"Vanity of Vanities." Our Lord and Savior passed through all these temptations without being drawn aside, and all who bear his name ought constantly to pray, "O Lord, turn off my eyes from beholding Vanity."

The Pilgrims in Vanity Fair. When Christian and Faithful entered the fair, their singular dress and language drew a crowd of people about them. Some said they were fools; some, that they were bedlamites; others, that they were too outlandish to be abroad. One thing which particularly attracted attention, was the refusal of the pilgrims to purchase any of the wares kept at the fair. When offered any thing, they looked upward, signifying their trade and traffic was in Heaven; and when they told them they only "bought the truth," they began to treat them roughly, some mocking, some speaking reproachfully, while some called upon others to smite them. Things, at last, were brought into such a disordered state, that word was sent to the great one of the fair, who quickly dispatched some of his most trusty friends to take the Pilgrims into an examination. When they were brought to their judges, they were asked whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were Pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, the *Heavenly Jerusalem*, and that they had given no just occasion to the men of the town, nor to the merchants, thus to abuse them, or to stop them on their journey. But their examiners, believing them to be deranged persons, or rather such as wished to create disturbances in the fair, took and beat them, besmeared their clothes with dirt, and then put them into a cage, that they might be a spectacle to all the men of the fair. Here they were insulted and derided. Christian and Faithful bore all these indignities with such meekness and patience that they won to their side several men of the fair.

Genuine Christians, when appearing in character, among a large concourse of wicked or worldly people, collected for sinful purposes, generally produce some disturbance, and the smaller the number of those who, by their actions, words, or silence, protest against vice, the fiercer the opposition that will be

excited. Those who walk after the commands of Christ are often deemed precise and uncouth in the judgment of those "who walk according to the course of this world;" they deem the Christian insane or *outlandish* for his peculiarities, and are quite desirous that he should be held up to ridicule and contempt, because he is not like unto them.

Trial and Execution of Faithful. After Christian and his companion had laid some time in their prison, the latter was brought out to be tried. The name of the judge was *Hate-good*, and the indictment against Faithful, the prisoner at the bar, was, "that he was an enemy to the traffic and welfare of the city; that he had fomented riots and seditions among the inhabitants, had seduced numbers of them to embrace his own dangerous opinions, and desert the place of their nativity, in contempt of the law and government of their prince. The three witnesses against him were *Envy*, *Superstition*, and *Pick-thank*. *Envy* testified that the prisoner was a bad man, regarding neither their laws and customs, but spent his time in poisoning the public mind with what he calls the *principles of faith and holiness*, and by it condemning some of our most worthy citizens. *Superstition* said that he knew that he was a pestilent fellow, and he had heard him say that the religion of our place was worthless; that we were yet in our sins, and would finally be lost. *Pick-thank* testified that he had known the prisoner for a long time, and had heard him speak frequently against their prince, had railed on him, and had spoken contemptuously of his honorable friends Mr. *Carnal-delight*, Mr. *Luxurious*, Esq., *Desire of Vain Glory*, his old friend Mr. *Letchery*, with many other respectable citizens.

The judge now called upon the jury to decide the case, stating that they had heard the testimony of the respectable witnesses who had appeared against the prisoner; that he evidently had broken the laws of the country, and it was for them to say whether he was worthy of death. The jurors consisted of Messrs. *Blind-man*, *No-good*, *Malice*, *Love-lust*, *Live-loose*, *Heady*, *High-mind*, *Enmity*, *Liar*, *Cruelty*, *Hate-light*, and *Implacable*, who, every one, gave in his private verdict among themselves, and afterward unanimously concluded to bring Faithful guilty before the judge. Among themselves, Mr. *Blind-man*, the foreman, said: "I clearly see this man is a heretic." *No-good* said, "Away with the fellow from the earth." *Malice* said, he "hated the very looks of him." *Love-lust* said, he "could never endure him." Mr. *Live-loose* said he "was always condemning." "Hang him!" said *Heady*. "A sorry scrub," said *High-mind*. "My heart riseth against him," said *Enmity*. "He

is a rogue," said Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Cruelty. "Get him out of the way," said Hate-light; "let us bring him in guilty of death," which was quickly agreed upon by all the rest. Faithful was, accordingly, brought out into a public place, to do with him according to their law; and, first, they scourged him; then they lanced his flesh with their knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords, and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end. Now, I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who, so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him, was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of a trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

The actors who generally figure in religious persecutions are here exhibited under their appropriate appellations; the names of the jurymen show the opposers and nature of their opposition against faithful Christians. At the present day, by the providence of God, the power of persecutors, as re-

gards "life and limb," has been mostly taken away, yet the same spirit still prevails in some places to a considerable extent. When the believer has done his work, the wrath of man may be permitted to expedite his removal to his heavenly inheritance.

Christian and Faithful overtake By-ends. Christian, by the means granted by Him who overrules all things, was enabled to escape from the prison, was accompanied on the way by one whose name was Hopeful, (being so made by beholding the patient sufferings and constancy of the Pilgrims at the fair,) who joined himself to him in a brotherly covenant, and told him that he would be his companion. After they had got out of the fair, they overtook a man by the name of *By-ends*. They asked him of what country he was, and how far he was going? He replied that he came from *Fair-speech*, and was going to the Celestial City, but did not tell them his name. On Christian's asking him who his relatives were in that place, *By-ends* replied, "Almost the whole town, and in particular the following prominent gentlemen of the place, viz.: Messrs. *Turn-about*, *Time-server*, *Fair-speech* (from whose ancestors the town derived its name), *Smooth-man*, *Facing-both-ways*, *Any-thing*, and the parson of the parish, the Rev. Mr. *Two-tongues*. My wife was Esq. *Feigning's* daughter, a well-bred lady. It is true we differ a little in religious matters from those of the stricter sort. First, we never strive against wind and tide; secondly, we like that religion which goes in silver

2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iii:
verse 12.

1 PETER,
Chap. iv:
verse 4.

1 CORINTHI'NS,
Chap. iv:
verse 13.

JOHN,
Chap. xv:
verses 18, 19.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 37.



ACTS
Chap. vii:
verse 59.

REVELATION,
Chap. xi:
verse 13.

REVELATION,
Chap. xx:
verse 4.

MATTHEW,
Chap. x:
verse 39.

REVELATION,
Chap. xi:
verse 10.

"And last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful; who, so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him, was taken up into it, and straightway was carried through the clouds, with the sound of a trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate."

slippers, and loves much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and people applaud him:"

"The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church," for the proper endurance of sufferings in the Christian cause is the most convincing kind of preaching. By-ends, and his numerous relatives, are descriptive of a large class of professed Christians, who in every age, and under various pretenses, suppose "that gain is godliness." The great difference between these persons and true Christians, consists in these two things; Christians seek the salvation of

their souls, and, at the same time, aim to glorify God and to be useful to their neighbors; but hypocrites profess to be religious, in order to obtain friends, patrons, customers, or applause; those follow the Lord habitually, whatever tribulations arise because of the Word; but these conceal or deny their profession, when, instead of gaining by it, they are exposed to reproach or persecution.

Christian detects By-ends. By-ends, when giving the names of his relatives, did not mention his own. Christian, therefore, asked him if it was not By-ends of Fair-speech. By-ends said it was not, but it was merely a nickname given by some who could not abide him, but he had to bear reproach as other good men had done before him. It is true I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby. But if these things are cast upon me, let us count them a blessing. Christian then told him that he feared that the name properly belonged to him, and that if he wished to go with them, he would have to go against wind and tide, which he perceived was against his opinion; and he also must own religion when in rags as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him when bound in irons as well as when he walketh the streets with applause. By-ends said that no one must lord it over his faith, and that he should never desert his own principles, as they were profitable and harmless, and if he could not go with them he should associate with others of more liberal sentiments. Christian and Hopeful then went forward and left By-ends behind.

When hypocritical professors are charged with their double-dealing and obvious crimes, they are quite apt to set it down as persecution, and class themselves with that blessed company of whom "all manner of evil is spoken falsely for the name of Christ." Thus they endeavor to quiet their minds,

deeming themselves very *fortunate* and *prudent* in shifting about so as to avoid the cross and secure these worldly interests. The Apostle says, "From such turn away," and we should avoid every thing that would give countenance to such conduct.

By-ends, Hold-the-world, Money-love, and Save-all. Christian and

Hopeful, as they looked back saw three men, who were coming up, readily joined company with By-ends. Their names were Hold-the-world, Money-love, and Save-all, and they were acquainted with By-ends, being, when they were young, schoolmates, who were taught by one Mr. Gripeman, a schoolmaster in Love-gain, a large business place in the county of Coveting, in the North. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or putting on the guise of religion; and these four scholars attained so much the art of their master, that either of them could have kept such a school themselves. Money-love observing Christian and Hopeful traveling before them, in the distance, asked who they were. By-ends replied they were men so set in their notions that, let a man be ever so godly, yet if he did not fall in with them in all things, they thrust him out of their company. "That's bad," said Save-all, "but we read of those that are righteous overmuch, and condemn every body but themselves; but wherein did they differ from you?" "Why, in their headstrong manner; they consider it their duty to rush on their journey in all weathers, while I am waiting for wind and tide; they are hazarding all for God at a clap, while I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate; they are for holding their notions, though every body is against them, but I am for religion in what and so far as the times and my safety will bear it." Hold-the-world said that "for his part, he liked religion best that will stand with the security of God's good blessings unto us. Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion. And Job says that a good man 'shall lay up gold as dust.'"

The conversation of these men shows the deceit of the human heart! These what is in the heart, rather than in the words, of many who attend the preaching of the Gospel, who expect to be thought to be Christian believers. O, the fallen creatures will, many times, quote the Scriptures in order to justify themselves in their extreme selfishness and idolatry.

By-ends proposed a Question. By-ends, after remarking to his companions that, as they were all going on a pilgrimage, it would be well to have their minds engaged on something profitable while on their journey, and, in accordance with this, would propound the following question: "Suppose a man, minister, or tradesman, etc., should have an opportunity to get the good blessings of this life, by becoming exceedingly zealous on some points of religion, may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest

man?" Money-love, in giving his views on the question, said that "whenever there was a Providential opening placed before a minister, whereby he could get a large salary, he ought to embrace the opportunity to get the good things of this life, asking no questions for conscience' sake. Besides, his desire after a large salary makes a more zealous preacher, and so a better man. In the next place, should he desert, or suppress some of his principles to serve the people, shows that he is of a self-denying temper, and so more fit for his ministerial office. As it regards a tradesman, suppose he is in depressed circumstances, yet by becoming religious he can get a rich wife, and more and far better customers to his store, all this, I think, can be lawfully done; for to become religious by any means is a virtue; neither is it unlawful to get a rich wife nor more customers to my shop; so, then, here a man gets a good wife, good customers, and good gain; and all these by becoming religious, which is also good."

Christian's answer to the Question. Money-love's answer appearing so satisfactory and unanswerable to By-ends and his companions, they got Hold-the-world to propose it to Christian and Hopeful, who were within call. When Christian heard the proposition, he at once replied: "Even a babe in religion can answer a thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, how much more abominable is it to make him and religion a stalking-horse to get and enjoy the world. We find no others but hypocrites, devils, sorcerers, and the like, to be of this opinion. The hypocritical Pharisees made long prayers to get widows' houses; Judas, the traitor, seems to have become religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein. Simon, the sorcerer, was also of this religion, for he would have the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith. Therefore, Christian told them that to answer the question affirmatively, and approve of it as they had done, would be hypocritical, wicked, and heathenish, and their reward would be according to their works." At this, By-ends and his companions lagged behind.

Pretensions to diligence, zeal, piety, with some change or suppression of doctrine, merely to please men, in order to obtain some worldly good, is an abomination which has often been practiced by those who call themselves Christians, and who advocate such a course as being prudent and commendable. The answer of Christian, though somewhat rough, shows, from Bible exhibitions, to what these time-serving men belong.

Hill Lucre, Silver-mine, Demas. Christian and Hopeful having

passed a plain called Ease, came to the hill Lucre, where there was a silver mine, which some travelers, in passing this way, had turned aside to see; but going too near the mouth of the pit, the ground under them gave way, and they were killed by falling to the bottom, and some were so maimed that they never recovered the use of their limbs. Demas, a gentlemanlike man, was now at the mine inviting all travelers to turn aside a little, and he would show them something valuable. Hopeful seemed inclined to go, but Christian prevented him by telling him that many had lost their lives at the mine, and that the treasure found there had proved a snare, for it hindered many in their pilgrimage. Christian then called to Demas, and asked him if it was not dangerous to enter the mine; to which he answered it was not much so, except to those who are careless; he however blushed as he spoke. When By-ends and his companions came in sight of the mine, they immediately went over to Demas. Whether they fell in by looking over the brink, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered at the bottom by the damps which prevail here, is not certainly known, but they were never afterward seen. Then said Christian:

“By-ends and silver Demas both agree;
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre; so these two
Take up in this world, and no further go.”

The hill Lucre, with the silver mine, is a *little out* of the Pilgrim's path; and they “who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare” by accepting the offer of Demas. Many, by coveting after money, “have erred from the faith and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.” Inexperienced believers are very liable to be seduced by the example and persuasions of false professors, and to deviate from the direct path in order to obtain worldly advantages, by means that many deem fair and honorable. In this case, the counsel and warnings of an experienced companion are of the greatest moment.

Lot's Wife, River of God. After the Pilgrims had passed the hill Lucre, they came to a place by the wayside, where stood an old monument, which attracted their attention, for it had the appearance of a woman who had been suddenly petrified by supernatural power while standing upright like a pillar. By a close examination they found an inscription upon her forehead, which read “Remember Lot's wife.” “Ah, my brother!” said Christian to Faithful, “this is a good lesson to us, after the invitation Demas gave us to go over to the silver mine, for had we gone over we might have been made a spectacle to those who come after us; and

it is to be observed that this woman escaped one judgment, for she fell not by the destruction of Sodom; yet she was destroyed by another, as we see she is turned into a pillar of salt."

After this they went on their way to a pleasant river, which King David called "the River of God;" but John, "the River of the Water of Life." As their way lay on its banks, they walked along with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. On both sides of the river were green trees for all manner of fruit, and the leaves were used to cure or prevent all manner of disease. There were also meadows adorned with lilies, where they might lie down and sleep in safety.

It is strange that men who profess to believe the Bible can so confidently attempt to reconcile the love of the world with the service of God, when there are so many instructions, warnings, and examples given in the Bible which show the fatal consequences of so doing. If Lot's wife, who merely hankered after the possessions she left behind in Sodom, and turned back with the design of returning, was made a monument of the Lord's displeasure, what must be the doom of those professed Christians who habitually prefer worldly gain, or the indulgence that

may be purchased by it, to the honor of Christ, and obedience to his commandments? The Holy Spirit, the source of life, holiness, and joy, is represented by the "River of God," even that "River of the water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and that of the Lamb." There are seasons in the Christian's life, when he enjoys, in a large measure, sweet communion with God, finds all his maladies healed by faith in the divine Savior, and anticipates with unspeakable delight the glory that shall be revealed.

By-path Meadows. After awhile the Pilgrims were obliged to turn from the banks of the river, where they had taken much satisfaction, and their road now became so rough that they were somewhat discouraged. As they passed along, they saw on their left hand a meadow, called By-path Meadow, where there was a path on the other side of the fence, which appeared to run by the side of that in which they were traveling. Christian, therefore, proposed to Hopeful that they should go over the fence, which they both did, and found the road much easier to their feet. A little before then they espied a man walking as they did, by the name of Vain Confidence. Calling after him, they asked him whither that way led? He said, "To the Celestial Gate." At this they felt encouraged to go on. In a short time night came on, and it grew very dark, so that they could not see the direction in which they were going. Vain Confidence, not seeing his way, fell into a deep pit.

PROVERBS,

Chap. iii:
verse 5.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 15.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xiv:
verse 12.

I THESS.

Chap. v:
verse 22.

I JOHN,

Chap. iii:
verse 20.



PSALM

Ixxxviii:
verse 8.

JOB,

Chap. vii:
verse 15.

PSALM

cxvi:
verse 3.

PSALM

Ixxvii:
verse 7.

PSALM

Ixxxix:
verses 32, 33.

"Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, a rough, strong building, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds."

Christian and Hopeful heard him, and called to know the matter, but they only heard a groaning. The Pilgrims were now much distressed; but for their encouragement, they heard one saying, "Turn toward the highway." But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was dangerous; yet they ventured, and liked to have been drowned several times. At last, finding a little shelter, they being very weary, fell asleep.

When the path of duty becomes rough, there is a temptation, to many minds, to seek for some method of declining the Cross, or shifting the difficulty before them; nor will it be long before some *by-path* will be discovered. The commandments of God mark out the path of holiness and safety, but a deviation from their exact strictures may sometimes appear plausible, but in the end trouble will ensue. Every wrong step makes way for further temptations. The example of vain pretenders to religion helps to increase the confidence of those who have departed from the path of obedience. The awful death of some vainglorious hypocrite sometimes has a salutary effect; Christians who have been led astray will seek to return to the path of duty.

The Pilgrims Imprisoned by Giant Despair. Now, there was not far from the place where they lay a castle called Doubting Castle, a rough, strong building, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds now they were sleeping. Wherefore, he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. With a grim and surly voice, he bid them to wake up, and asked them what they were doing on his grounds. They told him they were Pilgrims, and had lost their way. "Then," said the Giant, "you have trespassed on me by traveling in and lying on my grounds; therefore you must go along with me." As resistance appeared hopeless, they were forced to submit. The Giant drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, very filthy and very distressing to the spirits of these two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning until Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, having no light, nor any one to ask them how they did, for they were far from friends and acquaintances.

The capture and confinement of the Pilgrims in Doubting Castle may represent the case of those Christians who have wandered into forbidden paths, until they have sinned in such a manner that they begin to doubt and despair of the mercy of God. Sooner or later, Doubting Castle will be the prison, and Giant Despair will be the keeper of all those who turn aside from the path of duty, on account of its roughness, or who trust in their own wisdom or righteousness.

The Pilgrims urged to commit suicide. Giant Despair had a wife, whose name was *Diffidence*, and when they had retired for the night, he asked her what he should do with the Pilgrims, his prisoners. Her advice was, that he should beat them without mercy. In the morning, therefore, he took his club, went into the dungeon, and beat them in such a manner that they were scarcely able to move. The next night *Diffidence* told her husband that he had better advise them to make way with themselves; so the next morning he went to them in a surly manner, and told them that as there was no prospect of their getting out of prison, they had better end their misery either with a knife, halter, or poison. Poor Christian was, at the first, strongly tempted to follow this advice, but he was brought to a better mind by *Hopeful*, who reminded him that the Lord of the country to which they were going had said, "Thou shalt do no murder," and he had declared that "no murderer hath eternal life," etc. "Besides," said *Faithful*, "who knows but that Giant Despair may die, or forget to lock us in; or, perhaps, he may have one of his fits again and lose the use of his limbs." The next day, upon the advice of his wife, the Giant took his prisoners into the castle yard, and showed them the bones and skulls of those he had destroyed for trespassing on his grounds, and he told them that if they did not follow his advice he would do the same with them.

Desponding fears, when they so prevail as to keep men from prayer, make way for temptations to suicide as the only relief from misery; but where there is any true faith (provided sanity remains), the temptation will eventually be overcome. *Hopeful's* scriptural quotations are conclusive against self-murder.

The Pilgrims escape from Doubting Castle. Christian being greatly discouraged, *Hopeful* endeavored to cheer him up by reminding him how he had been preserved thus far, through many dangers; he told him how he had, in former times, gained the victory over Apollyon; how he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. "Remember," said *Hopeful*, "how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and was not afraid of chains, cages, or a bloody death; therefore, that he that hath delivered you thus far will deliver you again." On Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued until near the break of day. About this time, Christian, putting his hand into his bosom found a key; upon this discovery, he exclaimed, "What a fool I am, to remain in this filthy dungeon, when I might be at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called *Promise*, which

will open any door in Doubting Castle." On this good news, they made a trial of the key at their dungeon door, and the bolt was turned back with ease; while they were unlocking the outer gate, it made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could not go after them. The Pilgrims directed their course to the king's highway, which, having gained, they sang as follows:

"Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 't was to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care
Lest heedlessness make them as we to fare,
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair."

The recollection of past conflicts, dangers, and escapes is peculiarly useful to encourage those who are in difficult or perilous situations, to have confidence in the power and mercy of God for final deliverance. When Christians

begin to pray and call on God in earnest, they will soon find the *Key of Promise*, which will unlock every bolt or bar which confines them in Doubting Castle, and they will soon walk in the liberty of the sons of God.

The Delectable Mountains. The Hills Error, Caution, and Clear. The Pilgrims went on until they arrived at the "Delectable Mountains," which belong to the Lord of the Hill, already mentioned, whose sides were interspersed with beautiful gardens, fertile vineyards, and fountains of purest water, from all of which they were plentifully refreshed. On the tops of these mountains there were shepherds feeding their flocks. On inquiry, they were informed that the mountains were *Immanuel's Land*. The names of these shepherds were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, who, wishing to show the Pilgrims some remarkable things in the vicinity, first took them to the top of a hill, called *Error*, when they saw at the bottom a number of men dashed to pieces by a fall from the top. On inquiring the meaning of this, they were informed that they were men who, confiding too much in themselves, had ventured too near the precipice and fell, and continued unburied as an example to others.

They were then taken to another mountain called *Caution*, where they thought they perceived several men wandering among the tombs, over which they stumbled, and being blind could not get out from among them. These were men who, turning from the right path, had got into By-path Meadows, where they were taken by Giant Despair and cast into Doubting Castle, and after he had kept

them for awhile, put out their eyes and led them among those tombs, where they were left to wander, fulfilling the saying of the wise man, "He that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the congregation of the dead." After this, they were taken to see the place called the "By-way to Perdition," which, having seen, they walked with the shepherds to the end of the mountain. "Then," said the shepherds, one to another, "Let us here show to the Pilgrims the Gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass." The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion, so they had them to the top of an high hill, called Clear, and gave them their glass to look, through which they perceived something like the Gate of the Celestial City.

The Delectable Mountains may represent the calm seasons of peace and comfort which consistent believers often experience in their old age, when they are exempted, in a considerable degree, from previous temptations and trials. The shepherds may represent the faithful ministers and Christians with whom they are associated. The hill Error

signifies any kind of sentiment or doctrine which favors unwatchfulness or sin. The men seen wandering among tombs shows the state of those who have gone into forbidden paths, and continuing therein, being blinded by Satan, they remain with their wicked companions.

The Pilgrims meet with Ignorance. Proceeding from the mountains along the highway, toward the Celestial City, the Pilgrims came to a little crooked lane, which led into the road from the country of *Conceit*. Here they met with a very brisk lad, who came out of that country, whose name was Ignorance, who informed them he was going to the Celestial City. When Christian asked him what he had to show in order to get admission at the Gate, he replied, "I know my Lord's will, have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, give alms," etc. Christian then told him that he did not come in at the Wicket Gate, which was necessary for all who would travel on the king's highway. Ignorance replied, "Gentlemen, you are utter strangers to me; be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. For the Gate you speak of, every one knows that it is a great distance from our country." The Pilgrims perceiving that Ignorance was wise in his own conceit, thought it best to pass him by for the present.

Ignorance represents a class of shallow and conceited persons, who are ambitious of being thought religious, and are continually found among the

HOSEA,
Chap. xiv :
verse 7.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. ii :
verse 6.

PSALM
iv :
verses 7, 8.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi :
verse 13.

PSALM
cxlv :
verse 11.



PSALM
xxiii :
verses 1, 2.

MARK,
Chap. ix :
verse 5.

ISAIAH,
Chap. iv :
verse 6.

PSALM
lxxii :
verse 3.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xlix :
verse 11.

"Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here show to the Pilgrims the Gate of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass. The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of an high hill, called Clear, and gave them their glass to look."

hearers of the gospel. A blindness to their defects and a forward self-sufficiency marks their character. It is advisable not to converse much at once with persons of this stamp, but, after a few warnings, leave them to their own reflections, and quietly look to the results.

Turn-away and Little Faith. After the Pilgrims had passed, they came to a dark lane, where they met a man whom seven demons had bound with cords, and were carrying him to the pit of Destruction. The sight made Christian and Hopeful tremble. As the demons were taking away the man, Christian looked to see if he knew him, and he thought it might be one *Turn-away*, that dwelt in the town of *Apostasy*. As he hung his head like a thief, he did not perfectly see his face. But being gone past, Hopeful looked after him, and spied on his back with this inscription, "Wanton professor, and condemned Apostate."

Christian now related to his companion a certain transaction which occurred to a good man near this place. His name was *Little-faith*; but he was a Christian, and dwelt in the town of *Sincere*. The thing was this: At the entering in of the passage of a lane near this, called *Dead-man's Lane*, because of the many murders committed there, this *Little-faith*, who was going on a pilgrimage, chanced to sit down there, and slept. While in this situation, three rogues, who were brothers, *Faint-heart*, *Mistrust*, and *Guilt*, came upon him, and told him to deliver his money. Not obeying, *Mistrust* came up, and thrusting into his pocket, took out a purse of silver. *Little-faith* cried out, "Thieves! thieves!" With that *Guilt* struck him to the ground. At last, hearing that some were coming on the road, fearing it might be *Great-grace*, that dwells in the city of *Good-confidence*, they immediately fled.

The dark lane signifies a time of prevalent impiety. At such times light, trifling, wanton professors of religion may appear, who often prove apostates of the worst kind, and the detection of their hypocrisy makes them ashamed to show their faces among true believers. Satan binds such wretches faster than ever in the cords of sin and delusion. Where there is a *faint-heart* in God's cause, and *mistrust* of God's truths, there will be guilt in the conscience, and when these prevail, they rob the soul, for a time, of the comforts of God's love and salvation.

The Pilgrims taken in Flatterer's Net. The Pilgrims continuing their journey, came to a road which appeared to run in a direct line with that on which they were traveling. As they were thinking which of the two to take, a black man, covered with a very white robe, came up and inquired why they stood there? They replied

they were going to the Celestial City, and knew not which road to take. He then desired them to follow him, for he was going there himself; so they went with him, and, by degrees, were led into a road which carried them directly from the city, and, at last, before they were aware of it, they were encompassed with a net, in which they were so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. As they were bewailing themselves in the net, they espied a Shining One coming toward them with a scourge in his hand. When he came up to the Pilgrims, he asked why they came there? They told him they were traveling on the pilgrim's road, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white. The Shining One then told them that it was "Flatterer," a false apostle, that had transformed himself into an angel of light. So he rent the net. On his questioning them, it appeared they had gone contrary to the directions which had been given them by the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, who had told them to "beware of the Flatterer." As they had disobeyed their counselors, they were chastised by the Shining One, who bade them to go on with their journey.

The black man, with a white robe represents those teachers who, with much plausibility, fluency of speech, and perhaps very evangelical views, flatter their hearers into a high opinion of the righteous character they have, and high attainments to which they have arrived, with the religious liberties and privileges they are permitted, etc. By this means will men enter into security, being entangled in a net of error and difficulty. When the Lord takes them out of the snare, they will be humbled and chastised for their folly.

The Pilgrims meet Atheist. As the Pilgrims proceeded on their journey, they perceived a man afar off and alone, on the highway, coming to meet them. His name was *Atheist*, and he was traveling with his back toward Zion. When he came up with the pilgrims, he asked them where they were going. Upon Christian's replying that they were going to Mount Zion, Atheist burst into a loud laugh; and being asked what he meant by such conduct, replied that he laughed to see what ignorant persons they were to take such a journey for nothing. "Why, man," said Christian, "do you not think that we shall be received?" "Received!" said Atheist; "there is no such as you dream of. When I was in my own country, I heard of such a place as you now speak of, and I have been seeking it for twenty years, but I find no more of it than I did the first day I set out. I am now going back to enjoy the things I

know something about, instead of running after that which has no existence."

Some professors who set out on a religious course with a dead faith and a worldly heart, and, having gone on this course for a considerable time, become avowed infidels or atheists, they hate the truth and feel that if there be any reality in religion, their own case is desperate, as they have never experi-

enced those effects which the Scriptures ascribe to it. Having principally associated with loose professors, and witnessed much folly and wickedness among them, they begin to revile all who profess piety, and treat the whole of religion as mere knavery and imposture.

Enchanted Ground. The Pilgrims now reached a country, the air of which had a tendency to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy of sleep. He told Christian that he felt sleepy, and could hardly keep awake. He said to Christian that they both should lie down and sleep for a short time. "By no means," said Christian, "lest sleeping we never wake more. Do you not remember what was told us by the shepherds; that we should beware of the Enchanted Ground? We are now on this ground. Wherefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Hopeful acknowledged himself to be in fault, and had he been alone, he feared it might have proved fatal, and he felt that the saying of the wise man was true, "Two are better than one." The two Pilgrims now agreed, to prevent drowsiness, they would enter into some interesting and profitable conversation. Hopeful then related how he was first induced to become a pilgrim; how he at first tried to make his heart good, but found it was of no avail; that all his righteousness was but filthy rags; how, when he called on God, as a poor lost creature, and looked directly to Christ to save him, he was received and made whole, and had peace and joy in believing.

When all things go easy, smooth, and well, we are prone to grow drowsy in soul and indolent in religious matters, although we may keep up the forms of devotion. No situation requires so much watchfulness. Other experiences resemble storms, which keep a man

awake almost against his will. He is, in a sense, *enchanted* in his situation, which is a treacherous calm, which invites and lulls him to sleep. But pious discourse, and the jealous caution of Christian friends are suited to counteract this dangerous tendency.

Discourse with Ignorance. As Ignorance was lagging behind, the Pilgrims, wishing to instruct him, waited until he came up. Christian then asked him how it was now between God and his soul.

Ignorance, in reply, said, "I hope well, for I am always full of good motions, as I often think of God and Heaven, and desire them." Christian replied that there was nothing good about that, for even devils and lost spirits did the same; mere sluggish desires effect nothing. Ignorance thought his heart was good, for it comforted him in hopes of heaven. Christian told him that the heart was deceitful, and if we did not love God and keep his commandments, all our hopes were vain. Ignorance said that he believed that Christ died for sinners; and that he would make his duties, that were religious, acceptable to the Father, by virtue of his merits, and so would he be justified. In short, Ignorance could not believe he ever had a very bad heart, and, upon the whole, he had been a tolerably righteous man, and needed but very little of Christ's merits for salvation.

Whatever may be our desires or expectations of a religious nature, they avail us nothing unless they flow from an humble and contrite spirit. Who-
 ever founds his hope of heaven on his supposed goodness of heart, that he is not so bad as others, is *ignorant* of the way of salvation.

The Country of Beulah. After the Pilgrims had got past the Enchanted Ground, they came into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it. Here they were continually delighted with the singing of birds, and walked every day through a profusion of beautiful and sweet-scented flowers. In this country, light from heaven shines every day, therefore it is beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see the Doubting Castle. Here they were in sight of the Celestial City; and here, also, they met some of its inhabitants; for in this land the Shining Ones walked, because it was near the borders of Heaven. Here was no want of corn or wine, for in this place they met with every thing they had wished during their pilgrimage. As they drew near the city they had a more perfect view, and saw it was built of pearls and precious stones, and that the streets were paved with gold. Proceeding still further on their way, they came to a place abounding with orchards, vineyards, and gardens. Upon inquiring of the gardener whose they were, they were informed that they were the king's, for whose pleasure and entertainment they were planted. They were accordingly invited in to partake of every thing they could wish. They were also shown the king's walks and arbors, where he delighted to be, and

here they tarried and slept. When they awoke, they prepared to go up to the city. Such was the splendor reflected by the rays of the sun, they were obliged to look through an instrument made for the purpose.

The country of Beulah may signify the sweet peace and confidence which tried believers often experience toward the close of their lives. The communion of saints united in cordial love, the consolations of the Holy Spirit, exemption from temptations and harassing doubts, near prospects of heavenly felicity, and a realizing apprehension of the ministering spirits over the heirs of salvation; sweet assurances of the love of Christ, gratitude, submission, confidence in God, hope, and the sweet exercise of tenderness, sympathy, meekness and humility, but little interrupted by the working of the contrary evils, these things seem to constitute the happy state here represented.

The Pilgrims pass the River. The Pilgrims, after leaving the land of Beulah, came to the deep and dark river over which there was no bridge, at the sight of which they were much disheartened. As there was no way to the Celestial Gate but by crossing the river, they inquired if the waters were all of an equal depth; they were informed that they would find it deeper or shallower, as they believed in the king of the place. They then entered into the waters, when Christian began to sink, and crying to his friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me." But Hopeful bade him be of good cheer, for that he felt the bottom, and that it was good.

"Alas, my friend," replied Christian, "the sorrows of death compassed, I shall not see the land that floweth with milk and honey." Such a darkness and horror then fell upon Christian that he could not see before him, and he became so disordered in mind that he could not remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage; but every word he uttered tended to discover that he had great fear that he should die in the river, and never obtain entrance at the gate. He was also troubled at the remembrance of the sins he had committed, both since and before he became a pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of evil spirits. It was with great difficulty that Hopeful could keep his brother's head above water, but he endeavored to comfort him by telling him that he saw the gate, and men standing by to receive them. He also informed him that the troubles and distresses he had gone through in those waters were no sign that God had forsaken him, but were sent to try him.

These comforting exhortations had the desired effect on the dejected mind of Christian. He was in a muse for awhile, but when Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole," Christian broke out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, 'When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" Then they both took courage; Christian soon found ground to stand on, and the rest of the river being but shallow, they soon got over.

Death is here most aptly represented by a deep river, without a bridge, separating the Pilgrims from their heavenly inheritance, as Jordan separated the children of Israel from the promised land. Nature must indeed shrink back at the awful separation of soul and body, and the parting of dear friends and every earthly object; the gloomy ideas of the

dark, cold and noisome grave renders Death indeed the *King of Terrors*. The temporary distresses of dying believers often arise from bodily disease. Howsoever far the powers of Darkness may be suffered to prevail in the Christian's last conflict, he generally, before leaving the body, gives evidence of the final victory.

Pilgrims conducted up to the City. When the Pilgrims came upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they found two shining men waiting for them, who saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along toward the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them. As they passed upward, their conductors told them that the beauty and glory of the city was inexpressible. "There," said they, "is Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now," said they, "to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and taste the never-fading fruits thereof; upon your arrival you shall be clothed in white robes, and be every day admitted to the company and conversation of the King. There shall be no more experience of that sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death which you have on earth; you are now going to Abraham, Isaac,

HEBREWS,

Chap. i :

verse 14.

LUKE,

Chap. xvi :

verse 22.

I THESS.

Chap. iv :

verse 14.

REVELATION,

Chap. xix :

verse 9.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xii :

verse 22.



REVELATION,

Chap. xxii :

verse 14.

REVELATION,

Chap. vii :

verse 17.

JOHN,

Chap. xvii :

verse 2.

TIMOTHY,

Chap. iv :

verse 8.

ROMANS,

Chap. ii :

verse 7.

" They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them."

and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God has taken away from the evil to come, each one walking in his uprightness."

The Pilgrims, inquiring what they were to do in this holy place, they were answered that there they would receive the comforts of all their toil, and joy for all their sorrow; they would reap what they had sown, even the fruit of all their prayers, tears, and suffering for the king on their way. In that place you will wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the HOLY ONE, and serve him continually with praise, shouting, and thanksgiving. There they would have the pleasure of meeting those friends who had gone there before them, and receive with joy those that should follow after them. When the King of Glory shall come, with the sound of trumpet, you will come with him, and you will sit with him, and have a voice in the judgment against his and your enemies.

While they were thus drawing toward the Gate, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom the Shining Ones introduced the Pilgrims, saying, "These are the men who have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, so that they may go in, and look their Redeemer in the face, with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the 'marriage-supper of the Lamb.'" Then there came out several of the king's trumpeters, who came in white and shining raiment, who made even the heavens to echo with the loud and melodious sounds of the trumpets. They then compassed them around on every side, and thus conducted them to the upper regions. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and their ears were delighted with the ringing of all the bells to welcome them. But, above all, the thought of their dwelling forever and ever in that glorious place, what tongue can tell the joy? Thus they came up to the Gate.

Immediately after death, the Pilgrims are conducted by angels up to the Celestial City, or Paradise, and we have every reason to believe that every believer, at his death, is attended by angelic beings, as was Lazarus when he was carried to Abraham's bosom. The conversation of those angelic beings is entirely scriptural, intelligible, animating to every pious mind.

The Pilgrims enter the City. Fate of Ignorance. When the Pilgrims came up to the Gate, they beheld written over it, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the

city." The Shining Ones then bade them call at the Gate, which, when they had done, some of the heavenly inhabitants looked over the Gate from above, to whom it was said, "These Pilgrims came from the City of Destruction, for the love they bear to the King of this place." The Pilgrims then delivered the certificates they had received at the beginning of their journey. When these were received by the King, he commanded the gate to be opened, "that the righteous who kept the truth might enter."

As the two Pilgrims entered the Gate, they were transfigured, and had raiment put upon them that shone like gold; they had crowns given them in token of honor, and harps to sound the praises of the King. The bells of the city rang for joy, and numerous voices were heard to say, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." The Pilgrims themselves sung with a loud voice, "Blessing, honor, glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever."

While these things were taking place, Ignorance was seen to come to the river-side, without half the difficulty which the two Pilgrims had experienced, as he was ferried over in a boat by one called Vain-hope. When he came up to the Gate, he was asked from whence he came, and what he would have. He answered that he had ate and drank in the presence of the King, and that he had taught in their streets. When asked for his Certificate, he was speechless. The King then commanded two Shining Ones to bind him and take him away, and cast him into darkness.

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

The certificates which the Pilgrims presented at the Gate, signifies the inward testimony of pardon and acceptance which Christians have received from their divine Lord and Master, answering to the Roll presented to Christian when he lost his burden at the Cross. It is quite possible that persons who have lived an inconsistent or even disgraceful life to their Christian profession, may die with a considerable degree of composure and resignation, under the delusion of a vain hope. They may even believe a lie till they arrive at the gate of the Heavenly City. But the Supreme Lord and Judge will say unto all such, "Depart from me, I never knew you, all you that work iniquity." May the good Lord deliver us from such a hope and destiny; but may we, like the Christian Pilgrims, be admitted into the joy of our Lord.



This picture is drawn from the Frontispiece to the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, from the edition of 1687, the year previous to the decease of the "Immortal Dreamer." Bunyan appears dreaming the second time. Christiana, with her children and Mercy, are leaving the City of Destruction and going toward the Wicket Gate. The enemy who tried to stop their pathway is seen in the distance.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

PART SECOND.

Sagacity gives an account of Christian. Some time after the dream I had of Christian, the Pilgrim, while in a den, I passed that way again. I took up my lodging in a wood about a mile off the place. As I slept, I dreamed again. I saw in my dream, an aged gentleman, Sagacity by name, come by where I was, and as we were going to the same place, I resolved to go with him. As we were passing the City of Destruction, Sagacity informed me of Christian, the Pilgrim, who once resided there, but was induced to go on a pilgrimage up to the higher regions. When he left the city, his neighbors ran after him, called him a fool, and tried to have him come back; but it all was of no avail, as Christian pressed forward and upward. After many trials, difficulties, and dangers, he finally entered into that region where all trouble is unknown. He now walks in white, and has a crown of gold. He walks and talks with the King of the country, who has adopted him as a son, and who has prepared a mansion for his dwelling. It is now said that his former neighbors, by whom he was so much persecuted, now commend him, and wish they had gone with him.

The first part of the Pilgrim's Progress was written in Bedford jail, as has been noted; the second, several years afterward, most probably at his home in Elstow, a village about one mile from Bedford, which he designates as a "lodging in the wood." The first is the most complete, but the second part

is well worthy of attention. It often happens when the real Christian departs this life, that the men of the world who stigmatized him when living, will, after he has departed, speak well of him, and lament their own folly in not living a Christian life.

Christian's Wife and Children become Pilgrims. Christiana, the wife of Christian (so named after she had commenced her pilgrimage), after her husband had gone *over the River*, and she could hear of him no more, many heavy thoughts began to work in her mind. The remembrance of her unkind and ungodly carriage toward her dearest friend—how she had hardened her heart against all the loving entreaties to her and her sons to go with him on his pilgrimage—cost her many tears. She spoke to her children: "Sons, we are undone. I have sinned away your father; I would not go with him myself, and I also hindered you. I thought your father foolish; I now see that he was wise, and has escaped the snares of death." Christiana and her children now all wept and bewailed their condition. In a dream, Christiana saw her husband in a place of bliss among immortals, praising God for his mercy. After she had arisen, one knocked at the door, whose name was *Secret*, who brought a letter to her from her husband's King. She was informed that the Merciful One was a God ready to forgive, and he invited her to come, as did her husband, through trials and afflictions, and she would be received with joy. Christiana now called her children together, and told them of her dream and letter. At this they were all overjoyed, and with their mother began to prepare for the journey to the Celestial City.

It is evident that the author was intent on encouraging pious persons to persevere in using all means for the spiritual good of their children, even when they see no immediate effect from their efforts. God may speak in a dream, as of old, and if the intimation be scriptural and the effect salutary, we need not hesitate to receive it as a divine monition. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." The intimations given by *Secret* seem to represent the silent teachings of the Holy Spirit, by which the true meaning of the Scriptures is discovered to man.

Mrs. Timorous and her Companions. As Christiana was about starting on her journey, she was called on by two of her neighbors, Mrs. Timorous, and a young maiden named Mercy. Mrs. Timorous, when Christiana told her that she was going on the same journey which her departed husband had gone, implored her not to think of such madness. "Consider," says she, "what difficulties and troubles your husband had while on his dangerous journey; and if he, though a man, was so hard put to it, what can you, a poor woman, do? Think, also, of your four sweet children; how can they travel such a journey, and what will become of them?" Christiana still determined to go on the journey. Mrs. Timorous began to revile

her, and told Mercy to leave such a foolish person, as she intended to do. Mercy, however, declined; for what Christiana had said had an effect upon her mind, and she determined to accompany her on her pilgrimage. When Mrs. Timorous arrived at her home, she sent for some of her neighbors, among whom was Mrs. Bats-eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-nothing. All these women joined in reviling Christiana. Mrs. Bats-eyes called her a blind and foolish woman; Mrs. Inconsiderate said she should be glad when she was gone, and Mrs. Light-mind did not wish to hear any thing about religious matters, but told what merry times she had at Madam Wanton's.

The conversation of Christiana with her neighbors was attended with different results. It excited the revilings and scorn of Mrs. Timorous and her companions, while they were so blessed to Mercy as to induce her to set out on the heavenly journey. This gives encouragement to use all proper means

to influence sinners to choose the good part, though many reject the truth. The names of the companions of Mrs. Timorous indicates what kind of persons generally despise and revile those that fear God and seek the salvation of their souls.

Slough of Despond and the Wicket Gate. When Christiana, her sons, and Mercy came to the Slough of Despond, they found it rather worse than it was in Christian's time. This was owing to the unskillfulness of those who pretended to be the King's laborers on the highway. By looking well to their steps they made out to stagger over. The Pilgrims now went up to the Wicket Gate; Christiana knocked at the door, and, for a time, it appeared as if she could not be admitted. It seemed as if the great dog had been aroused, and barked fiercely at them. The keeper of the Gate, finding out who it was that knocked at the door, and what was her object in coming, kindly let Christiana and her four sons within, and then shut up the Gate. Poor Mercy, being without, trembled, and cried, fearing she was rejected. Christiana now began to intercede for her, and Mercy began to knock at the Gate herself. The keeper, learning who she was, opened the Gate, but Mercy had fallen down in a swoon. When he took her by the hand she arose, and told the keeper she was afraid she would not be admitted, as she had not a special invitation from the King, as Christiana had. The keeper told her not to fear, and kindly admitted her within.

It has often happened that many of those who profess to preach the Gospel make what was difficult still more so, by their teachings and plausible spec-

ulations. These often bewilder the mind and obstruct the progress of those who are journeying heavenward. While earnestly praying or knocking at the Gate, then they may expect more vio-

lent opposition from the powers of darkness, who, like savage beasts, may growl or bark to frighten away those seeking salvation.

The Pilgrims' passage from the Wicket Gate to the Interpreter's House. After being kindly treated by the keeper of the Wicket Gate, Christiana and her companions went on their way. As they were traveling by a garden on the other side of the wall, which separated them from it, some of its fruit-trees shot their branches over it, on which were tempting fruit. The boys, although warned by their mother, picked off some and eat it. This afterward caused their sickness for a time. Christiana and Mercy, when near this place, met two ill-favored men, who came upon their pathway. They endeavored to entice them by fair promises. Christiana rejected their offers with indignation. The men still continued their approaches, until both the women cried out for help. Their cries were heard by the keeper of the Wicket Gate, who sent one named *Reliever* to their assistance. As he came up, the villains made their escape over the wall into the Garden. The Pilgrims now continued their journey until they came to the house of the Interpreter, where Christian was so profitably entertained when on his journey to the Celestial City.

The evil one has a garden in this world, in which is grown fruit such as the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, of which the young and inexperienced are tempted to partake. Parents should use all means to restrain their children from those pleasures "which war against the soul." This fruit grows in Beelzebub's garden, and

should be shunned as poison. The worldly men who made proposals to Christiana and Mercy, however attractive, were really *ill-favored* to the gracious mind. These seducers are too often successful. When their proposals are rejected with abhorrence and earnest prayer, the Lord will send *Reliever* to their aid, and drive off the intruders.

The Interpreter's House. Muck-rake. Christiana and her company were admitted to the Interpreter's house, after their names had been announced by *Innocent*, a maiden, the door-keeper. The inmates of the Interpreter's house were overjoyed that the wife of Christian, and her children and Mercy, had become Pilgrims, and bid them all welcome to their Master's house. The Interpreter took them into his *significant rooms*, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband had seen before. He then took them into a room where was "a man that could look no way but downward,

with a muck-rake in his hand; there stood also one over his head, with a Celestial Crown in his hand, and proffered him that Crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but rake to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor."

"This," said the Interpreter, "is a man of this world; his muck-rake shows his carnal mind, and, whereas, thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks and the dust of the floor, than to do what he says that calls to him from above, with the Celestial Crown in his hand; it is to show that heaven is but a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also shewed thee that the man could look no way but downward; it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry away their hearts from God."

Sights in the Interpreter's House. The next thing shown to the company was the spider "that is in King's palaces;" then the hen and her chickens; and when they drank at the trough, they were bid to observe how they lifted up their heads and eyes toward heaven, also how the hen had four calls for her brood. They were taken into the slaughter-house, and bid to observe how patiently the sheep suffered death from the hands of the butcher. They then were led into the garden, and bid look at the flowers, and how they differed in stature, quality, and color. They next entered a field which had been sown with wheat and corn, but produced neither. On their return, they saw a pretty robin with a great spider in his mouth; then they went into the garden again, where they saw a tree with green leaves, the trunk being rotten inside. They then had a supper, with music.

By the hen and her chickens, we are taught to look upward and thank God for the mercies we receive; by the different calls of the hen, the interest of our Heavenly Father in our welfare. We are taught patience and resignation by the sheep, and by the flowers in the garden that there are different degrees among God's people, but all can flourish harmoniously together. The grain-field which produced nothing but straw, was worthless which would be either burnt up or trodden under foot. It shows that profession merely will not avail, if we produce no fruit. The pretty robin that was seen with a great spider in its mouth, is an emblem of some who profess a great love for genuine Christians and all good things, but when by themselves, as the robin gobbles up spiders, they change their diet, and swallow down sin like water.

Great-heart. The Cross. Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. When the Pilgrims were leaving the Interpreter's house, he called for a

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxii :
verse 3.

PROVERBS,
Chap. i :
verse 22.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxv :
verse 26.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxii :
verse 13.

HEBREWS,
Chap. vi :
verse 12.



PROVERBS,
Chap. xix :
verse 15.

PSALM
xix :
verse 13.

2 PETER,
Chap. xi :
verse 10.

NUMBERS,
Chap. xv :
verse 30.

PSALM
xxxvii :
verse 34.

"Now I saw still in my dream that they went on until they were come to the place that Simple, Sloth, and Presumption lay and slept in when Christian went by on his pilgrimage; and behold they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side."

man-servant of his, one Great-heart, and bid him to arm himself, and conduct these his children forward on their journey. Christiana and her company were taken into the vestry and clothed in beautiful white raiment, and when thus adorned, each thought the others more beautiful than themselves. The company now passed on with Great-heart for their leader, who went before them, when they arrived at the Cross where Christian lost his burden. Here they made a pause, and blessed God, while Great-heart endeavored to show the wondrous virtues of looking at the Cross. Now I still saw in my dream that they went on until they came to the place where Simple, Sloth, and Presumption lay and slept when Christian went by on his pilgrimage; and behold they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side.

The stated pastoral care of a vigilant minister, who is strong in faith and courage, is represented by Great-heart, the conductor of the Pilgrims. The Cross of Christ, in its various bearings, will be an everlasting theme for the contemplation of men and angels. The

dreadful falls and awful deaths of some professors are at times made for a warning to others; and to put them upon their guard against superficial, slothful, and presumptuous men, who draw aside many from the holy ways of God.

Hill Difficulty. By-ways. Giant Grim. The Pilgrims arrived at the foot of hill Difficulty, where Christian drank of the spring. Its waters were now dirty with mud, which some had thrown in to prevent Pilgrims from drinking it. They were told that if the water was taken up and put into a clean vessel, the dirt would sink to the bottom, and then it would be good to drink. When here, they were shown two dangerous by-ways where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. Some had made an attempt to stop up these roads by putting up chains, posts, and a ditch; yet after all this, there were some who preferred to venture to go on these by-ways than to clamber up the hill. After drinking of the purified waters of the spring, the Pilgrims began to ascend the difficult hill. When they came to the arbor where Christian rested, they were all glad to sit down, being almost overcome by the heat. After being refreshed here, they went forward where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian, and they saw the stage on which their tongues were burnt through with a hot iron, for endeavoring to hinder Christian on his journey. The Pilgrims now passed on until they came in sight of the lions, near the Porter's Lodge. The lions were backed by Giant Grim, or Bloody-man, who swore that the Pilgrims should not pass.

Great-heart, drawing his sword, fell upon the Giant, broke his helmet, cut off his arm, and finally killed him. Having safely conducted the Pilgrims within the Porter's Lodge, Great-heart was now obliged to leave them for a short time.

The refreshing spring at the hill Difficulty seems to represent the preaching of the Gospel; by a departure from its simplicity, its waters become dirty and unfit for use, but the pure mind would separate the precious and the vile. Notwithstanding the by-ways into which professors turn from the right path have been hedged up by the

declarations of Scripture and the efforts of faithful ministers, yet the love of ease has induced many to break through all obstacles, and risk their eternal interests, rather than deny themselves and endure hardships in the way to heaven. The lions and Giant-grim may represent persecutors in former days, but a race now nearly extinct.

Christiana's family entertained. Mr. Brisk. When the Pilgrims entered the house prepared for those going heavenward, they were joyfully received by all its inmates, *Prudence, Piety, and Charity*, three comely maids, who invited them to stay, and they would have all the house could afford. After a supper in which their dear Redeemer was brought to their remembrance, they were conducted to the chamber of rest. When on their beds they heard the sound of music in the house, for joy that they were there. Their rest and even their dreams were sweet. In the morning, Prudence catechised Christiana's four sons, James, Joseph, Samuel, and Matthew, and gave them much good instruction. While here Mercy had a suitor, Mr. Brisk, a man who professed some religion, but one that stuck very close to the world. As he always found her busy in making up clothing, he asked her how much she could earn a day. Mercy answered she was working for the poor, and gave the garments away, so that she might be rich in good works. This preference of heavenly treasures above those on earth, was so distasteful to Mr. Brisk that he soon left off his visits.

All holy beings rejoice when they see the poor sinful creatures of earth repenting and walking in the path of life and salvation. It is all important that the young should be governed by the instructions of Prudence, Piety, and Charity. Pious young women are some-

times ensnared by worldly men, who make a pretense of religion in order to gain their affections. If by imitating Doreas, a young woman loses a suitor, she is delivered from a dangerous acquaintance.

Matthew's Sickness. Eve's Apple. Jacob's Ladder. The Anchor. Abraham. While staying at the Beautiful House, Matthew was taken sick and was much prostrated by pain in his bowels. A skillful phy-

sician was called in and found he had a griping sickness, occasioned by eating some of Beelzebub's fruit, which grew near the Wicket Gate. He was obliged to take cleansing and bitter medicines to save his life. After the Pilgrims had staid a month or more at this place they signified their wish to be going forward; the whole family were called together to give thanks to their King for sending them such guests. According to their custom they took them to a closet to show them one of the apples that Eve eat of; they next showed them Jacob's Ladder, with angels ascending it; the next was a golden anchor, and lastly the mount on which Abraham offered up Isaac, with the altar, the wood, the fire and the knife.

The case of Matthew shows the evil effects of sin. It will pinch and gripe the conscience and make the heart of a gracious soul sick, and nothing but the atoning blood of Christ applied to the soul can effect a cure. The nature of the first transgression, the insinuations of the tempter, the motives which induced our first parents to eat the forbidden fruit, and the dreadful disap-

pointment which followed, are subjects very interesting and instructive, and affecting to the pious mind. Jacob's Ladder, with passing upon it, shows the connection between earth and heaven—how ministering spirits are sent to minister to the heirs of salvation. The golden Anchor of Hope shows how we are kept steadfast in the Faith.

Valley of Humiliation. Shepherd Boy and Mercy. Being now joined by Great-heart, the Pilgrims began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. Mr. Great-heart said they need not be afraid of this valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it ourselves. It was indeed a fruitful place as any in the earth, and some have wished they might travel such a road all the way to their Father's house. As they were passing along they saw a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and, as he sat by himself, he sung,

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
 He that is low, no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

Of this valley it is said that our Lord formerly had his country-house, and he loved much to be here. Angels also have visited this place. Mercy, the companion of Christiana, said this valley suited her, and that she felt as well in it as she did in any part of the journey.

When Christians are in depressed circumstances and have a realizing sense of their sins and imperfections, they are led to look unto God who "gives grace to the humble." When they feel meek and humble, they travel the heavenly way in peace and safety. The Shepherd's boy who possesses this spirit

enjoys more happiness than any earthly king on his throne. Mercy and others of like spirit love to be in this valley out of the turmoil of the world, where they can enjoy communion with him who chose retirement and poverty and was despised and rejected of men.

Valley of the Shadow of Death. Giant Maul After the Pilgrims had passed the valley of Humiliation, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death, a place strangely haunted by evil things. They were alarmed by fiends, heard horrible noises, and the rushing to and fro of their enemies. Sometimes their pathway was hidden by a great mist or so darkened by the smoke of the pit. Snares were also laid to entangle their feet so that they might stumble into the depths below. But having Great-heart for a conductor they passed safely forward. When they came among the snares they saw one *Heedless* who had been cast into the ditch on the left hand, and was much bruised and mangled. Many have been killed hereabouts, many foolishly venturous as to come here without a guide. As they drew near the end of the way, they came to a cave, and by it stood Maul, a giant, with a great club, who attempted to stop the company from passing. He entered into a controversy with Great-heart, and told him he was stealing women and children and carrying them to a strange country. From words they came to blows. The contest was fierce, and for a time seemed doubtful, but Great-heart finally succeeded in striking down the giant and taking off his head, which was fastened to a pillar erected near by.

Some Christians have been tempted in a peculiar manner, exclaiming with David, "The sorrows of death compassed me and the pains of hell got hold upon me;" their minds may be confused and they hardly know what to do; this is indeed the "Shadow of Death." By calling on God, and walking circumspectly he will deliver them from their troubles, while those who are *heedless* pass on to destruction. Giant Maul may represent a person or persons of power and influence, who oppose and ridicule the Gospel. Great-heart, however, by using the sword of the Spirit, comes off conqueror.

Old Honesty, and Fearing, the Pilgrim. After the company had passed safely through the valley, they came upon an oak by the road where they found an old man asleep, whom they knew to be a Pilgrim, by the clothes he had on. As Great-heart awakened him, he arose and stood on his guard, demanding who they were. When he

had learnt who the company were, Honest was much rejoiced and saluted them all by name. He told them that he came from the town of *Stupidity*, which lay about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction. He said, blushing, that he was named Honest, and he wished his nature might agree with his name. As they traveled the conversation turned upon one Mr. Fearing, who was known to Honest, and who had been guided by Mr. Great-heart, on the road to the Celestial City. He was rather troublesome to his companions; he was easily frightened, and was always afraid he would not be able to reach the Celestial City. It is said that he lay groaning at the Slough of Despond for more than a month, not daring to venture the passage, until one morning, in a bright sunshine, he was enabled to make the passage. When he came to the Wicket Gate it was long before he would venture to knock. When he came to the hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that nor the lions. The valley of Humiliation was pleasant to him; his only trouble was about his acceptance at last. When he got to the river his confidence was increased, and he was admitted into the City.

Honest dwelt in the town of Stupidity, a place far from the sun, more cold and senseless than other places. Honest was sound in the faith and esteemed a perfect character; but he, conscious of his imperfections, was ashamed that he was no more worthy of his high reputation. Fearing may represent those Christians who are retarded in their progress by discouraging apprehensions, and spend too much time in unavailing complaints, and fail, perhaps, to embrace the promises for fear their faith may not be genuine. Such persons, though diffident, have no thoughts of turning back to the world, but will press forward with more courage through greater difficulties and dangers than many who make louder professions.

An account of Self-will. As the Pilgrims went on with their conversation old Mr. Honest gave an account of one Self-will, who pretended to be a Pilgrim. He was quite obstinate, or self-willed, in his opinions, caring but little for men or argument, or example. He held that he might follow the vices as well as the virtues of Pilgrims, and that if he did both he would certainly be saved. He said David and Solomon, God's beloved, practised certain things, therefore he could do it. He said that Sarah and other godly wives in Egypt and Rahab, lied, and Jacob got his inheritance in a way of guile and dissimulation, therefore he could do it too, provided he had faith in the promises of the Lord and lived as well as Jacob, and the others mentioned.

Self-will may represent a certain class of Antinomians, who hold that *faith* is every thing, but *works*, little or nothing. Such persons may be said to "eat up the sin of God's people;" they may talk of the liberty of the Gospel, but "they themselves are the servants of corruption."

The Pilgrims entertained at Gains' Inn. Slay-good and Feeble-mind. The Pilgrims, on their journey, came to an inn kept by Gains, who entertained travelers to the Celestial City. Here Mercy was married to Matthew; also James, another of Christiana's sons, to Phebe, the daughter of Gains. The whole company were entertained here for more than a month, and were much strengthened and encouraged. Great-heart, while here, being informed that one Slay-good, a giant, lived near by, was determined to get him out of the way. Accordingly the whole company, having armed themselves, went to the cave where the giant resided, and found that he had seized one Feeble-mind, and was in the act of robbing him. Great-heart, after a great struggle, succeeded in disarming the giant, and then took off his head and brought it to the inn. Feeble-mind was born in the town of Uncertain, and being a sickly man, was easily taken. He was, however, determined on going to the Celestial City—to run when he could, when he could not run, to go, and to creep when he could not go.

The refreshment and encouragement from the experimental and affectionate conversation with Christian friends, who use hospitality to each other without grudging, seems here intended; also the institution of marriage among young Christians, provided it be done according to the rule of God's Word. Slay-good may denote certain persons who formerly persecuted and intimidated professors by fines and imprisonments, to the hazard of their lives or souls. Feeble-mind may represent those who have a constitutional timidity and lowness of spirits, arising from a feeble frame and sickness, unfitting them for hard and perilous services. This state of mind is often connected with remarkable perseverance in the ways of God.

Vanity Fair. River of the Water of Life. As the Pilgrims left the inn, Mr. Ready-to-halt, with his crutches in his hand, came along and joined the company. Their next stopping was at the house Mnason, in Vanity Fair, who kept a place for the entertainment of Pilgrims who were passing through on their journey. The people were now much more moderate than when Christian and Faithful visited their city. The blood of Faithful was such a load upon the inhabitants, they have been ashamed to burn any more. Indeed, in many parts of the town religion is counted honorable. After leaving this place, the company came to the river on this side of

the Delectable Mountains. Here were fine trees growing, on both sides of the river, whose leaves, if taken inwardly, are good against surfeits; where the meadows are green all the year long, and where they might lie down safely. By the river side, there were cotes and folds for sheep, a house for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those that go on pilgrimages. Also, there was here One that was intrusted with them, who could have compassion, and that could gather these lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

The persecutions which formerly were so prevalent in the world (called here Vanity Fair) have been greatly moderated since John Bunyan's time, and in many places have entirely ceased. Under the emblem of the River of the

Water of Life, with the beautiful meadows on its banks, with its places of shelter for the flocks, we are taught the importance of having our children brought under the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Giant Despair Killed. Doubting Castle Destroyed. When the company had reached By-path Meadow, near Doubting Castle, the men concluded to make an attempt to kill Giant Despair and demolish his castle. When they came up to the castle gate and knocked for admission, the Giant and his wife Diffidence were aroused. Learning their intentions, the Giant armed himself for a mortal combat, having a great club in his hand. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground; but Great-heart was his death. He pierced him under the fifth rib, and then smote the head of Giant Despair from off his shoulders, and set it upon a pole by the highway side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to Pilgrims that came after, to take heed of entering into his grounds. Now, old Mr. Honest cut down the Giantess at one blow. They now fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, in which they found Mr. *Despondency* and his daughter *Much-afraid*, confined and almost starved. As they were honest persons, they were taken into the Pilgrim company. Great-heart now went back to the road, took the head of the Giant and set it on a pole by the wayside, for a warning to those who come afterward. On this occasion the whole company had a time of rejoicing, and even Mr. *Ready-to-halt* made out to dance by the help of one of his crutches.

It was probably intended, in this part of the Allegory, to show that the labors of faithful ministers, with the converse

and prayers of such believers as are strong in the faith, may be useful in recovering the fallen and relieving

PSALM

xciv :
verse 4.

EZEKIEL,

Chap. xxxv :
verses 5, 6.

2 CORINTHI'NS,

Chap. i :
verse 8.

JOB,

Chap. iii :
verse 25.

PSALM

lxi :
verse 2.

**MICAH,**

Chap. vii :
verse 8.

2 CORINTHI'NS,

Chap. x :
verse 4.

ISAIAH,

Chap. li :
verse 9.

PSALM

lxviii :
verse 3.

PSALM

cl :
verse 4.

Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground; but Great-heart was his death. He pierced him under the fifth rib, and then smote the head of Giant Despair from off of his shoulders, and set it up on a pole by the highway side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to Pilgrims that came after, to take heed of entering into his grounds.

those who are desponding. Great heart, those whom he has imprisoned, and de- by the Sword of the Spirit, may even stroy the dungeon in which they were strike down Giant Despair, release confined.

Mounts Innocence and Charity. When they came to the Delectable Mountains, the Shepherds who resided there, as was their custom, showed the Pilgrims the rarities of the place. Among these were Mounts Innocence and Charity, on the first of which they saw a man clothed in white, and two men, *Prejudice* and *Ill-will*, continually casting dirt upon him. But, notwithstanding all their efforts, it would in a little time fall off again, and his garment would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast at them; on being asked the meaning of this, the Shepherd's replied, "This man is Godly-man, and his garment shows the *innocency* of his life. Those that throw dirt, hate him; as you see that the dirt will not stick upon his garment, so will it be with those who lead an innocent life. Whoever would make such men dirty, their labor is vain, for God in a little time will make their innocence appear." The Shepherd's then took the company to *Mount Charity*, where they saw a man with a bundle of cloth, out of which he cut garments for the poor, yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less. "This," said the Shepherds, "is to show you that he who has a heart to give to the poor shall never want wherewithal."

These emblems are sufficiently explained, and may, in general, be considered as correct. But there may be cases where godly men have been durably suspected of crimes they never have committed. This may have been from the want of circumspection in "avoiding the appearance of evil." Such cases are exceptions to the general rule.

Valiant-for-truth's Battle and Victory. When the Pilgrims arrived at the place where Little-faith was formerly robbed, they saw a man named Valiant-for-truth, standing with his sword drawn and his face bloody. Being requested to give an account, he said, "As I was on my way, three men beset me and propounded three things: Whether I would become one of them, or go back from whence I came, or die upon the place. To the first, I answered I had been a true man for a long time, I could not now associate with thieves. Then they demanded my answer to the second, so I told them that I found the place from whence I came so unprofitable and unsuitable, that I forsook it for this way. They then asked my answer to the third. I told them my life was too valuable to lightly give it away; there it is, at your peril you touch me. Then the three, *Wild-head*, *Inconsiderate*,

and *Pragmatic*, drew upon me, and I also drew my Jerusalem blade upon them. So we fell to it, and continued the strife for three hours, when hearing of or seeing your advance, they immediately fled.

The names of these three men designate their character; they represent certain *wild* enthusiasts, who, not having duly considered any religious subject, *pragmatically* or *officially* intrude themselves in the way of religious persons, to perplex their minds and persuade them that, unless they adopt their notions, they can not be saved. An ungovernable imagination, destitution of sober reflection, and a dogmatical spirit characterize these enemies of the truth;

they assault professors with specious reasonings, caviling objections, confident assertions, proud boastings, bitter reproaches, and rash judgments; they try to draw them over to their party, or terrify with the fears of damnation if they continue in their present course. The word of God, the "true Jerusalem blade," wielded in faith and prayer, will be the means of our gaining the victory.

The Pilgrims in the Enchanted Ground. When Great-heart and his company had got to the Enchanted Ground, they found it was grown over with briars and thorns, except here and there was a pleasant arbor, in which if a man sit or sleeps, some say that it is doubtful whether he will ever rise or wake again in this world. After they had passed a little way, they were surrounded by a great mist and darkness, so that they could hardly see each other, and for some time they were obliged to feel for each other, for they walked not by sight. Their way also was very wearisome, through dirt and mud; at length they came to a beautiful arbor called the *Slothful's Friend*, where there were soft couches for the weary to rest. By the warnings and advice of Mr. Great-heart, their conductor, they passed this place without stopping. At length they came to a spot where one is apt to lose his way. Being dark, their guide was put to a stand; he however had a tinder-box, struck a light, and examined the map which he carried with him; this pointed out the right way so plainly that they could not mistake it. By this means they avoided all dangerous places, and went through these grounds in safety.

The Enchanted Ground may represent the circumstances in which those believers are placed who are deeply engaged in business, and obliged to spend much time among worldly people. Many professors are enchanted by worldly advantages, and fall asleep to wake no more. Others are entan-

gled by the cares of this life so as "to choke the Word and render it unfruitful." The more soothing the scene the more danger. The allegory shows the importance of having pious ministers who understand God's Word, and are able to point out in it, as by a map, the way of salvation.

The Sleepers in the Arbor. When the Pilgrims were in the Enchanted Ground, they came to an arbor by the highway side, in which lay two men, *Heedless and Too-bold*. These men, being wearied with their journey, sat down to rest themselves, and so went fast to sleep. Some of the Pilgrims, seeing their dangerous condition, called to them by their names, but they made no answer. The guide then tried to disturb their slumbers. As he shook them, one of the sleepers said, "I will pay you when I take my money;" "And I will fight you as long as I can hold my sword in my hand," said the other. At that one of the children laughed. Christiana, on inquiring of the guide what these things meant, was informed that these men talked in their sleep, being a little disturbed but not half awake. They gave very incoherent answers, and their words were not governed by faith or reason.

These men, *Heedless and Too-bold*, represent those who take up a profession of the Gospel in a heedless manner, and proceed in a bold and overbearing confidence, and may long maintain a form of godliness, but after a time become weary even of this, and will gradually fall back into the world, retaining nothing of their religion except some distorted doctrinal notions. They find

various excuses for their conduct, and when they fall asleep in the arbor of worldly prosperity, nothing can awaken them. While in this state, they will, as it were, talk in their sleep about religion, in so incoherent a manner as to excite the laughter of children, while they who understand their case will bewail their deplorable condition.

Standfast and Madam Bubble. Near the end of the Enchanted Ground, the Pilgrims found one Standfast on his knees, earnestly engaged in prayer. Being a Pilgrim of the right stamp, they soon made his acquaintance. In giving an account of his experience, he stated that while he was on the Enchanted Ground, a lady, somewhat in years, but stately, handsome, and beautifully attired, with a great purse of gold by her side, presented herself before me, and offered to make me great and happy if I would be ruled by her. I rejected her offers once and twice, but she still smiled, and said she was mistress of the world, and that men were made happy by her. When I asked her name, she told me it was *Madam Bubble*. This set me further from her, but she still followed me with her enticements. I then called on Him who had promised to help me: as I was on my knees you came up, when this fascinating woman went away.

The case of Standfast shows us that when believers feel the propensity of their hearts to yield to worldly proposals, it renders them jealous of them-

selves, excites them to earnest prayer to him who is able to preserve from the power of temptation. The world's three chief temptations—the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life—are personified by Madam Bubble, whose fair promises are hollow and unsubstantial, like *bubbles*, which indeed look beautiful for a short time, but vanish when touched.

The Land of Beulah. The Pilgrims now drew near the confines of the Celestial City, for they had got to the land of Beulah, where the sun shines night and day. Here the Pilgrims could rest in safety, for this country was set apart for their rest and refreshment. All the orchards and vineyards belonged to the King of the Celestial City, therefore they were licensed to take any thing they wished. While here they heard the sounds of bells and trumpets, which were so melodious that they could not sleep; they tired not, but were refreshed by this music from the Celestial City. They also heard the voices of them that walked the streets. The Pilgrims when they arose would walk to and fro, but how were their eyes now filled with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, and tasted nothing that was offensive, except it was the water of the river over which they were to go; they thought it tasted somewhat bitter, but it proved sweet when it was down.

In this place a record was kept of the names of the Pilgrims of old, and a history of what they had done. The ebbings and flowing of the river were noted; sometimes in a manner it had been dry for some Pilgrims, while it had overflowed its banks for others. In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens and gather flowers for the Pilgrims, to show their affection.

The land of Beulah may represent triumphantly are often reported and the happy state of those who live in witnessed. The thoughts of death may places favored by many lively Christians indeed seem bitter to nature, but the united in heart and judgment, thoughts of the joy and glory that follows causes the soul to rejoice, and where instances of persons dying

Christiana goes over the River. While the Pilgrims were resting and enjoying themselves in the Land of Beulah, a messenger from the Celestial City came to Christiana and informed her that the Lord of the city expected to have her to appear in his presence in the course of ten days. He also gave her a token that he was a true messenger. When Christiana saw that her time was come, she called for Mr. Great-heart, the guide, and all her companions. She called for her children and gave them her blessing, and told them that she was glad that they had kept their garments so white. She called for

JOHN,
Chap. xi:
verse 28.

PSALM
cxvi:
verse 15.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xiv:
verse 32.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xliii:
verse 2.

PSALM
xxiii:
verse 4.



REVELATION,
Chap. xiv:
verse 13.

JOHN,
Chap. xiv:
verse 2.

PSALM
xvi:
verse 11.

REVELATION,
Chap. xxi:
verse 4.

REVELATION,
Chap. vii:
verses 15-17.

"But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany Christiana to the City gate. So she came forth, and entered the river. . . . The Heavenly hosts carried her out of sight, and she entered in at the gate, with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband, Christian, had entered with before her."

Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Mr. Standfast, and all the rest by name, and gave them her parting advice and blessing. When the appointed day had arrived when she must be gone, all her companions assembled at the river side to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks on the other side were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany Christiana to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, making a sign of farewell to those who followed her. The last words she was heard to say, were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee." The heavenly hosts carried her out of sight, and she entered in at the Gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband, Christian, had experienced before her. Her children wept at her departure, but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy.

The messengers sent to Christiana appears to be merely to represent the particular disease or decay by which the Lord takes his people away from the world to bring them into his immediate presence. The death of an eminent Christian is a loss to relatives and

connections, to the Church and community; but the happy death of such persons gives great encouragement to Christians who are spectators of such scenes, and excites to adoring praise and thanksgiving.

Ready-to-halt, Feeble-mind, Despondency and his daughter. After the departure of Christiana, the next who received a summons to pass the river was Mr. Ready-to-halt, who, having received the token, called for his fellow-pilgrims and told them that he was sent for, and that God would surely visit them also. So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will, saying he had nothing to bequeath them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes. When he came to the brink of the river, he said, "Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on." The last words he was heard to say were, "Welcome lie!" The next that was called for was Mr. Feeble-mind, who, calling his friends together, said that as he had nothing worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim, he desired Mr. Valiant would bury his *feeble-mind* in a dunghill. He entered the river as the rest, and his last words were, "*Hold out faith and patience!*" After many days Mr. Despondency was sent for, the post who brought the message saying to him, "Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with the King, by the next Lord's-day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings." De-

spondency's daughter, *Much-afraid*, said she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, "Myself and daughter have been rather troublesome to our companions, but our will is, that no one shall receive or entertain our *desponds* and slavish fears. It is true they will walk about and seek entertainment from Pilgrims, but for our sakes, shut the doors upon them." The last words of Mr. Despondency were, "*Farewell night! Welcome day!*" His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

The dealings of the Lord are here represented as gentle to the feeble, trembling, humble believers, and the circumstances of their deaths comparatively encouraging and easy. Ready-to-halt, through infirmities, makes his forward way on crutches, is at last welcomed into the Heavenly City. Feeble-mind and Despondency and his daughter, when passing through their last trial, are unexpectedly comforted, and, notwithstanding all their fears, pass the river joyfully and enter the Celestial City.

Honest, Valiant-for-truth, and Standfast pass the River. When Mr. Honest received his summons to pass the river, he called his friends and said unto them, "I die, but shall make no will. As for my *honesty*, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this." The river, at the time he made his passage, overflowed its banks in some places, but Mr. Honest, in his lifetime, had spoken to one *Good Conscience* to meet him there. He was found on the spot at the time, and he lent Honest his hand and helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, "Grace reigns!" and so he left the world. *Valiant-for-truth*, when called for, said to his friends, "I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I got hither. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battle who now will be my Redeemer." As he entered the river, he said, "Death where is thy sting?" and as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

When Mr. *Standfast* was called for, he sent for Mr. Great-heart, the guide; he told him he had left behind a wife and five small children, on whom he entreated him to call and inform them of his happy arrival at the river, and the blessed condition he was in; he also requested him to tell them about Christian and Christiana, his wife, what a happy end they had made, and whither they were gone.

He added that he had little or nothing to send to his family, except his prayers and tears for their salvation. When Standfast came down to the river, a great calm was prevailing; he therefore stood awhile when half-way in, and talked to his companions who came with him to the river. He said, "This river has been a terror to many, and it also has frightened me, but now I stand easy. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, is as a glowing coal at my heart. My toilsome days are ended. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. He has kept me from mine iniquities, and my steps have been strengthened in his way." While he was thus speaking, his countenance changed, and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto thee," he ceased to be seen of them. Glorious it was to see how the region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up and followed each other into the Celestial City.

It may be stated at this concluding scene, that Bunyan has represented all his Pilgrims as relying solely on the mercy of God, through the righteousness and atonement of his Son, for our salvation. Notwithstanding this, many devoted Christians, when recollecting their conscious integrity, their boldness in professing and contending for the truth, love to the cause, example and words of Christ, obedience to his precepts, may feel that they are indeed the

children of God, and as such entitled to the promises. There is no doubt but there are many Christians who, without any want of humility, can say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." It is also observable that while the Pilgrims here are represented as leaving their infirmities behind, they take their graces along with them, and that "their works would follow them."

THE END.



George H. Durfee, Print.

A WINTER SUNDAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Strobridge & Co. Lith. Cin. O.

THE
BIBLE
LOOKING GLASS:

REFLECTOR, COMPANION AND GUIDE TO THE GREAT TRUTHS
OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, AND ILLUSTRATING THE
DIVERSITIES OF HUMAN CHARACTER, AND THE
QUALITIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

CONSISTING OF SIX BOOKS IN TWO PARTS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY OBJECT TEACHING PICTURES

*Showing the PAIN and MISERY resulting from VICE, and the
PEACE and HAPPINESS arising from VIRTUE.*

By JOHN W. BARBER and OTHERS.

PART B.

*Christian Similitudes—Sunday Book of Pleasing and Comforting Literature—
Gray's Elegy Illustrated.*

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, No. 66 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
WILLIAM GARRETSON & CO.,
GALESBURG, ILL., COLUMBUS, OHIO, NASHVILLE, TENN., HOUSTON, TEXAS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1874.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXVI,

By JOHN W. BARBER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

BIBLE LOOKING GLASS.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PUBLISHER.

MR. J. W. BARBER, the originator of this work, has now nearly arrived at the age of three-score years and ten, and has spent the most of his life at the joint business of an historical engraver and author. Being plain and unpretending in his habits and manners, his productions, whether as engraver or author, are in the same style. His earlier works, of the pictorial kind, are valuable as showing the costume of the common people of the preceding generation—that of our fathers—a class among whom he was born, and with whom he has always associated himself, having no aspirations to be considered otherwise than as one of them. His emblematic drawings possess peculiar merits: plain, direct to the point, with as little circumlocution as possible, boldly executed, and often attractive by their quaintness. Elegance is not attempted; but they possess the high merit of enforcing vital truths.

Some thirty years since, Mr. B. traveled over his native State of Connecticut in a little one-horse wagon, visiting every part, taking views in pencil of cities, villages, and all places of interest, collecting, at the same time, statistics and other matters of interest for publication. The result was a work entitled "Connecticut Historical Collections." Each town was separately described, and a great variety of subjects in the past or present received a place, and the work may be considered as a sort of scrap-book for every thing relative to the history of the State and its inhabitants. The drawings of villages and objects of interest are *honestly* given as they appeared at the time when they were drawn. This work was succeeded by others on the same plan, by Mr. B. and others, on Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, etc.

Next to having portraits of one's progenitors, is a picture of his birth-place, the school-house in which he was introduced to the world of letters, and the church in which, when a child, he was taught the solemn truths of time, death, and eternity. By means of the above publications, these objects of interest have been preserved to multitudes of people, in an enduring form, probably to generations yet to come. Mr. B.'s work on Connecticut is the most popular book which has, as yet, been issued on the history of that State, or probably will be for some time to come. It was his intention, when he commenced it, to produce a work interesting to all classes. In a note or advertisement to the edition of 1856-7, he says "this object has been accomplished; and it is a source of gratification that it has met with so favorable a reception, not only from the aged and intelligent part of the community, but it is also read with deep interest by the younger portion. Such men as Noah Webster, Chancellor Kent, Professor Silliman, and others, have publicly expressed their sense of gratification and approbation of his historical works; and, it may be added, that those of a strictly religious kind have been received with much favor by the religious public."

The work now in the hands of the reader is, in several respects, an original production. This is particularly true of the introduction of numerous scriptural texts, illustrated by one pictorial representation. These texts, like the marginal references in our family Bibles, will be found of much value and instruction in causing the scriptures to be searched to learn their bearing on the subjects introduced. How admirably they are adapted as Sunday lessons to children, to teach them the great truths of the Word of God!

The four emblematical books may be considered as a collection of PICTORIAL SERMONS, in which the whole body of the principles of Evangelical Christianity, and qualities of human nature, are taught and enforced upon the mind with a power that mere words alone can not convey.

From his early years, Mr. B. appears to have been strongly impressed with religious subjects, and his sympathies have ever been with the poor and the oppressed. The three prominent books which he read during his childhood were the Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the New England Primer. Believing in the equality of human rights, as advocated in the doctrines of Christianity, he always opposed every thing to the contrary, in whatever form it was presented. This led him, when quite a young man, to remonstrate with some of the leading members of the Church with which he was connected, against the negro pew, in a house erected for worship, as totally opposed to all Christian principles. As he grew older, this feeling increased. On the 10th of September, 1831, he was one of the unpopular four who lifted up their right hands as a protest against the denunciatory resolutions, passed at an indignant town-meeting of the citizens of New Haven, against the establishment of a literary institution in that place for the education of blacks.

Mr. B. still resides in New Haven, and, since the death of several near relatives of his family, has lived rather of a retired and secluded life. His daughter Elizabeth wrote the poetic lines under each cut in the Christian Similitudes, with the exception of the last three. She accompanied her husband, Captain Barrett, on voyage to China, died on board his ship, of cholera, and was buried in the China Sea, in 1863. Since her death, a volume of her poems has been published.

Several years since, while on a historical tour through the United States, Mr. B., when in Georgia, was prostrated by a fever occasioned, he supposes, by exposures in the marshes in Florida. He was brought so low that his life was not expected. While in this state, he felt an earnest desire to live long enough to finish his book of Similitudes, which he had in contemplation. His prayer was answered, and by the publishing of the present volume, one leading object in his life is accomplished. He evidently has faith in God, and also faith in himself that he has a mission to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the manner used in these pages. He is fully of the opinion that his emblematic works will live long after his departure, in accordance with a prophetic declaration made con-

cerning him when an infant in his cradle, the purport of which was that he would become an author whose productions would have an influence on mankind.

Evidence that his religious works have already been a blessing to the world, has been abundantly given. One of his large and early religious emblematical religious engravings, in the hands of our American missionaries, it has been said, was the main instrumentality for the conversion of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. The book of Emblems, which has, by the hands of our traveling agents, been widely circulated among "the plain people," has been the means of converting many to religion. We here quote from two letters lately received from them. They are but specimens of numberless others, not preserved, of a similar import, received from time to time.

One writes from Parma Center, New York:

"An old lady, bereft of her husband, sent from an adjoining county, asking me if I would not send her my copy of the Emblems, as she felt *very lonely* of late. So I sent it to her, and she afterward sent me back word that she had received *great comfort* from reading the work."

Another writes from West Bend, Wisconsin:

"I have a good library, but that little book fills a vacant place, and supplies a *long-felt* want. I can *preach better* since I have read it."

Mr. B. has now arrived at an age when, in the ordinary course of nature, he will soon be removed beyond the reach of human praise or censure. He, indeed, now cares but little what others may say about him, provided he is in the right. If he possesses any pride, it is on account of his being a descendant of the Puritans, the true descendants of whom

"Go where duty leads, against a world in arms."

The above considerations will, it is believed, remove all the ordinary objections against publishing one's personal history while he is living. There is an universal wish to know something about an author whose works we are perusing. To gratify this curiosity, which can not be condemned, we, from a long and intimate acquaintance, feel qualified to give the information desired.

CHRISTIAN SIMILITUDES:

BEING A SERIES OF

EMBLEMATIC ENGRAVINGS,

WITH WRITTEN EXPLANATIONS, MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS,
AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS,

DESIGNED

TO ILLUSTRATE DIVINE TRUTH,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY.

"I have used similitudes." HOSEA, XII : 10.

BY JOHN W. BARBER,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS WORKS.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,
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CHRISTIAN SIMILITUDES.

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CHRISTIAN SIMILITUDES.

PSALM

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verse 10.

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xxxix:

verse 5.

JOB,

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JOB,

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JAMES,

Chap. iv:

verse 1.

JOB,

Chap. iv:

verse 20.

PSALM

xxxvii:

verse 2.

PSALM

xliv:

verse 10.

A VISION, OR PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

His days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he can not pass. Job XIV : 5.—

For what is your life? it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. James IV : 14.—Vanity and vexation of spirit. Eccl. I : 14.

[Varied from the vision of Mirza, by Addison.]

BEHOLD the multitude upon their march,
Across the bridge upheld by many an arch;
All ranks, all ages, all degrees we find,
All ills, all joys, attendant on mankind:
Onward they press, but see, where'er they go,
What numbers fall into the depths below.
Here battle hurls its thousands from the brink,
And numbers more in hidden pitfalls sink:

Bubbles, of rainbow tints, float into view;
Their ranks grow thin while they the mists pur-
Bold adamantine rocks rise high around, [sue;
Along whose base a narrow path is found:
Fair mansions shine afar on smiling plains,
Happy is he who entrance there obtains,
And dark his doom, of sadness and of woe,
Who finds no passage from those realms below.

On a certain day, devoted to religious purposes, I retired to an elevated situation, in a mountainous district, for meditation and prayer. While there, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man's existence here seems but a mysterious shadow, and his life a troublous dream. While musing on this subject, I fell into a dream, or vision. Methought an angelic being stood before me, with a look of compassion and affability, and bade me follow him.

This heavenly being then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a deep valley, and a great tide of water flowing through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is this lower world, called by some the vale of misery, and the tide of water which thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.

What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist, at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea which is bounded at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively.

Upon a more leisurely survey, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number of about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, my conductor told me that this bridge consisted, at the first, of one thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it;

but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on the end of it.

As I looked more attentively, I saw several passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide flowing underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and instantly disappeared. These pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of human beings no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent after so long a walk. I observed, also, that several persons, about the middle of the bridge, had become so weary of their journey that they refused to traverse the bridge any longer, but threw themselves over its side into the dark waters below.

I passed some time in the contemplation of the wonderful scene before me, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was quite moved and filled with melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by to save themselves. Multitudes were very busy in catching at bubbles which glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves in reach of them, their footing gave way, and they sunk into the depths below. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight.

About the middle of the bridge I observed bodies of armed men running to and fro, and thrusting large numbers of their fellows on the trap-doors and pitfalls, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them. I observed, also, that he who was the most expert, and who succeeded in casting the largest number into the tide below, was held in the greatest estimation by his fellows, and his name was proclaimed from one end of the bridge to the other.

While viewing these melancholy scenes, I perceived flights of birds hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time; some of these were of beautiful plumage, but most of them were of the unclean kind, such as vultures, ravens, cormorants, etc. Not comprehending this, I looked up to my conductor for information. These, said he, are malice, envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like passions and cares that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how he is given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! My heavenly conductor being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thy eye into that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.

I directed my sight as I was ordered, somewhat upward, and (whether or no the good conductor strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opened at one end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a high rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. Clouds and pitch darkness appeared on the left of the adamantine wall, while on the right, amid the bright waters, were discovered innumerable islands, having beautiful mansions, delicious fruits, and flowers of every hue. I perceived that all the wicked, when they fell from the bridge, passed into the abode of darkness, while the righteous were conducted to regions of light and glory.

I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with crowns and garlands upon their heads,

passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. I also heard the voice of harpers, "harping upon their harps." Ever and anon I heard heavenly music from myriad voices round, rising like the voice of many waters, soft, solemn, and sweet. The light of the glory of the Eternal beamed into every habitation and into every heart. The joy of every one was full, for God himself dwelt among them, and all sorrow and sighing had forever fled away.

My soul was filled with gladness at the discovery of such a delightful and heavenly scene, and I wished myself in that blessed region. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy mansions, but my conductor told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw every moment upon the bridge.

The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, studding every-where the vast expanse of bright waters, are more than thou canst number. The mansions that thou seest are imperishable, they endure forever; the trees and bowers, clad in living green, decay not; the bright and beautiful flowers wither not, but bloom in an eternal spring.

These heavenly places are prepared for the abode of the good of all ages and nations, after death; each of the numberless islands and mansions are adapted precisely to the wants and capacity of those who inhabit them. There are degrees in human virtue; some excel others, and will be rewarded accordingly. All the righteous will be happy, but there are different degrees, as there will be in the punishment of the wicked. As one star differeth from another in glory, so will it be hereafter with the souls of the righteous.

Are not the rewards of the righteous worth contending for? said my conductor. Is death to be feared, that conveys thee to so happy an existence? I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. Beholding some new manifestation of the divine presence and glory, I sank overpowered with ecstasy. Recovering, my conductor had left me; the vision had departed. I was alone, and instead of the vast flowing tide, the arched bridge, the multitude passing over it, and the happy islands, I was in the midst of a familiar grove; and instead of heavenly and ravishing music, I heard, in the distance, the "church-going bell" calling the villagers to their evening worship.

GENESIS,

Chap. vi:
verse 5.

PSALM

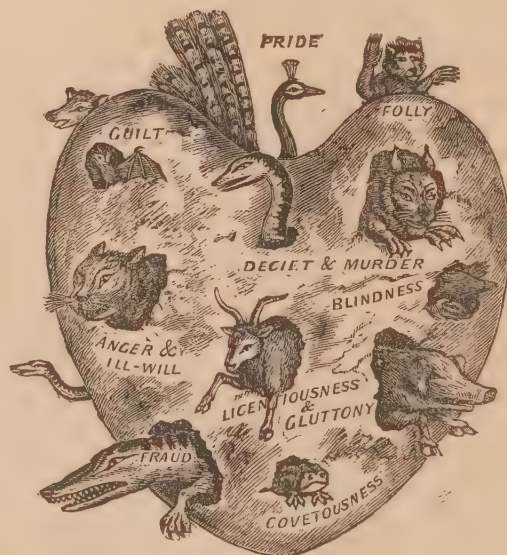
xiv:
verse 1.

JOB,

Chap. xv:
verse 16.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 3.



PSALM

lxviii:
verse 3.

JOB,

Chap. xxi:
verse 14.

1 JOHN,

Chap. v:
verse 19.

ROMANS,

Chap. 1:
verses 29-32.

THE UNREGENERATE HEART.

The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Jeremiah xvii: 9.—Filled with all unrighteousness. Rom. i: 29.—The habitation of devils. Rev. xviii: 2.—For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, etc. Matt. xv: 19.

SEE here, the heart of sinful man! it swarms
With unclean beasts, the vices' various forms;
The flaunting Peacock, well his pride portrays,
And *Folly* by the Ape's unmeaning ways:
Deceit, the Serpent's wily arts disclose,
And *Murder's* form, the foul Hyena shows.
Ill-will and *anger* in the Tiger live,
And fierce *Revenge*, that knows not to forgive;
Fraud aptly shows the weeping Crocodile,

Which draws its victim by its piteous wile:
The servile Toad, the type of *Covetousness*,
The Goat, the emblem of *Licentiousness*; [show,
The groveling Swine, the gluttonous man must
Who sinks his nature, meanest brute below;
Blindness of mind, the darkness of the soul,
We find depicted in the groping Mole;
All these, the emblems of the soul are seen,
A cage of beasts and reptiles, base, unclean.

The engraving is an emblematic representation of the heart of man in the sight of God while in his unregenerate state. It is filled with living and hateful creatures, who make it their abode, and are represented as breaking out from its surface on every side. From the

number, variety, and character of the beasts, reptiles, etc., exhibited, it may be said to be like fallen Babylon, "the habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

"Whatever infidels may say respecting

the innocence of mankind," says a celebrated divine, "he that made man, and that best knows what he has made, gives a different account of him." He informs us "that the heart of man," of all mankind, of every man born into the world, "is desperately wicked," and that it is "deceitful above all things;" so that we may well ask, "Who can know it?"

In the picture *Pride and Folly* are represented by the Peacock and Ape, seen as rising from the unregenerate heart. Thus was it first in heaven itself, by "Lucifer, son of the morning," till then, undoubtedly, "one of the first, if not the first archangel." "Thou saidst, I will sit upon the side of the north—I will be like the Most High." Here was pride—here was the true origin of evil. Hence came the inexhaustible flood of evils upon the lower world. When Satan had once transfused his own self-will and pride into the parents of mankind, all manner of wickedness soon rushed in; all ungodliness and unrighteousness, shooting out into crimes of every kind, soon filled the earth with all manner of abominations. *Folly* may oftentimes have the semblance of wisdom, but it is in appearance only. So it is with the face of an ape, which has a resemblance to that of a human being, but upon a closer inspection he is found to be nothing but a beast.

Deceit and *Murder* are among the first crimes which appear in the human heart. The Serpent, the form and emblem of the first deceiver of mankind, is considered as an emblem of deceit; and the Hyena, who, wild and savage in appearance, tears open graves and feasts upon the bodies of the dead, may represent the murderer. Deceit is universally prevalent among mankind. The celebrated John Wesley, in 1733, made the following entry in his memorandum book: "I am this day thirty years old; and till this day, I know not that I have met with one person of that age, except in my father's house, who did not use guile, more or

less." The devil is stated to be a murderer from the beginning," "a liar," and his children, or those over whom he has influence, have the spirit within.

Anger and *Ill-will*, represented by a growling tiger, have been defined by an ancient philosopher, "a sense of injury received, with a desire of revenge." This passion seems inherent in the human heart, where is the human being who has not been guilty of its indulgence? *Revenge* is the offspring of anger, and stops at nothing that is violent or wicked. The histories of all ages are full of the tragical outrages prompted by this diabolical feeling. See how it glows in the breast of the Indian savage. Neither time nor distance can assuage his thirst for revenge. He pursues his victim through forests, floods, and fields, by night and day, in cold and in heat, if so that he can imbrue his hands in the blood of his enemy.

A certain Italian having disarmed his enemy, and got him completely into his power, told him there was no possible way for him to escape death but by renouncing and cursing Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. The miserable and timorous wretch, to preserve his life, complied. With a demoniacal smile, the other exclaimed, "I will now have my full revenge—I will destroy thy soul and body at one blow!" and then struck him dead on the spot.

Fraud, the vice so common among the wicked, has been often represented by the Crocodile, as this creature, it is said, in order to bring men or beasts within reach of its rapacious jaws, utters forth a piteous and distressful cry. Some say that it devours whatever it catches, all but the head, and then weeps because there is no more to satisfy its ravenous appetite. However this may be, "Crocodile's tears" have become a proverb. A *covetous* and earthly-minded disposition is sometimes represented by the figure of the toad, who gets its living close to the earth.

Licentiousness and *Gluttony*, (represented by a Goat and Hog,) are termed beastly vices, as by them man is assimilated and degraded to the level of a beast. *Guilt* is represented by

the Bat, a creature partly partaking of the nature of the beast, and partly that of a bird. It seeks obscurity, and generally moves or flies about during the shades of night, and appears to have a peculiar aversion to the light of the sun. *Blindness*, moral or spiritual, is represented by the Mole. The eyes of this animal are extremely small, and perfectly hid in its fur, and it is said by naturalists that it has the power of withdrawing or exerting them at pleasure. He that is spiritually blind, becomes so by his own choice, and, like the Mole, has the power to withdraw his eyesight from objects he does not like to contemplate.

The wisest of heathens have borne testimony to the universal depravity of the human heart. It was indeed their common opinion that there was a time when men in general were virtuous and happy; this they called the *golden age*. This belief, which pervaded almost all nations, probably had its origin in the account given by inspiration of our first parents in the garden of Eden. But it was generally believed that this happy age had expired long ago, and men are now living in the midst of the *iron age*, at the commencement of which, the poet says:

"Immediately broke in,
With a full tide, all wickedness and sin,
Shame, truth, fidelity, swift fled away,
And cursed thirst of gold bore unresisted sway."

In the days of Noah, deceit, anger, and murder stalked abroad. The earth became a field of blood. Revenge, cruelty, ambition, with all sorts of injustice, every species of public and private wrongs, were universally diffused. Hatred, envy, malice, blood-thirstiness, and falsehood, rode triumphant, till the Creator, looking down from heaven upon an incorrigible race, swept them from the face of the earth. But how little were the following generations improved by the severe judgment! Those that lived after the flood do not appear to have been much, if any, better than those who lived before it. Wickedness, in all its forms, again soon overspread the earth, in every nation, city, and family. Hence, it is a melancholy truth, that (excepting where the Spirit of God has made a difference) all mankind, now, as well as those four thousand years since, "have corrupted their ways before the Lord; and every imagination of the thoughts of the human heart is evil, only evil, and that continually." From it springs every species of vice and wickedness: hence, sin against God, our neighbors, and ourselves. Against God—forgetfulness and contempt of

God, of his name, his worship, his word, his ordinances; atheism on the one hand, and idolatry on the other; love of the world, desires of the flesh, pride of life, covetousness, etc. The love of honor that cometh from men; the love of the creature more than the Creator.

The unregenerate heart is such an inexhaustible source of ungodliness and unrighteousness, deeply and strongly rooted in the soul, that nothing less than Almighty grace can remove it. Hence arises a harvest of evils, among which is,

"That foul monster, War, that we meet, [sation;
Lays deep the work, the noblest work of the cre-
Which wears in vain its Maker's glorious image,
Unprivileged from thee."

In the train of war are murder, violence, and cruelty of every kind. And all these abominations are not only found in heathen nations, but also in what are called Christian countries. How artfully does the unregenerate heart conceal from itself its desperate wickedness! Who knoweth his own heart? Who can tell the depth of its enmity against God? Who knoweth how deeply it is sunk into the nature of Satan? From these considerations, may we not learn that "he who trusts his own heart is a fool!" How many, even in this life, by casting off the fear of God, and trusting their own hearts, have reduced themselves to miserable extremities. A striking example of this is presented in the life of George Villiers, created, by James I, Earl, Marquis, and afterward Duke of Buckingham, and invested with many high and lucrative offices. He is described as a gay, witty nobleman, with great vivacity, but a pretended atheist, without any principles of honor or integrity. Finally, disgraced and sent to prison, he died in great want and obscurity, despised by all, an example of what a depraved and unregenerate heart sometimes brings its possessor to even in this life. His situation is thus described by Mr. Pope:

"In the worst inn's worst, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
The tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies: alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

1 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verse 11.

PSALM
cxix:
verse 165

ISAIAH,
Chap. xxxii:
verse 17.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iii:
verse 17.



MARK,
Chap. ix:
verse 50.

ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 6.

GALATIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 22.

MALACHI,
Chap. ii:
verses 5, 6.

PEACE.

*Great peace have they that love thy law. Ps. cxix: 165.—
Blessed are the peace-makers. Matt. v: 9.—On earth peace and
good will to men. Luke ii: 14.—Righteousness, peace, and joy.
Rom. xiv: 17.*

BEHOLD the seraph robed in spotless white,
Peace, Heaven's own daughter, in its radiance
bright,

Within her hand the Olive-branch she bears,
And the meek lamb, her gentle nature shares.
Above, on outspread pinions floats the dove,
The snowy emblem of a father's love,
The shield she bears is love, she lives to bless,
The law she bears, resting on righteousness.

Beyond, beside the Indian, gentle Penn,
In friendly treaty meets his fellow-men,
Takes from the red man's hand the pipe of peace,
And seeks to bid all hostile feelings cease.
The soldier waves the flag of truce above,
That tells of friendliness, and truth, and love.
Hail heaven-born Peace! who came to shed
below,
The light of joy, to banish human woe.

Clad in simple garments, white and clean, an emblem of purity unsullied, Peace, the daughter of Heaven, stands forth, holding the olive-branch in one hand, and the shield of Love in the other. She holds up the law, which rests on, or is firmly upheld by, the sure foundation of *Righteousness*. She wards off the attacks of her enemies by the

shield of Love; a lamb, the emblem of innocence and harmlessness, is seen by her side.

In the back-ground is seen William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, in the act of making a treaty of perpetual peace with the Indians, one of whom, having the pipe of peace, is taking him by the hand; on the other side is the

figure of a warrior, holding up the white flag of truce. Above them all is the figure of the dove, an emblem of the Holy Spirit, whose influence pervades the whole scene.

In a religious sense, the word peace signifies every blessing that relates either to the soul or the body to time or to eternity. Peace-makers are those lovers of God and man, who utterly abhor all strife and debate, all variance and contention; and, accordingly, labor with all their might, either to prevent this fire of hell being kindled, or when it is kindled, from breaking out; or when it is broken out, to extinguish it. They endeavor to calm the stormy spirits of men, to quiet their turbulent passions, to soften the minds of contending parties, and, if possible, to reconcile them. It is the joy of their heart to promote, to confirm, to increase mutual good-will among men, especially Christian men, that they may "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

"But, in the full extent of the word," says a celebrated divine, "a peace-maker is one, as he has opportunity, doeth good unto all men; one that, being filled with the love of God, and of all mankind, can not confine the expressions of it to his own family, or friends, or acquaintances, or party, or to those of his own opinions—no, nor those of who are partakers of like precious faith; but steps over all these narrow bounds, that he may do good to every man, that he may some way or another manifest his love to his neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. He does good, not of one particular kind, but good in general, in every possible way; employing herein all his talents of every kind, all his powers and faculties of body and soul, all his fortune, his interest, his reputation: desiring only, that when his Lord

cometh, he may say, 'Well done good and faithful servant!'"

The treaty of William Penn with the Indians has acquired a wide celebrity. It was made in the spirit of love, goodwill, and kindness toward the Indians. This treaty between the Quakers, or Friends, on the one part, and the Indians on the other, is one of the few which has been faithfully kept by both parties. "It was sanctioned by no formal oath," says one, "and it is about the only one which was ever kept." Such was the spirit of kindness and peace manifested by Penn and his companions; that it is said that the Indians never killed or injured a Friend, knowing him to be such.

Unarmed, except by Love, in danger's hour,
Penn moves midst savage men; his power they
feel:

All-conquering love! more mighty in thy power,
Than thundering cannon, or the glittering steel.

Like coals of fire, Love melts the stubborn will
Of those who lurk as tigers for their prey,
With savage hate, with murderous aim to kill,
The warrior stops, looks up, and owns her sway.

And he who's girt around by Love, may stand
Safe, as if circled by a wall of fire!
Hate will not lift 'gainst him the murderous hand,
And feelings hard are melted and expire!

There is no true peace which can ever be incorporated with a worldly or an irreligious life—no true peace which can accord with the ignorance or pride of infidelity. But great peace have they who live by the faith of the Son of God, and love God's law. The peace of God rules and quiets their hearts amidst the evils of life, and with every change, they are passing from strength to strength, anticipating, by faith and confidence, the blessedness and the security of an eternal world. In storms and tempests here below, there is a calmness in the breast of those who do the will of God. They are at peace with him by the blood of reconciliation; at peace with themselves, by the answer of a good conscience, and the subjection of those desires which

war against the soul; at peace with all men by the spirit of charity; and the whole creation is so at peace with them "that all things work together for their good." No extremes can rob them of this "great peace." Heavenly love surmounts every obstacle, and runs with delight "the way of God's commandments."

Says one, who is giving an account of the peace of God which many have felt at the hour of their dissolution, "We can only say that it is an unspeakable calmness and serenity of spirit; a tranquillity in the blood of Christ, which keeps the souls of believers, in their latest hour, even as a garrison keeps a city; which keeps, not only their hearts, all their passions and affections, but also their minds, all the motions of their understanding and imagination, and all the workings of their reason, in Christ Jesus."

* * * * *

The Apostle, in writing to his Roman brethren, says, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Says a commentator, "To live in a state of peace with one's neighbors, friends, and even family, is often very difficult. But the man who loves God must labor after this; for it is indispensably necessary, even for his own sake. A man can not have a misunderstanding with others without having his own peace materially disturbed. He must, to be happy, be at peace with all men, whether they will be so with him or not. The apostle knew that it would be difficult to get into and maintain such a state,

as his own words amply prove—and if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably. Though it be but barely possible, labor after it.

"The more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves—the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care so to live that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

PEACE AMONG NATIONS.

'Oh first of human blessings, and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou;
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers, live in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy; and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

* * * * *

Oh Peace! thou source and soul of social life!
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports—
Blest be the man that gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage:
Who sheathes the murderous blade; the deadly
gun

Into the well-piled armory returns,
And every vigor from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smiles!

* * * * *

Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace;
Till all the happy nations catch the song."

GENESIS,
Chap. xxiv :
verse 27.

PSALM
xxxi :
verses 4, 5.

PSALM
lxxxv :
verse 11.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xii :
verse 19.



PROVERBS,
Chap. xvi :
verse 6.

PSALM
lxiii :
verse 11.

MATTHEW,
Chap. v :
verse 11.

LAMENTATIONS,
Chap. iii :
verse 26.

TIME BRINGS UP TRUTH.

The Truth of the Lord endureth forever. Ps. cxvii : 2.—There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested. Mark iv : 22.

Time brings up Truth at last, though buried long,
Though Slander, Envy, Strife, her foes are strong.
In her dark prison, bound, she may have lain,
The light of day shall o'er her shine again.
Despond not drooping heart in darkness bound,
Whom cruel slander long had power to wound ;

What though it seem the hour would ne'er be
past,
Time the avenger sets it right at last.
Wait thou for Time ! oh stricken, slandered one,
Though treachery wound, and friends thy path-
way shun.

Time is here represented as bringing Truth out of a cavern, in which she had long been confined by *Slander*, *Envy*, and *Strife*, her principal enemies, who are shrinking away from the scene. The following stanzas are from an ancient publication, underneath a cut by which our engraving was suggested :

Three Furies fell, which turne the world to ruthe,
Both Envy, Strife and Slander here appeare,
In dungeon dark they long inclosed Truth,
But Time at length did loose his daughter deare,

And sets aloft the lady bright
Who things long hid reveals and brings to light.
Though strife make fire, though Envy eat her heart,
The innocent though Slander rente and spoile,
Yet time will come and take the Ladie's part,
And break her bands, and bring her foes to foile.
Despaire not then, though Truth be hidden ofte,
Because at length she shall be set alofte.

Envy, who is in close alliance with her sisters Malice and Slander, is of hateful

origin and aspect. She furnishes poison and other ingredients and implements with which to destroy the reputation and life of those about her. She will, if possible, disfigure Truth, or so shut her up in some cavern or dungeon that she can not appear. With her foul paint-brush she will endeavor to cover her in such disagreeable colors as to render her an object of aversion. By disfiguring or suppressing Truth, *Strife* with her fiery torch is aroused, and when she stalks abroad "there is confusion and every evil work," yet let no one despair, for

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The Eternal years of God are hers.

Time the conqueror is coming forward, he will break every barrier and remove every obstruction, and bring his daughter forth to the light of day, when her enemies will shrink back abashed from her presence. Truth is

"The good man's boast, and Fraud's eternal foe,
The best of gifts Heaven can on man bestow;
Where she is found, bright virtue still resides,
And equal justice every action guides;
In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
And with mild power her happy sway maintains.

The attribute of God himself confess,
That stamps his image on the human breast."

"The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. Lucretius, who beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and see a battle, and the advantages thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth, (a

hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene,) and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists and tempests in the vale below;' so always this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling and pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

When Christianity was first introduced among men, it received violent opposition from almost every class. Its divine founder was arraigned before a human tribunal as a disturber of the public peace, and condemned and executed as a malefactor. The apostles and evangelists of his holy religion were treated as imposters, considered as the filth and off-scouring of the world, and most of them suffered a bloody death. But truth, like oil upon troubled waters, came uppermost at last. Paganism retired abashed and confounded; Christianity prevailed, and was established throughout the Roman Empire, extending at last to the throne of the Cæsars.

Truth, on almost every subject, when first proposed or set forth, has generally met with decided opposition, and various attempts have been made to suppress or cover it up from observation. *Galileo*, the Italian philosopher, so celebrated for his astronomical discoveries, was born in Pisa, in Italy, in 1564. Having constructed a telescope, he made such discoveries in the science of astronomy, that it convinced him of the truth of the Copernican system. At that period a belief of this theory was considered as heretical, and contrary to the word of God. Formal complaint having been made to the Inquisition, he was summoned before that body, at Rome, in 1615. He was accused of maintaining that the earth moved around the sun, while the latter remained stationary. The Inquisition decreed that Galileo should renounce these doctrines, and neither teach nor publish them, and if he refused acquiescence, he should be imprisoned. They

also issued a decree declaring these new opinions contrary to the Bible, and prohibited the sale of every book in which they should be taught.

In 1632, Galileo, in an indirect manner, caused his great work on astronomical subjects to be published at Florence. He was, in the 70th year of his age, again summoned before the Inquisition, who ordered that he should be imprisoned for three years, recite once in the week the seven penitential psalms, and that he should, in the most solemn manner, abjure the Copernican system, and bind himself by oath never to maintain or support it either in his conversation or writings.

We have a remarkable instance of Time bringing up truth from confinement in the history of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England, who, perhaps, was more slandered than any other person who exercised sovereign power. For a long period he was denounced as an usurper and tyrant, a fanatic and hypocrite. Even at the college where he was educated is a record which states that "*He was a great imposter, a most abandoned villain, who having by horrid murder cut off King Charles I, of blessed*

memory, usurped the throne itself, and, under the name of Protector, for nearly five years plagued the three kingdoms with outrageous tyranny." He died in 1658, and on the restoration of monarchy, his body was taken up and hung upon the gallows. After a lapse of two centuries of slander, the truth is beginning to appear. Distinguished and able writers are now vindicating the fame of perhaps the most invincible general, the most consummate statesman, the wisest, the most religious and virtuous ruler ever placed at the head of his countrymen.

Many distinguished persons whose memory is now revered, were, during their lives, charged with crimes of which they were never guilty. Men who have boldly stood forth for the cause of God and humanity, have been accused of evil motives; have been a target at which the vile shot their arrows, assailed by keen abuse and malignant ridicule.

Wait patiently, then, ye who are suffering from Slander, Envy, and Strife. Time will yet vindicate his daughter Truth; she will be brought from the thick darkness in which she has been so long confined, lovely in simplicity and majestic in power!

PROVERBS,

Chap. xiv:
verse 14.

1 SAMUEL,

Chap. xii:
verse 3.

DANIEL,

Chap. vi:
verse 22.

1 THESSAL'NS,

Chap. xi:
verse 10.



2 TIMOTHY,

Chap. iv:
verse 7.

JOB,

Chap. xxix:
verses 13-17.

2 KINGS,

Chap. xx:
verse 3.

PSALM

xxvi:
verse 1.

THE MEMORY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Great peace have they that love thy law. Ps. cxix: 165.—And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever. Isa. xxxii: 17.

BACK to the past, the good man turns his eyes,
And Memory's pictures to his vision rise.
The bright-eyed boy, who lifts his heart in prayer,
Asking, in youth, a heavenly Father's care.
Then to the house of God he turns his way,
Shunning the path where thousands go astray.
Then learning still of older lips the truth,

Himself perhaps the guide of tender youth;
Then later still with willing hand and heart,
The gift of heaven to others he imparts,
Clothing the needy orphan in distress,
Blessing the widow and the fatherless. [bright,
Oh! 'mid such scenes as these, the past grows
Pictures of memory clothed in living light.

The engraving is a representation of a true Christian or righteous man, reviewing some of the prominent transactions of his past life. These appear in a vision-like form in the back-ground. The first scene represents him in the morning of life, in the attitude of prayer,

being one of the first things taught him by a sainted mother, who, perhaps, has long since departed from these earthly scenes. He next appears going to the house of God, in company with others, to engage in the public worship of God, and to receive public instruction. Again.

he is shown receiving instruction from those older than himself; or if he be a parent, he gives instruction to his children. Pointing upward, he directs them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Later in life he appears relieving the fatherless and the widow, the hungry and naked, the sick and the distressed.

Memory is that faculty of the mind by which we can recall past scenes or events, and the particular part which we took in them, and according to the spirit which we then manifested, we feel present pleasure or pain. Conscience is a power, implanted by God in the soul of man, for perceiving what is right or wrong in his heart or life, in his temper, thoughts, words, and actions. This faculty is given even to the heathen, who have never had (outwardly) the law, but are a law unto themselves: who show the work of the law written in their heart, (by the finger of God,) their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or excusing one another.

The memory of St. Paul, as far as it regarded himself, after his conversion to Christianity, was a "*memory of righteousness.*" This gave him peace, joy, and present satisfaction, though in the midst of severe trials and afflictions. The Apostle, near the close of his eventful life, declares that he had "fought a good fight," and that he had "kept the faith." All of which we are bound to believe was strictly true; and whatever his fellow-laborers might have done, or whatever blame might have been attached to *them*, the Apostle of the Gentiles appears, after his conversion, to have performed every thing that was required of him as a Christian.

He who, like Timothy, has been brought up from childhood to know and obey the Scriptures, has many things to reflect on with pleasure. By the power of memory he sees how his infant mind was first opened to receive heavenly in-

struction from pious parents, or some other kind relatives; how he obeyed the command of God to seek him early, and how he experienced the divine promise of being found of him. He reflects with pleasure how early he was taught to love so good a Being, and from how many childish sins and follies he was preserved by keeping his commandments. All these, and many more mercies experienced in youth, called up by memory, brings him present happiness.

They who have, according to their ability, given good advice to those younger than themselves, and have endeavored to lead them into the paths of virtue, will, in after life, when memory recalls these efforts, find much satisfaction. Possibly they may see that thus they have saved a human being from ruin. Many, perhaps, by their kind words and actions, have been sustained and encouraged in times of trial and difficulty. As they have advanced to riper years, they have brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. If faithful in these duties, the memory of it will be blessed.

In an especial manner, he who has administered to wants of the poor and needy, the widow and fatherless, will, when memory recalls his acts, enjoy an elevated pleasure; he has the divine promise, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The righteous man visits the sick and distressed, and endeavors to relieve suffering wherever found; he does not stop to inquire of what nation, or religious creed is the sufferer. He does not even ask what crimes he has committed before he will relieve him. But like his heavenly Father, who sends his rain on the just and on the unjust, he endeavors to do good unto all men. What a noble subject, too, for contemplation is he who has been the instrument of preserving human life, and bringing comfort and peace into the habitations of the wretched!

When the Son of man shall come

in his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, then will he say to the righteous on his right hand, "Come ye blessed of my Father," for when I was hungry, ye gave me meat; thirsty, ye gave me drink; a stranger, ye took me in; naked, ye clothed me; sick, ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me. Our Divine Master here acknowledges that whatever is done by the righteous unto the meanest of his followers, he will regard it as done unto himself.

The earnest Christian has that true peace and calm satisfaction of spirit which arises from the testimony of his conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, he had his conversation in the world. He rejoices that God has given him the "mind that was in Christ"—simplicity, a single eye to him in the motions of his heart: to aim to be conformed to Christ in all things.

His conscience bears witness, when memory recalls the past, that he has, in some good degree, "walked worthy of the vocation wherewith he is called;" that he has abstained from all appearance of evil, and, as far as he had the opportunity, he has done good unto all men.

The memory of righteousness brings joy to the soul even when in affliction. Whatever trials we may experience, the loss of health, poverty, the death or estrangement of friends, the slander of others, the triumph of enemies, and even greater trials, yet, if we have the testimony of a good conscience, we can "rejoice that our names are written in heaven."

Many of the righteous have never experienced any joy to be compared with that which then filled their soul when the body was well-nigh worn out with pain or pining sickness. And never, surely, did human beings rejoice like those who were used "as the filth and offscouring of the world," who wandered to and fro, being in want of all things;

in hunger, in cold, in nakedness: who had trials, not only of "cruel mockings," but "moreover of bonds and imprisonments;" yea, who, at last, "counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy."

To those who live somewhat out of the noise and bustle of the world, the joys and pains of memory bear with peculiar force upon the mind. If a person acted upon no higher principle than self-interest, it would be wisdom in him to live in such a manner as not to be harassed by the memory of the past. A modern poet thus describes the "Pleasures of Memory."

"From thee, sweet Hope, her airy coloring draws,
And fancy's flights are subject to thy laws;
From thee that bosom spring of rapture flows,
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue knows.

* * * *

A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor moldered by decay;

A world, with memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,

The home of happiness, an honest breast.

* * * *

Hail MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call her own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky.
If but a beam of sober reason play,
So Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,

Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!"

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their mighty minutes move.

2 KINGS,
Chap. ix:
verse 31.

ISAIAH,
Chap. lvii:
verse 20.

PROVERBS,
Chap. x:
verse 24.

PSALM
li:
verse 3.



PROVERBS,
Chap. xxviii:
verse 1.

JOB,
Chap. xx:
verses 5-20.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxvii:
verses 3, 4, 5.

EZEKIEL,
Chap. xxi:
verse 24.

THE MEMORY OF WICKEDNESS.

*There is no peace saith my God to the wicked. Isa. LVII: 21.—
Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil.
Rom. II: 9.*

DARK is the scene which meets the troubled gaze
Of the old man who squander'd life's best days.
He sees the pictures of the hours misspent,
With disobedience, sin and folly blent.
A mother's warning voice he despised in youth;
And trampled 'neath his feet God's word of truth.

God's house neglected, engaged in angry fights,
Wasted his days, and made riotous his nights;
Then later still, the suffering and the poor
Turned with revilings from his door.
Memories like these makes his old age drear,
Alas! no hope beyond, his guilty soul to cheer

The engraving annexed represents a wicked or unrighteous man who, unwillingly, has the remembrance of his crimes brought before his mind. He is evidently ill at ease, which shows itself by his troubled countenance. Some of his wayward and unrighteous acts appear

vision-like in the back-ground. The first scene in order represents him turning his back on the instructions of his mother. Rather than learn his duty, he casts the lessons of wisdom aside, and, as it were, tramples them under his feet, and commences a truant life. The next scene

represents him engaged in quarreling with one of his companions, as the wicked heart is full of hatred and strife. He is again seen driving the poor and needy from his presence, although abundantly able to supply their wants. He is also shown using violence and cruelty toward his fellow-man, and perhaps, in addition to other crimes and misdemeanors, has betrayed female innocence by his false promises, regardless of the misery which was to ensue.

Man was originally formed in the image of his Maker, that Being whose nature is love. Though now in a fallen and depraved state, some traces of his original constitution still remain. By the Divine Constitution misery follows the commission of sin and transgression. However depraved man may become, or to what extent he may cast off the fear of God, yet if he commits wrongs against his fellow-men, so he feels, to a greater or less extent, miserable and unhappy. He has violated the great law of love. He may disbelieve in the existence of any God to take notice of the affairs of men, either to reward or punish human action, yet he can not escape misery. He may attempt to drown his thoughts in various ways, but in vain, for memory, in spite of all his exertions to prevent it, will present his crimes in dismal array before him.

Even among heathens who never had a written revelation, we find the same law in existence as among enlightened nations. Every-where, among all nations and tribes, high and low, the learned and the ignorant, bond and free, the consciences of men approve of acts of beneficence and love, and detest those of oppression and wrong. Many accounts have reached us in history, where the wrong-doer has suffered misery and anguish on account of his transgressions. Although amenable to no human tribunal, yet conscience, reminded by the memory of past wickedness, has lashed them for their crimes.

The celebrated Col. Gardner, when a young man, led what is falsely called a "life of pleasure." He appears to have cast off fear and restraint, and indulged himself in all the fashionable vices and follies of the times. Such then was his appearance of cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, that he received the appellation of "the Happy Rake." After his remarkable conversion to the Christian faith, he stated to his friends, that often when those about him were ready to envy him for his apparent happiness, he was in the most wretched and unhappy state of mind. Such was the memory of his immoralities, he says, that on one particular occasion, when in the full tide of his career, a dog coming into the room where he was, he actually wished, and inwardly exclaimed "I wish that I was that dog."

"One of the most sensible men I ever knew (says one), but whose life as well as creed had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer not many months before his death, when I asked him whether his former irregularities were not accompanied at the time and succeeded afterward by some sense of mental pain? 'Yes,' said he, 'but I have scarce owned it till now. We (meaning we infidels and men of fashionable morals) do not tell you all that passes in our hearts.'"

Such has been the power of the memory of wickedness committed, that it has rendered life insupportable, and many have laid violent hands on themselves and rushed unbidden into the presence of their Maker. Others, when human testimony has failed to convict them of the murders they have committed, have themselves voluntarily confessed their crime and suffered its penalty. During the last century, a jeweler of considerable wealth, while traveling at some distance from his abode, was murdered by his servant, who, after rifling his master of his money and jewels, concealed his body in a stream of water.

He then departed to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither himself or master were known. There he began to trade in a small way at first, to escape observation, and in the course of many years seemed to rise up by the natural progress of business to wealth and consideration. He finally became the chief magistrate and judge in the town where he lived. While acting as judge, a prisoner was brought before him, charged with the murder of his master. The evidence was such, that the jury gave the verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the judge. To their astonishment, they saw him come down from the bench and place himself by the side of the prisoner, and thus address his fellow-judges: "You see before you a striking instance of the awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made an ample confession of his crime, with all its aggravations. "Nor can I," continued he, "feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." The amazed judges accordingly proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him, and he died, it is hoped, a true penitent.

The memory of wickedness will often force itself upon the mind in an unexpected manner. In one of our oldest States, a man of pious parentage, being an adept in political movements, rose to offices of distinction. During the earlier part of his career, he was of licentious habits. Though of skeptical or infidel opinions, yet the remembrance of the wrongs he had committed, the female innocence he had destroyed, caused him many pangs of remorse. Some common occurrence would bring to his memory his

former transgressions. On one occasion it is related of him, that when journeying on horseback, he dismounted and rolled on the earth in keen anguish of mind.

Of all the distresses of mind that human beings can feel, perhaps none are equal to those of a guilty conscience. It embitters every comfort, dashes every pleasure with sorrow, fills the mind with despair, and produces wretchedness in the greatest degree. "To live under such disquietude," says a celebrated writer, "is already to undergo one of the most severe punishments that human nature can suffer." Dr. Young, who attended the last moments of Altamont, a licentious young nobleman of infidel principles, gives a harrowing description of the scene. Addressing himself to one of his infidel companions, he said:

"How madly thou hast listened and believed! but look on my present state as a full answer to thee and myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is doubtless immortal. And as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel. * * Remorse for the past throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past; I turn and turn and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for its flames! That is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire! * * * My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy, and my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh thou blasphemed yet indulgent LORD God! hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

DEUTER'OMY,

Chap. xxxii:
verse 17.

2 CHRONICLES,

Chap. xi:
verse 15.

PSALM

cvi:
verse 37.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. x:
verse 20.



ROMANS,

Chap. i:
verse 21.

2 KINGS,

Chap. xvi:
verse 3.

PSALM

ix:
verse 15.

EXODUS,

Chap. xxxii:
verse 4.

HEATHENISM.

*The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.
Ps. LXXIV: 20.—They changed the glory of the incorruptible
God into an image made like corruptible man . . . birds, . . . four-
footed beasts and creeping things. Rom. i: 23.*

BEHOLD the sacrifice of human blood,
Spilt as an offering to some heathen god.
The creeping things that move on distant shores,
Are the varied forms that ignorance adores.
The mother standing where the Ganges flows,

Amid the waves her helpless infant throws;
See Egypt's golden calf, the Persian fire,
The ancients worshiped on their sacred pyre;
While modern tribes before their various idols fall,
And worship what they know not, blind in all.

The engraving shows heathenism in a variety of forms. One of the most prominent is a priest sacrificing a human victim to appease or gain the favor of some imaginary deity, who delights in the shedding of human blood. In front are the crocodile, the ibex, and some creeping things, all of which have been worshiped as deities by nations of antiquity. In the back-ground the Hindoo mother is casting her infant into the river, the sacred Ganges; the golden calf of Egypt and the Persian fire, both objects of worship, also appear. In one section the gods of ancient Greece and Rome are represented, before which worshippers are prostrated. In remote antiquity we find that heathen nations lived in fear of some great malignant spirit or spirits, who ruled over the countries where they dwelt. To obtain the favor of these infernal deities, they often sacrificed what they esteemed the most valuable, and on

great occasions human victims were offered. On one of these we are informed that Xerxes, the Persian, buried alive nine young men and nine young women, belonging to the country he was traversing, to obtain the favor of the gods. In this he followed the example of his wife, for she commanded fourteen Persian children of illustrious birth to be offered in that manner to the deity who reigns beneath the earth.

When Æneas was to perform the last kind office for his friend Pallas, he sacrificed (besides numerous oxen, sheep, and swine) eight captives to the infernal gods. Achilles, also, caused twelve Trojans of high birth to bleed by the sacerdotal knife, over the ashes of his friend Patroclus.

"A hundred feet in length, a hundred wide,
The glowing structure spreads on every side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and stable oxen slay;

* * * *

The last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell;
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.
Smeared with bloody rights, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a cheerful cry.
All hail Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.

POPE'S *Homer II.*

The practice of shedding human blood before the altars of their gods was not peculiar to the Trojans and the Greeks. The Romans, in the first ages of their republic, sacrificed children to the goddess Mania. In later periods, numerous gladiators bled at the tombs of the patricians or nobles, to appease the manes or ghosts of the deceased. And it is particularly noticed, that after the taking of Perugia, there were sacrificed on the ides of March, three hundred senators and knights to the divinity of Julius Cæsar.

The Carthagenians defeated by Agathocles, tyrant of Sicily, attributed their disgrace to the anger of their god, and

offered two hundred children, taken from the most distinguished families in Carthage. The mode of sacrificing these children was horrid in the extreme; for they were cast into the arms of a brazen statue, and from thence dropped into a furnace. It was probably in this manner the Ammonites offered up their children to Moloch. The Pelasgi at one time sacrificed a tenth part of all their children in obedience to an oracle.

The Egyptians in Heliopolis daily sacrificed three men to Juno. The Spartans and Arcadians scourged to death young women—the latter to appease the wrath of Bacchus, the former to gratify Diana. The Gauls, equally cruel in their worship, sacrificed men to their ancient deities, and at a later period to Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, Minerva, etc. Cæsar informs us that whenever they thought themselves in danger, whether from sickness or any considerable defeat in war, being persuaded that unless life be given for life the anger of the gods could never be appeased, they constructed wicker images of enormous bulk, which they filled with men, who were first suffocated with smoke, and then consumed with fire.

In Sweden the altars of *Woden* smoked incessantly with blood. This flowed most abundantly at their solemn festivals every ninth year at Upsal. When the king, attended by the senate and his courtiers, entered the temple, which glittered with gold, and conducted to the altar nine slaves, or in time of war, nine captives. These first received the caresses of the multitude, as being about to avert from them the displeasure of their gods. In times of distress more noble victims bled, and it stands upon record (says Dr. Clarke) that when Aune, their king, was ill, he offered up to Woden his nine sons to prolong his life.

The Danes had the same heathenish and abominable customs. Hacon, King of Norway, offered his own son to obtain from Woden the victory over Harrold,

with whom he was at war. In Russia the Scavi worshiped many gods. *Peroun*, their thunderer, was supreme, and before his image many of their prisoners bled. *Suetovid*, the god of war, was their favorite, and they annually presented as a burnt offering three hundred prisoners, each on his horse, and when the whole was consumed by fire, the priests and people sat down to eat and drink until they were drunk. The ancient Peruvians, on this western continent sacrificed their children to the sun. In more modern times, thousands have voluntarily perished in India, under the wheels of their god Juggernaut.

The ancient Egyptians, though considerably advanced in civilization, debased themselves by their heathenish system of religion. Their principal gods were *Osiris* and *Isis*, which are supposed to be the sun and moon. Beside this they worshiped the ox, the dog, the cat, the crocodile, the ibis or stork, and even creeping things. The bull *Apis* had a splendid temple erected to him; great honors were paid to him when living, and still greater after his death. The golden calf was set up by the Israelites near Mount Sinai, and worshiped.

One of the most prominent forms of heathenism in modern times, is the worship of the idol Juggernaut in India. This huge misshapen image is kept in a temple, of which the principal part rises to an elevation of two hundred feet. Numerous festivals are held in honor of the idol, the most important of which are the bathing and car festivals. For a long period, pilgrims have assembled in vast numbers, from various parts of India, to attend the ceremonies. Great sufferings are experienced, in consequence of excessive fatigue, among those who come from a distance. Many die from exposure and want of food. The plains in many places are whitened with the bones of the pilgrims, while dogs and vultures are continually devouring the dead.

At one of the annual festivals, Juggernaut

and two other images, said to be his brother and sister, are brought out and set upon huge cars. Six cables are attached to the car of Juggernaut, three hundred feet in length, by means of which the people draw it from place to place. Devotees, for the purpose of gaining in a future life, health, riches and honor, cast themselves under the wheels of the car to be crushed to death.

"Here rolls the hated car,
Grinding and crashing bones, and hearts and brains
Of men and women. Down they fling themselves
In the deep gush, and wait the heavy wheel,
Slow rolling on its thunder-bellowing axle,
Sunk in the wounded earth. The sigh, the breath,
The blood, and life, and soul, with spurring rush,
Beneath the horrid load forsake the heap
Of pounded flesh, and the big roar continues
As though no soul had passed the bounds of time.
* * * * * the mad, living throng,
Trampling by thousands o'er the dead and dying,
And shouting, howling, pulling, hear no groan,
Nor feel the throes of beings beneath them."

Upwards of a week is sometimes spent in dragging the car about two miles. Every time it stops, one of the priests steps forward on the platform, and rehearses the deeds and extols the character of the idol in a manner the most obscene. Should the speaker quote from the Shasters, (their sacred books,) or invent an expression more than usually lascivious, the multitude give a shout or sensual yell. The abominations practiced on these occasions, both in language and manner, can not be named among a Christian people.

From time immemorial Hindoo mothers have thrown their infant children into the Ganges, to be devoured by alligators, to propitiate some offended deity. Formerly thousands of widows were burnt on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. They thus escaped the disgrace of being widows, and became, as they believed, entitled to a residence with their husbands and relatives in heaven. Such is the religion of the most populous of heathen countries, in modern

times. Woman is debased and made a slave wherever it prevails. It teaches its votaries to defile themselves with the mud of the streets; to measure the distance from their houses to their temples by the length of their bodies, prostrated every foot of the way; to swing in the air, suspended by hooks thrust through the muscles of the back, and to submit to a thousand other tortures, in honor of some cruel but imaginary deity. Of late years the British Government, in the parts of India under their control, have endeavored, and with varied success, to put a stop to these heathenish practices.

At the time of the Christian era, most of the world was sunk in heathenism and idolatry, the character of the mass being thus truly described by the Apostle Paul:

Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness, through the lust of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections. For even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature: and likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the women, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient: being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death; not

only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.—*Romans i: 22—32.*

Moshiem, one of the most reliable of religious historians, speaking of the nations in the Roman empire, states: "All these were plunged in the grossest superstitions. * * Some, nations, indeed went beyond others in impiety and absurdity of worship, but all stood chargeable with irrationality and gross stupidity in matters of religion. Each nation had a class of deities peculiar to itself, among which one was supposed to be superior to all others, and was their king, or father. This supreme divinity, it was taught, was himself subject to the laws of fate, or to an eternal destiny."

The supreme divinity of the Greeks and Romans was Jupiter; Mars, the god of war; Apollo presided over music, poetry, etc.; Mercury was the messenger of the gods; Bacchus, the god of wine, and presided over drunkards; Juno, the queen of the gods, was both the sister and wife of Jupiter; Minerva was the goddess of wisdom; Venus was the goddess of the graces, the author of elegance, beauty, etc, and was in reality the patroness of all licentiousness. Besides these were many other inferior deities of lesser note, and the most of them were represented as possessing the baser passions of mankind.

The greater part of the gods of all nations were ancient heroes, famous for their achievements and worthy deeds, such as kings, generals, founders of cities, and likewise females who were distinguished for their deeds, whom a grateful posterity had deified. To these some added the more splendid and useful objects in the natural world, among which the sun, moon, and stars were pre-eminent, received worship among nearly all; and some were not ashamed to pay divine honors to mountains, rivers, trees, the earth, the ocean, the winds, and even to diseases, to virtues and vices, and almost every conceivable object.

The worship of these deities consisted of numerous ceremonies, with sacrifices, offerings, and prayers. The ceremonies, for the most part, were absurd and ridiculous, and throughout, debasing, cruel, and obscene. Most nations sacrificed animals, and many of them human victims. Their prayers were insipid and void of piety, both in their form and manner. Over this whole worship presided pontiffs, priests, and servants of the gods, divided into many classes, and whose business it was to see that the rites were duly performed. These were supposed to enjoy the friendship and familiar converse of the gods; and they basely abused their authority to impose on the people.

Besides this common worship, to which all had free access, the Greeks, and others, had concealed rites, called *mysteries*, to which very few were admitted. Candidates for initiation had first to give satisfactory proof of their good faith and patience. When initiated, they could not divulge any thing they had seen without exposing their lives to great danger. These mysteries were little known, but it is well authenticated that

many things were done contrary to decency, and in all of them the discerning might see that the deities there worshiped were more distinguished for their vices than their virtues.

The whole pagan system had not the least efficacy to produce and cherish virtuous emotions in the soul. In the first place, the gods and goddesses who were worshiped were more distinguished for their vices than their virtues. Though considered as superior to mortals in power, and as exempt from death, yet in all things else they were on a level with their votaries. In the next place, most of their ministers, or priests, neither by precept or example, exhorted the people to lead virtuous lives, but the homage required by the gods consisted in the observance of rites and ceremonies. And, lastly, the doctrines inculcated respecting rewards and punishments in the future world were dubious and uncertain, and others more adapted to promote vice than virtue. A universal corruption of morals prevailed, and crimes, which at this day can not be named with decency, were then practiced with entire impunity.

LUKE,
Chap. xvii:
verse 5.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xi:
verse 6.

ROMANS,
Chap. iv:
verse 5.



1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 3.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. i:
verse 27.

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 22.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

By whom also we have access by faith, . . . justified by faith.
Rom. v: 2, 1.—For we are saved by hope. Rom. viii: 24.—
Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. xiii: 10.

Faith, Hope, and Love, the heavenly three unite,
To form a glorious circle, firm and bright;
Faith lifts the sacred cross, which can not fail,
And Hope her anchor casts within the vail;
While heaven-born Love descended from the skies,

Stands linked with these, by closest, purest ties
Hail, sacred circle! beauteous sisters three,
Bright emblems of the glorious Trinity,
Shed evermore your smiles on fallen man,
And teach to earth salvation's wondrous plan.

The circle is emblematic of Deity, without beginning or end. Love being a strong feature, or perhaps essence, of Divine nature, its emblem is placed within the circle. Christian Faith and Hope are connected with Love by the strong cords of affection. Faith elevates the symbol of Christianity, while Hope casts her anchor within the vail.

Christian Faith, though not the greatest, stands the first in order among the Christian graces. By it we take the first step heavenward. Without it, it is impossible to please God, for he that

cometh to him, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

The man who professes that it is his duty to serve and worship God, must, if he acts rationally, do it on the conviction, first, that there is such a Being, infinite, eternal, and self-existent—the Cause of all—on whom all beings depend, and by whose energy, bounty, and providence all other beings exist, live, and are supplied with the means of continued existence and life. He must also believe that he rewards all those that

diligently seek him, and that he is not indifferent about his own worship; that he requires adoration and religious service from man; and that he blesses and especially protects and saves those who, in simplicity and uprightness of heart, seek and serve him. This requires faith such as mentioned above.

Faith in Christ, or Christian and saving Faith, is that principle wrought in the heart by the Divine Spirit, whereby we are persuaded that Christ is the Messiah; and possess such a desire and expectation of the blessings he has promised in his gospel as engages the mind to fix its dependence on him, and subject itself to him in all the ways of holy obedience, and relying solely for everlasting life.

As to the properties or adjuncts of Faith, it may be observed that it stands the first in order, and takes the precedence of other graces. "He that believeth shall be saved." Mark xvi: 16. It is every way precious and valuable. "Precious faith." 2 Peter: 1. It appropriates and realizes, or as the Apostle says, in Heb. xi: 1, "is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." The evidences of faith are, love to Christ, confidence, prayer, attention to his ordinances, zeal in promoting his glory, and holiness of heart and life.

Hope is represented with an anchor, whereby is aptly represented her steadiness and trust. In religious pictures she is often drawn with her eyes turned up toward heaven, in token of her confidence in that help which comes only from above. Scarcely any passion seems to be more natural to man than hope; and, considering the many troubles he is encompassed with, none is more necessary; for life, void of all hope, would be a heavy and spiritless thing, very little desirable, perhaps hardly to be borne; whereas hope infuses strength into the mind, and by so doing, lessens the burdens of life. If in trouble, we hope it

will be removed; this helps us to support it with patience.

It is said, in an old heathen fable, that when Prometheus stole fire from heaven, with which he animated mortal bodies, he gave Pandora a box which was close shut; but her curiosity (which the god foresaw) prompting her to open it, out flew a variety of plagues and evils, which immediately dispersed themselves over the world. Confounded and astonished, Pandora at length shut the fatal box again, when, all the rest of its contents being fled, *hope* alone remained at the bottom, which proved the only consolation to mankind for the plagues Jove had sent among them.

The Christian's hope is an expectation of all necessary good, both in time and eternity, founded on the promises, relations, and perfections of God, and on the offices, righteousness of Christ. It is composed of desire, expectation, patience, and joy. It may be considered as pure, as it is resident in that heart which is cleansed from sin: as *good* (in distinction from the hope of the hypocrite), as deriving his origin from God, and centering in him. It is called *lively* (1 Peter i: 3), as it proceeds from spiritual life, and renders one active and lively in good words. It is *courageous*, (Rom. v: 5; 1 Thess. v: 8,) because it excites fortitude in all the troubles of life, and yields support in the hour of death, (Prov. xiv: 32); *sure*, (Heb. vi: 19,) because it will not disappoint us, and is fixed on a sure foundation; *joyful*, (Rom. v: 2,) as it produces the greatest felicity in the anticipation of complete deliverance from all evil.

"The hope of eternal life is represented as the soul's anchor; the world is the boisterous, dangerous sea; the Christian course, the voyage; the port, everlasting felicity; and the vale, the inner road, the royal dock in which that anchor was cast. The storms of life continue but a short time; the anchor hope, if fixed by faith in the eternal world, will

infallibly prevent all shipwreck; the soul may be strongly tossed by various temptations, but will not drive, because the anchor is in sure ground, and itself is steadfast; it does not drag, and it does not break. Faith, like the cable, is the connecting medium between the ship and the anchor, or the soul and its hope of heaven; faith sees the heaven, hope desires and anticipates the rest; faith works and holds fast, and shortly the soul enters into the haven of eternal repose."

Love consists in approbation of, and inclination toward, an object that appears to us as good. Love to God is a divine principle implanted in the mind by the Holy Spirit, whereby we reverence, esteem, desire, and delight in Him as the supreme good; viewed as an attribute of Deity, it may be considered as the essence of the Divine nature, for it is declared by divine inspiration that "God is Love." It has been well observed, that though God is holy, just, righteous, etc., he is never called holiness, justice, etc., in the abstract, as he is here called love.

He that loves God will love his neighbor also. Brotherly Love is an affection to our neighbors, and especially to the saints, prompting us to every act of kindness toward them. It must flow from love to God, and extend to all mankind; yea, we are required by the highest authority to love even our enemies. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and makes mankind to resemble the inhabitants of heaven.

The Charity or Love which God recommends, (says an able commentator,) the Apostle describes in the following sixteen particulars.

1. *Charity suffereth long.* The love of God, and our neighbor for God's sake, is patience toward all men: it suffers all the weakness, ignorance, errors, and infirmities of the children of God, and all the malice and wickedness of the children of this world; and all this not

merely for a time, but long without end; for it is still a mind and disposition, to the end of which trials, difficulties, etc., can never reach. It waits God's time for the removal of afflictions, and bears them without murmuring.

2. *It is kind;* it is tender and compassionate in itself, and kind and obliging to others. It is mild, gentle, and benign.

3. *Charity envieth not,* is not grieved because another possess a greater portion of earthly, intellectual, or spiritual blessings.

4. *Charity vaunteth not itself,* or does not set itself forward in order to be noticed or applauded, and is not disturbed because unnoticed or unknown.

5. *It is not puffed up,* or inflated with a sense of its own importance. Every man whose heart is filled with the love of God, is filled with humanity; he feels like a little child, knowing that if there is any thing good about him, it comes from God.

6. *Doth not behave itself unseemly,* or, according to commentators, never acts out of place or character, never is unmannerly or brutish, but, as far as possible, is willing to please all men for their good and edification.

7. *Seeketh not her own;* that is, according to the original expression, is not desirous of her own spiritual welfare only, but of her neighbor's also. That man is no Christian who passes through life not caring how the world goes, so that himself is comfortable.

8. *Is not easily provoked,* or is not irritated, made sour, or embittered.

9. *Thinketh not evil;* does surmise evil where no evil appears, gives every man credit for his profession of religion, uprightness, etc., while nothing is seen in his conduct or spirit inconsistent with this profession.

10. *Rejoiceth not in iniquity;* does not take any delight in fraud, violence, wher-ever or whoever against it may be practiced; does not rejoice in the suffering of enemies.

11. *But rejoices in the truth*, or every thing that is opposite to falsehood and irreligion.

12. *Beareth all things*, or, as rendered by some translators, covereth all things. A person under the influence of this love covers, as far as he consistently can, the follies, faults, and imperfections of others, not making them the subject of censure or conversation.

13. *Believeth all things*; ever ready to believe the best of every person, and gladly receives whatever may tend to the advantage of those whose character may have suffered by detraction.

14. *Hopeth all things*; when there is left no place of believing good of a person, then love comes in with its hope, and begins to make allowances and excuses, as far as a good conscience can permit, and hopes that the transgressor

may reform and be restored to the good opinion of society.

15. *Endureth all things*; bears adversities with an even mind, submits with resignation to the dispensation of the providence of God, and endures trials, afflictions, and insults.

16. *Charity never faileth*. Love being of God, will ever remain, while all human acquirements being necessary in the eternal world, will pass away.

Love is properly the image of God in the soul. By *faith* we receive from our Maker; by *hope* a future and eternal good; but by *love* we resemble God, and by it alone are we qualified to enjoy heaven. Faith is the foundation of Christian life; Hope rears the structure, but Love finishes, completes, and crowns it in a blessed eternity.

1 CORINTHIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 10.

1 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xi:
verse 13.

PSALM

cxxvii:
verse 2.



ROMANS,

Chap. i:
verse 20.

PSALM

xix:
verse 1.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xi:
verse 1.

GALATIANS,

Chap. xi:
verse 20.

IMAGINATION, PHILOSOPHY, AND FAITH.

From the tops of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him. Num. XXIII: 9.—Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. 1 Thess. v: 21.—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for. Heb. xi: 1.

IMAGINATION borne on radiant wings,
With voice and form angelic sweetly sings;
Her rosy pinions glow with beauty bright,
Her smiling glances fill the soul with light;
The canvas glows, as if by magic wand,
Beneath the touches of her beauteous hand;
New scenes of joy before the vision rise,
And glowing splendors fill the opening skies.

Divine Philosophy with studious art
And softer transports fill the earnest heart;
By reason's light, its warm excitement calms,
Studies the soul, and unbelief disarms,
While smiling Faith, the fairest of the three,
Lends to the scene, a bright reality;
She bears aloft the cross, and to the skies,
Bids the believer lift his tearful eyes.

In our pilgrimage through these mortal scenes, the Almighty has not left us to travel alone uncheered by heavenly visitants or companions. There are three daughters of Heaven who walk the earth and minister to us, day and

night. They are *Imagination, Philosophy, and Faith.*

First comes Imagination with rapid wing, radiant and angelic form, beaming eyes, with voice sweet and heavenly. On glowing canvas she shows to the

weary traveler a bright picture of heavenly mansions of rest; a halo of glory surrounds it, showing the presence of Him who dwelleth in light, who is above all, and who dwelleth among his people.

O blest Imagination, how many hearts hast thou cheered while in this vale of tears! Daughter of Heaven, thou, when storms and tempests rage around, canst teach us not to look at the things which are seen, but to those unseen, eternal in the heavens. Scenes yet unknown to mortal eyes are depicted before us; we move amid the bowers of Paradise; we hear angelic voices; we meet in fond embrace those we love; but who long ago have departed these mortal shores. We meet and converse with the good of every age, we join the General Assembly of the ransomed ones on high, and, above all, we have the Captain of our salvation with us, who leads us through the green pastures and beside the still waters.

See the traveler on the scorched deserts of Sahara. He is parched with thirst, and seeks in vain for the cooling draught. He digs perhaps into the earth; he sees, it may be, the distant mirage, promising an abundant supply of water, but he is doomed to disappointment, until, at last, overcome by fatigue and despair, he sinks and faints upon the sandy plain. He dreams. Imagination comes to his relief; she bears him to his native village; he is beside its running fountains and sparkling streams; he drinks of its living waters, and bathes his limbs in its floods. For a time at least, though short, he forgets the burning desert, and his joy is full.

Another is overtaken amid wintry storms of ice and snow. The chill and sleep of death is creeping upon him, while the storm thickens around. Imagination, like a friend, points out the danger of yielding to the chilling blast, and shows him a mangled corse, torn

by ravening wolves who roam around these icy regions. Or, in kinder mood, she depicts the cheerful blaze at his own happy fireside, when he is aroused, struggles on, and finally escapes.

Though pressed by poverty to a hovel, to a threadbare garment and a scanty meal, yet Imagination can lift one above his surroundings and conduct him upward with exultant joy. Chains and dungeons can but give force to its spirit. Bunyan, that "Prince of dreamers," through Heavenly Imagination, has spoken living truth to past ages, to the present, and will yet speak to ages yet to come. When the eyelids are closed, when the Father of us all "gives his beloved sleep," how often does he transport them to scenes more beautiful than earth can show? Angels and seraphs are our companions; we hear with other than mortal ears heavenly anthems of praise.

Man, being a compound being, can not live or be guided by Imagination alone. If his fond dreams find no corresponding reality in life, he will be tempted to doubt the reality of the scenes presented by Imagination. He begins to ask, What is Truth? Is there a God, and what is his nature? Is he a good being, and does he care for and take delight in the happiness of his creatures? He wishes some demonstration of the truth of what has been presented by Imagination.

Divine Philosophy now comes to his aid. She teaches that there must be a first cause for all that we behold about us, and that first cause must have been unmade. In the language of the poet:

Retire—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home,

Imagination's airy wing repress;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, thus inquire,
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know;
But that I am. . . . Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been. Eternal there must be.

* * * * *

Whence earth and these bright orbs? eternal too!
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs

Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves. . . .
If art to form, and council to conduct,
And with greater far than human skill
Besides not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns—
And if a God there is—that God how great!

That God is good and kind, appears
in his creation. He opens his hand and
satisfies the desires of his creatures,
granting them food and raiment neces-
sary and convenient.

God has created man with a desire
after immortality. Why this universal
belief among the wisest and best of all
nations in a future life? Does the All-
wise intend to deceive the creatures
whom he hath made? Reason and true
Philosophy give an emphatic No!

Mark how the good man feels when he
obeys the law of love toward his fellow-men.
He feels that God approves, and all is well.
His conscience bearing witness, his happiness
increases. He feels that God is Love, and that
he will be forever blest if he obeys the voice
within. Mark him who does his neighbor
wrong; peace departs, his soul is tormented,
he fears and shuns the presence of his Maker.
Although he may profess to disbelieve in the
existence of a God, yet he can not escape the
lashings of his conscience within. Does not
God teach by the Spirit that he has placed
within the soul, that he will reward the right-
eous and punish the wicked? Does he intend
to deceive mankind by manifestations thus
given?

Man "has a soul of vast desires," that can
range o'er the creation of God in a moment of
time; it can take into contemplation other
worlds and beings. Would the Almighty cre-
ate a being with such desires and aspirations,
elevate him above many orders of beings, and
then sink him into nothing? Nature recoils
at the thought, and Philosophy answers No!
In the language of Mr. Addison, which may
be considered as a kind of paraphrase on the
words of the Apostle, (2. cor. v.), it is thus
forcibly stated:

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This *longing* after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the *Divinity* that stirs within us:

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

The traveler being convinced by the truth
of true Philosophy, accepts the guidance of
Christian Faith. She is represented as holding
a cross, the emblem of Christianity, and points
upward to a mansion on high. Under the
guidance of this daughter of Heaven, the Pil-
grim can overcome all difficulties. She sup-
ports him in poverty and affliction, in humili-
ation and disappointment. By her power he
can calmly look upon these things which may
thicken around him, and he can even look
death in the face. He recognizes the realities
of eternal scenes, compared with which the
concerns of this world dwindle into minor im-
portance.

Faith, the Apostle declares, is the substance
of things hoped for, the evidence of things not
seen; or in, other words, the passage may imply
such a conviction as is impressed upon the
mind by the demonstration of a problem, after
which proof no doubt can remain. The things
hoped for are the peace and approbation of
God, and those blessings by which he is sus-
tained in his pathway and prepared for the
Kingdom of Heaven. In an extended sense,
the things hoped for are the resurrection of
the body, the new heavens and the new earth,
the introduction of believers into the heavenly
country, and the possessions of eternal glory.
The things unseen are the creation of the
world out of nothing, the resurrection of Christ
from the dead, his ascension and his media-
tion at the right hand of God, all of which we
firmly believe on the testimony of God's word.

Faith comforts the soul with the assurance
of another and better life. Happy is he who,
with a firm and truthful voice, says, "I believe
in the resurrection of the body, and the life
everlasting." It animates the soul. Eternal
life! A life with God! with the General As-
sembly of just men, the Church of the first
born, pure and holy. Here are no disappoint-
ments, but joy present and complete, future
and eternal!

"'Tis Immortality—'t is that alone,
Amidst Life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill."—*Young.*

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 17.

ACTS,
Chap. ix.
verse 31.

PSALM
cxii:
verse 1.



PSALM
cxlvi:
verse 5.

1 PETER,
Chap. i:
verse 13.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. xvii
verse 17.

FEAR AND HOPE.

Be not high-minded but fear. Rom. x: 20—The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, and in them that hope in his mercy. Ps. CXLVII: 11.

BEHOLD the gentle sisters, hand in hand,
Are traveling on, to seek a heavenly land.
Fear, pale and trembling, on each side describes
Some hidden foe, expects some new surprise;
She dreads the serpent, 'neath the rose concealed,
And sees the reptile in his lair revealed;
With cautious step she moves 'mid anxious cares,
And ever for defense, a shield she bears.
Hope, with her anchor, treads with footstep light,

Looks to the skies, where all seems fair and
bright,
Sees not the dangers that her path beset,
And all her hidden foes would fain forget.
But Fear, with caution guards and shields her
way,
Thus, hand in hand, their prudence they display;
So Hope and Fear the Christian's path attend,
Together cheer, and shelter, and befriend.

Fear and hope are here personified by two female figures, holding each other by the hand, both of whom are traveling to the celestial city through this present evil world. Fear is alive to the dangers which beset her pathway. She discovers the poisonous serpent concealed, it may be behind the rose-bush; she hears the growl of the wild beast, for Satan himself is represented as a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour. "Forewarned, forearmed." Fear therefore walks forward with caution, armed with a shield for defense. Hope, on the other hand, having the anchor by her side, is continually looking upward, and perhaps does not always pay sufficient attention to the dangers which may lurk around, but by having Fear for a companion, she is shielded and protected from her enemies. Indeed, these two ought not to be separated while the heavenly pathway is being traversed.

"Hopes and Fears" says one, "are the great springs of human actions, and though seemingly standing in opposition to one another, they jointly contribute to the accomplishment of the same ends. Hope that is altogether fearless acts with rashness, or sinks into torpor; but accompanied with Fear, it is vigilant as well as diligent. On the other hand, fear unaccompanied with hope, is despair; and despair furnishes no stimulation to enterprise. It is by the due balancing of these two grand principles, Hope and Fear, that the human species are governed, and stimulated to actions tending to the preservation of the individuals and to the general weal. Our holy religion itself addresses alike our hopes and fears."

It is declared by divine inspiration that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." This fear of God, according to religious writers, is that holy disposition or gracious habits formed in the soul by the Holy Spirit, whereby we are inclined to obey all of God's commands; and evinces itself by a dread of his displeasure—a desire for his favor—regard for his excellencies—submission to his will—sincerity in his worship, and conscientious obedience to his commands. He that possesses the fear of God can be confided in. Men can deceive each other, and, it may be, have little regard for what their fellows can do for or against them, but they know that from the Almighty nothing can be concealed, and that he will require a strict account of all their thoughts and actions.

Hope is one of the greatest blessings ever granted to man, even as far as the present world is concerned. It is said, in the old heathen fable, that when Prometheus stole fire from heaven with which he animated mortal bodies, Jupiter, the supreme divinity, in anger to mankind, gave Pandora a closed box, but her curiosity—which the god foresaw—prompting her to open it, out flew a variety of plagues and evils, which immediately dispersed themselves over the world. Confounded and astonished, Pandora shut the fatal box again, when all the rest of the contents being fled, Hope alone remained at the bottom, which proved the only consolation that Jupiter or Jove had sent among them.

Hope is the first great blessing here below,
The only balm to heal corroding wo;
It is the staff of age, the sick man's health;

The prisoner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;

The sailor's safety, tossing as one breath,
It still holds on, nor quits us e'en in death.

Alas! without hope, of what value would our mortal existence prove? How should we be enabled to bear up under difficulties; what cordial should we have to oppose to the thousand heart-corroding cares with which this frail life abounds? It is then we avail ourselves of this anchor, and of the *three Christian graces*; but are most relieved by Hope, which leads on, through faith, to the promise of happier days here, and to endless bliss beyond the grave.

To be without hope is the most dreadful of all earthly punishments; it is the refuge of the poor and needy, and renders the distribution of our lots below more equal, since the high and low, the rich and poor, can not, with justice, be deemed so widely different in their estates, when we consider that

These are placed in hope and those in fear.

"Hope is, in short, our best companion; it leads us, as it were, by the hand through all difficulties and dangers; and it may justly be said of it, as has been observed of love, that

The cordial drop heaven in our life has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

"There is," says Dr. Johnson, "no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every state and period, always urging us onward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessings to our view, promising us either relief from pain or increase of happiness."

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the highest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing, or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet to come, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

PHILIPPIANS,

Chap. iv :
verse 6.

PSALM

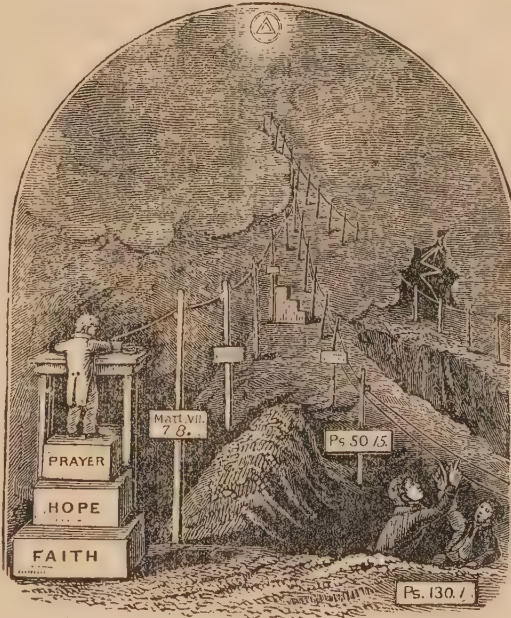
vi :
verse 9.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xv :
verse 8.

JAMES,

Chap. v :
verse 16.



DANIEL,

Chap. ix :
verse 21.

PSALM

cii :
verse 17.

ISAIAH,

Chap. lxxv :
verse 24.

ROMANS,

Chap. x :
verse 13.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

*Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer. Is. LVIII: 9.—
And while they are yet speaking I will hear. Is. LXV: 24.*

THOUGHT o'er the wire speeds on with lightning wings,
And lo! an instantaneous answer brings;
But far outgoing telegraphic speed,
The one above the sinner's prayer will heed.
From worlds beyond the remotest, faintest star,
The message comes from Heaven's high realms afar.

When thoughts upon the wire of prayer ascend,
Earth and Heaven together quickly blend.
By the ascending steps *Faith, Hope, and Love*,
We gain quick access to the Power above;
The promises of God are props which bear
Aloft the telegraphic wires of prayer.

The power of communicating thought or words to distant regions in a moment of time, is one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. The nature of the agent by which this is accomplished is wonderful and mysterious. In a certain sense, time and distance are almost annihilated. In an instant we can send our

words, our thoughts, and desires over wide countries, through mighty seas, to those we wish to see, and hold sweet converse with those we love.

This method of communication is, in some respects, a striking similitude to that by which man can make his wants known to his Father above, and hold

close converse with him. For the welfare and convenience of his creatures, the Great Proprietor of all has established stations where they can send their petitions and desires, and receive gracious answers. These stations are the sanctuaries or places where God's people meet. To get into communication, the applicant or operator must ascend the steps of Faith and Hope to that of Love and Prayer. Here he can send his messages by the telegraph wire of prayer, over hills and mountains, up vast heights, even to regions beyond the clouds—to the Great God who is above all, with the expectation of receiving a speedy answer.

The telegraph wire is supported throughout its course by props. These represent the promises of God, firm and everlasting, being in this respect unlike those which we often see in other lines of communication, which are blown down and broken by tempests. The props of the Spiritual Telegraph line, however, remain forever the same. When tempests sweep around, and lightnings flash, when thunders roll, they neither bend nor break, but stand upright while ceaseless ages roll!

Though we may be in the depths of affliction, the wires of the Spiritual Telegraph are ever within our reach. Our Heavenly Father understands every touch we make, and oftentimes, when we are yet speaking, he will answer our petitions. Though we may be in the depths of poverty, and know not where to obtain our daily bread—though our clothes may be in tatters, so as to render us unfit to appear in public, yet we have the privilege of using the telegraphic wires without money and without price.

On the telegraphic lines, certain persons have privileges which are not granted to others, such as those who hold official stations, etc., who have the right of sending communications over the wires before all others. This is deemed necessary for the general good,

as private affairs must give way to those of a public character. But those who use the Spiritual Telegraph are under no such restrictions. He "who sits in the circle of the Heavens" can receive at one and the same moment myriads of communications from every part of his vast creation, perfectly understanding every thought and desire of all beings in all worlds. He can, also, at one and the same moment, give as close attention to every applicant, as if there were but one among all created beings.

The dutiful son who is in a distant country, often thinks of home, and sends messages to those whom he loves. Thus the Christian, "whose conversation is in Heaven," will be often sending messages thither by the Spiritual Telegraph. He has communications with God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and with the Holy Ghost the Comforter. O blessed art of holding communion with the Father of our spirits! O the height and depth of that blessed wisdom that devised the plan, that carried it out, and "opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers!" Render, then, O Christian, thy faithful acknowledgements to the Redeemer, Mediator, and Intercessor! Remember that even amid the busy scenes of life, you can, in an instant, touch the telegraph wire, and open your heart like a little child to your good, loving Heavenly Father above, and ask his guidance and protection. When you lie down at night, remember that swifter than an angel's wing is the flight of a believer's petition to Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

The telegraphic current of communication is sometimes stopped or disturbed by storms, etc., in the vicinity of the lines. So storms of human passion, unholiness and opposite currents in the atmosphere, will, on the Spiritual Telegraph, stop the communication between God and the soul. It is the same as "grieving the Holy Spirit of God," which we do when we sin, because of his immediate presence with us. When we set up

idols of earthly inclinations in our hearts—which are properly his altar—and bow down to serve those vicious passions which we ought to sacrifice to his will, it is in the highest degree grievous to him. “For what concord is there between the Holy Spirit and Belial? or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?”

A particular frame and temper of soul, a sobriety of mind, is necessary, without which we can have no communication with our Father in Heaven. It is in our power, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to keep our hearts in a state of preparation to receive divine communications. We must preserve our minds in a cool and serious disposition, in regulating and calming our affections, and calling in and checking the inordinate pursuits of our passions after the vanities and pleasures of this world. Carelessness and inattention to the teachings of the spirit will bring darkness into our minds, and stop our intercourse with God.

Many who observe with some exactness the outward acts of religion, in the

intervals of their Christian duties give a loose rein to their thoughts, affections, and discourse. Such can not long dwell in harmony with God. By and by a fatal lethargy overtakes them; they lose, in a great measure, the desire of keeping up a constant communication with spiritual objects, and become almost insensible to divine convictions; such, unless aroused, will certainly be cut off from communion with holy beings, and the Spiritual Telegraph closed against them forever.

“Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a
stream

Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with Deity.”

Dr. Young.

“To the hills I lift mine eyes,

The everlasting hills:

Streaming thence in fresh supplies,

My soul the spirit feels;

Will he not his help afford?

Help, while yet I ask, is given;

God comes down; the God and Lord

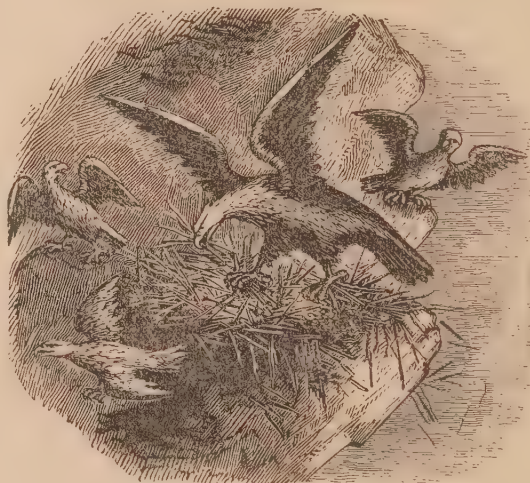
Who made both earth and heaven.”

C. Wesley.

JOB,
Chap. v:
verse 17.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xii:
verse 6.

MICAH,
Chap. ii:
verse 10.



REVELATION,
Chap. iii:
verse 19.

GENESIS,
Chap. 1:
verse 20.

ACTS,
Chap. viii:
verse 4.

THE PARENT EAGLE.

As an Eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings. Deut. xxxii: 11.—No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous. Heb. xii: 11.

THE parent eagle bids her young to fly,
And far aloft their fluttering pinions try;
With seeming cruel haste she stirs their nest,
Which may no longer be a place of rest,
Then flutters o'er them, spreads her wings to fly,

And seeks to bear the little ones on high.
They learn to trust their feeble wings at length,
And soar aloft with all their parent's strength.
So oft in life, the fate that seems so hard,
Brings in the end exertion's rich reward.

It is related as a fact in the natural history of the eagle, that when the proper time has arrived for the young eaglets to leave their nest, the parent eagle so stirs it up that they can not stay in it longer, and they are obliged to find some other spot in which to live. They now make their first attempt to use their wings: in this they are assisted by the parent bird, who flutters over and about them; spreads out her wings, so that when the efforts of her young fail, she bears them on her own wings to a place of shelter and safety.

By this means they are taught to fly and provide for themselves.

It would seem harsh and unreasonable to the young eaglets, were they capable of reasoning on the subject, to see their parent tearing to pieces the comfortable home in which they had so long nestled in quiet and security. They might ask, What wrong have we been guilty that we thus should be broken up and cast out upon the cold world? The conduct of their parent would, at least, be unaccountable; they might even charge her with cruelty,

and loudly murmur and complain at what appeared a great misfortune. Could they discover the reason, they would see that love for them was the true cause of it all.

In this trait of the eagle with regard to her young, we have an apt similitude of many occurrences which have taken place among communities of mankind. The land of Canaan was promised to the descendants of Abraham, and by this they were entitled to its possession. However, during a time of famine, they emigrated to Egypt, where many favors and privileges were allotted to them. A generation was born there, and their homes seemed secure. When the time had nearly arrived that the Israelites should take possession of the Promised Land, the Egyptians were stirred up against them, and made their lives bitter with bondage. Finally, by a train of providential events, they were brought into the land promised to their fathers.

At the commencement of Christianity, most of the followers of Christ had collected at Jerusalem, where they were greatly prospered, and were so happy in the love and fellowship with each other, that they seemed inclined to build their tabernacles at Jerusalem, exclaiming, in their joy, "*It is good for us to be here.*" They desired and expected to continue there during their lives. But in mercy to others, and to themselves, whose truest happiness was connected with their usefulness, a great persecution arose at the time of the death of Stephen, and the disciples were "scattered abroad, and went every-where preaching the word." The cause of Christianity was thus wonderfully advanced, and Christian churches established in almost every part of the known world.

Paul, the learned apostle to the Gentiles, being better qualified than his brethren to speak before kings and emperors, was driven by persecution away from his countrymen, to appear before the Roman emperor, by which the Gospel was introduced into the palace of the Cæsars. Persecution followed the other apostles; they found no resting-place where they could abide in peace and safety; every new abode was in turn stirred up, and they had to flee from one city to another.

In modern times, the history of the Puritans furnishes a remarkable instance of the truth

of the similitude of the eagle stirring up her nest for the benefit of her young. After the bloody persecutions of Queen Mary, the Protestant religion gained the ascendancy in Great Britain, when, in the year 1558, Queen Elizabeth of England ascended the throne, to the joy of all her Protestant subjects. Many of these were *Puritans*, so called from their efforts to maintain *purity* of worship, untrammelled by those rites and forms which they thought contrary to the spirit of true religion. The Puritans felt certain of her protection, and expected to pass the remainder of their lives in tranquillity.

But they soon heard a voice, saying, "Arise, this is not your rest." Queen Elizabeth, though a Protestant, and in favor of the reformation, was of an arbitrary disposition. She took violent measures to enforce uniformity in church discipline and service. The Puritans, while holding to the same doctrines as the established church, had scruples about practicing all its rites and ceremonies, and therefore refused compliance.

A storm of persecution arose; their rest or place of abode became stirred up. They were subjected to severe penalties, and compelled to collect for worship in private places with great secrecy. Hundreds of Puritan ministers were deprived of their livings and silenced, and others imprisoned, while their families were starving. These persecutions were continued with but little abatement for about fifty years. The Puritans made many efforts to obtain toleration, but the queen and most of the bishops refused.

In consequence of these persecutions, many of the Puritans left their native country, passed over to Holland, and formed distinct and independent churches; but not liking their situation there, most of them emigrated to America. The stirring up and unpleasantness of the place of their abode, caused the emigration to and founding of the colony of Plymouth, in 1620. These colonists, in order to obtain "freedom to worship God," were thrown upon their own exertions, like the young of the eagle; they sought another habitation; they went into a savage and howling wilderness, and there, deep and wide, laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. ii:
verse 14.ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 5.GALATIANS,
Chap. v:
verses 19-21.1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 16.ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 8.1 JOHN,
Chap. iii:
verse 8.ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. ix:
verse 3.GENESIS,
Chap. vi:
verse 5.

THE NATURAL MAN.

The man who serves sin with a willing mind, and suffers Satan to reign over him.

Look on this picture of the natural heart,
Behold the Holy Spirit's dove depart;
The guardian angel weeping o'er the soul
Despising all advice and Heaven's control.
Deceit within his bosom holds its sway,

And *Pride* rejoices in her vain display,
While *Anger* growls: *Intemperance* is seen,
And foul *Licentiousness* with form unclean,
While Satan rules above with dragon wings,
And o'er the scene his dark delusion flings.

The engraving annexed is a representation of the natural or carnal man, in a willing companionship with various lusts and vices in which the wicked take delight. The figure at the top is a representation of *Satan*, with dragon wings, the fallen Spirit of Light, who rules over fallen men and devils. The *Holy Spirit* is departing from him, represented by a

dove, who is flying away. The *Guardian Angel*, or ministering spirit, is weeping at his folly in refusing to hear the voice of entreaty and wisdom. *Deceit* is found in his bosom. *Pride* spreads out her shining feathers; *Anger* growls, and *Licentiousness* and *Intemperance* show their unclean forms by his side.

It is thought by many divines, from

the tenor of several passages in the Bible, that pride or self-conceit was the cause of the Devil's downfall from heaven. Pride, in all its numerous forms, in every age and country, has always been found congenial to the fallen nature of man. The peacock, which appears to take so much pleasure in spreading out and displaying his beautiful feathers, is generally held up as an emblem of those who take pride on account of their riches, honors, beautiful form or features, of their gifts and talents, or of their fine dress, equipage, etc. And to such an extent, and in so many forms, has this accursed passion prevailed, that even many have been proud of their humility.

No passion steals into the heart so imperceptibly, none covers itself under more disguises, or to which mankind in general are more subject to, than to Pride. It is originally founded on self-love, that inherent passion of human nature. The few advantages we possess want only to be properly considered to convince us how little they are to be boasted of, or gloried in. The whole of our bodily perfections may be summed up in two words—strength and beauty. As for the first, man is inferior to many of the brute creation. Besides, through a few days or even hours of sickness, he becomes weak and helpless as a little child. As to beauty, which has exhausted human wit in raptures to its praise, how soon it is destroyed by sickness or age; and even in its perfection, how it is excelled by the flowers of the field! Often to its possessor it has been a fatal ornament, ruining both soul and body.

"Pride," says a good writer, "is the high opinion that a poor little contracted soul entertains of itself, and is manifested by praising ourselves, adorning our persons, attempting to appear before others in a superior light to what we are; contempt and slander of others; envy at the excellencies that others possess; anxiety to gain applause; distress

and rage when slighted; impatience of contradiction and opposition to God himself. The evil effects of pride are beyond computation. It has spread itself universally among all nations, among all characters; and as it is the first sin, as some suppose, that entered into the world, so it seems the last to be conquered. It may be considered as the parent of discontent, ingratitude, covetousness, poverty, presumption, passion, extravagance, bigotry, war, and persecution. In fact there is hardly an evil perpetrated but what pride is connected with it in a proximate or remote sense."

Anger and *Ill-will* are represented by a growling wild beast, such as a lion, tiger, or leopard, at the left of the picture. It is the fiercest of passions, and under its influence man rages like a wild, ferocious beast. The claims of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, and every tender tie of humanity for the time are lost; it tempts men in an instant to commit such enormities, that an age of repentance can not atone for them.

Anger is a raging fever of the mind, a species of madness or insanity. Indeed they are so much alike that sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the difference between them, their effects being equally fatal. It is so terrible that it makes human beings like demons. A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him, in a great measure, of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns order into confusion. It is stated that beasts of the fiercer kind are enraged when they behold their own image in a glass, or by the side of still water. The instinct of these creatures impels them at once to attack an animal which appears so detestable. If angry and passionate men could have a full and just view of themselves in all their deformity, they would hate, and make war with their own image.

Deceit is often represented by a ser-

pent, as Satan, the grand enemy of God and mankind, assumed that form when he deceived our first parents in the Garden of Eden. In the engraving, the serpent is shown in the bosom of the unregenerate man. His heart is defined in Scripture as being "deceitful above all things;" that is, in the highest degree above all that we can conceive. In fact the generality of mankind are continually deceiving themselves and others. How strangely do they this, not knowing either their own tempers or characters; imagining themselves to be far wiser and better than they are.

A deviation from truth is equally natural to all the children of men. One said, in his haste, "all men are liars," but we may say, upon cool reflection, all natural men will, upon a close temptation, vary from or disguise the truth. If they do not offend against veracity, if they do not say what is directly false, yet they often offend against simplicity. They use art, they hang out false colors, they practice deceit or dissimulation.

Licentiousness is represented by the goat, an unclean, impure, and in many respects a disagreeable animal. Intemperance and Gluttony are personated by the hog. Both of these are shown at the right hand of the natural unregenerate man, both are his chosen companions. By these vices he reduces himself to the level with the most unclean and filthy of the animal creation. The libertine, the sensualist, the licentious man, is one of the vilest, most loathsome of characters. He must be a liar, a reprobate, and, in short, a consummate villain that will break all the commands of God to obtain the object of his pursuit. He does not rush to destruction alone, but like his great original, drags others along with him to perdition. The Apostle, in speaking of the vice of licentiousness, says it is a sin committed against the

body. Though sin of every species has a tendency to destroy life, yet none are so mortal as that to which the Apostle refers, as it strikes directly at the foundation of the constitution. It would be easy to show that licentiousness and intemperance lead directly, even with respect to the body, to certain death.

With regard to the vice of intemperance or drunkenness, the latter part of the 23d chapter of Proverbs contains a forcible description of its effects. The writer describes him who "tarries long at the wine" as one "that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or he that lieth on the top of a mast." That is, "thou wilt sottishly run thyself into the extremest hazards without any apprehension of danger, being no more able to direct thy course than a pilot who slumbers when the ship is tossed in the midst of the sea, no more able to take notice of the perils thou art in than he who falls asleep where he was sent to keep watch."

The writer of the book of Proverbs goes on in his description: "They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." There is great beauty and energy in the conciseness of the original. What is rendered "I was not sick," some commentators say should be rendered "I was not sensible of it." The next clause should be, "They have mocked me, and I knew it not." How striking and instructive a portrait is this of the stupid insensibility of a drunkard! Mr. Prior, in his Solomon, has well expressed it in the following lines. There are, says he,

..... "yet unnumbered ills that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught: the word obscene
Or harsh (which once elanced must ever fly
Irrevocable); the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate,
What we would shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add, too, the blood impoverished, and the course
Of health suppressed by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus, and rage,
To different ills alternately engage!
Who drink, alas! but to forget, nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

ROMANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 20.

PSALM
li:
verse 3.

ACTS,
Chap. xvi.
verse 30.

ROMANS,
Chap. vii:
verse 24.



ROMANS,
Chap. vii:
verse 9.

LUKE,
Chap. xviii:
verse 13.

PSALM
xli:
verse 4.

LUKE,
Chap. xv:
verse 21.

THE AWAKENED SINNER.

The sinner convicted of breaking God's law, is alarmed; he casts off his sins and endeavors to flee from the wrath to come.

The sinner wakened to his state of sin,
With penitence another life would now begin.
Pride lowers her plumage and would fain depart,
Deceit and *Anger* leave the contrite heart,
Licentiousness and all its kindred train,

Can o'er his nature no longer reign;
Satan himself must his vile scepter yield,
And vanquished and reluctant leave the field,
While the pure spirit, bringing heavenly love,
Broods o'er the penitent, a spotless dove.

The sinner, by the light of the Divine Spirit, sees that he has broken all the commandments of God; the angel of justice lifts the sword against him; alarmed, he leaves off his connection with various sins, and they are departing from him. *Pride* lowers her plumage; *Deceit* and *Anger* he no longer harbors; *Licentiousness*, *Intemperance*, and other vices he casts off. Thus exercising repentance, the sacred influence of the Divine Spirit descends upon him,

while *Satan*, the Prince of Darkness, finding he can no longer control his mind, is departing from the scene.

By some providential occurrence, or by his word applied with the demonstration of his spirit, God touches the heart of him who is passing along, secure in his sins, unconcerned as to what will befall him in a future world. Light breaks in upon his mind, and the inward spiritual meaning of the divine or moral law of God begins to flash upon

him. He perceives that "the commandment is exceeding broad," and that "nothing is hid from the light thereof." He is convinced that every part of it relates not barely to outward sin or obedience, but to what passes in the secret recesses of the heart, which no eye but God's can penetrate.

The truly convicted sinner not only hears "Thou shalt not kill," according to the letter of the law, but also hears God speak in thunder tones, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." If the law says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the voice of the Lord sounds in his ears, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." And thus at every point he feels the word of God "quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword." It "pierces even to the dividing asunder of his soul and spirit, his joints and marrow." And so much the more because he is conscious to himself of having neglected so great salvation; of having trodden under foot the Son of God, who would have saved him from his sins, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy, a common un sanctifying thing.

As the convicted sinner knows "all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do," so he sees himself naked, stripped of the fig-leaves which he had sewed together, of all his poor pretences to religion and virtue, and his wretched excuses for sinning against God. His heart is laid bare, and he sees it is all sin, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" he feels that he is corrupt and abominable; that he deserves to be cast off from God forever; that "the wages of sin is death."

The delusive rest and false peace of the sinner are ended by the proper discovery of the broken law. Pleasures once loved delight him no more. He feels the anguish of a wounded spirit. He finds that sin let loose upon the soul, (whether it be pride, anger, or evil desire; whether self-will, malice, envy, revenge, or any other,) brings misery.

He feels sorrow of heart for blessings he has lost, and the curse which has come upon him; remorse for having thus destroyed himself, and despised God's mercies; fear, from a lively sense of the wrath of God, and the consequences of his wrath, of the punishment which he has justly deserved, and which he sees hanging over his head; fear of death, as being to him the gate of death eternal; fear of the devil, the executioner of the wrath and righte-

ous vengeance of God; fear of men, who, if they were able to kill his body, would thereby plunge both body and soul into hell; fear, sometimes arising to such a height that the poor guilty soul is terrified with every thing, with nothing, with shades, with a leaf shaken by the wind. Sometimes it may approach to the brink of despair, causing him to cry out, like one of old, "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

The ordinary method of the spirit of God is to convict sinners by the law, for by it "is the knowledge of sin." It is more especially this part of the word of God which is quick and powerful, full of life and energy, "and sharper than any two-edged sword." This in the hand of the great Jehovah, and of his Messengers, pierces through the folds of a deceitful heart, and "divides asunder even the soul and the spirit." By this the sinner is discovered to himself, and he sees that he is wretched, and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked. The law which he has broken flashes conviction on every side; his mouth is stopped, and he stands guilty before God.

The sinner who is properly convicted of his transgressions, forsakes, or endeavors to put away, all his sinful associations and companions. Instead of pride there is now humility. He has been in the habit of thinking much of himself, of his natural or acquired abilities; his sins, or rather foibles as he calls them, he thinks are not of much moment, his good deeds far overbalancing them, and he may even scorn to ask any favors either of God or man. But now, in the light of the divine law, he sees that he is a wretch, undone, unless God has mercy on him; and instead of priding himself on account of his good deeds, he loathes and abhors himself, on account of his sins, in dust and ashes, crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Formerly deceit nestled in his bosom, deceiving himself and those about him, thinking himself to be something when he was nothing, saying, "peace, peace," when God says there is no peace. This serpent, Error, now departs, while the light of the Divine Spirit is upon him. Anger, malice, revenge, and other hateful passions, in which he formerly indulged, he puts from him, and wishes from his heart that God would create a new spirit within—love to his fellow men, and love and forgiveness for his enemies. Intemperance, licentiousness, and other beastly vices he discards, and shuns the very appearance of evil.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xlv:
verse 22.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. xxxiii:
verse 8.

HEBREWS,
Chap. viii:
verse 12.

ROMANS,
Chap. iv:
verses 7, 8.



2 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. v:
verse 18.

MICAH,
Chap. vii:
verse 18.

LUKE,
Chap. xv:
verse 20.

1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 12.

THE PARDONED SINNER.

The sinner is pardoned by the blood of the Cross.—Faith, Hope, and Peace are his companions.—The influence of the Divine Spirit descends upon him.

BEHOLD the pardoned sinner with a band
Of forms angelic, grouped on either hand.
Faith clasps the cross, and to the brightening
skies,
Waiting the promise, lifts expectant eyes.
There, smiling, radiant Hope her anchor bears,

And Peace, the olive branch, her emblem, wears,
While o'er them softly broods the Heavenly Dove,
Emblem of peace, and purity, and love.
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
To brighten earth, and smooth the path to
Heaven.

The sinner, after being weighed down by a sense of his sins and transgressions, despairs of any help or relief, excepting from God. He hears of salvation by Jesus Christ. Faith springs up within that God will pardon and deliver him, if he will forsake his sins. Looking at

the cross of Christ, his soul is melted in contrition; the burden of sin is removed. he feels his sins are forgiven; the hope of present and eternal salvation springs up in his soul. These two Christian graces are represented in the engraving by two female figures. Faith stands at

the right hand of the pardoned sinner, embracing the cross, with her eyes lifted upward; Hope, with her anchor, is at his left; Peace, with her olive-branch, follows her heavenly companions Faith and Hope. The Dove, an emblem of the Holy Spirit, is seen above.

Dr. Scott, in commenting on the Pilgrim's Progress, where Christian loses his burden when he came up with the cross, says: "Divine illumination, in many respects, tends to quicken the believer's hopes and fears, and to increase his earnestness and diligence; but nothing can finally relieve him from his burden except the clear discovery of the nature and glory of redemption. With more general views on the subject, and an implicit reliance on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, the humblest sinner enters the way of life. * * *

When in this divine light the soul contemplates the Redeemer's cross, and discerns more clearly his love to lost sinners in dying for them, the motive and efficacy of his intense sufferings, the glory of the divine perfections harmoniously displayed in this surprising expedient for saving the lost, the honor of the divine law and government, and the evil and desert of sin most emphatically proclaimed, even in pardoning transgressors and reconciling enemies, and the perfect freeness and efficacy of this salvation, then 'his conscience is purged from dead works to serve the living God,' by a simple reliance on the atoning blood of Immanuel."

The plain scriptural notion of justification is the *pardon* and forgiveness of the sinner. God the Father, for the sake of the redemption made by the blood of his son, "showeth forth his righteousness [or mercy] by the remission of sins that are past." Paul declares, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." To him who is forgiven, God will not impute sin to his condemnation.

He will not condemn him on that account, either in this world or in that which is to come. His sins, all his past sins, in thought, word, and deed, are covered, are blotted out, shall not be remembered or mentioned against him any more than if they had not been. God will not inflict on the sinner what he deserved to suffer, because the Son of his love hath suffered for him.

Christian faith, through which the sinner is pardoned, is not only an assent to the whole gospel of Christ, but also a full reliance on the blood of Christ—a trust in the merits of his life, death, and resurrection, a reliance on him as our atonement, and our life as given for us and living in us. It is a confidence which a man hath in God that, through the merits of Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favor of God. The best guide of the blind, and the surest light of them that are in darkness, the most powerful instructor of the foolish, is faith. But it must be such a faith as is mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, "to the overturning all the prejudices of corrupt reason, all the false maxims revered among men, all evil customs and habits, all that wisdom of the world which is foolishness with God; as casting down imaginations, [reasonings,] and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringeth into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Those that have the true faith, have strong consolation through Hope. The Spirit beareth witness in their hearts that they are the children of God. It is the same Spirit who works in them that clear and cheerful confidence that their heart is upright toward God; that good assurance that they now do, through his grace, the things that are acceptable in his sight; that they are now in the path which leadeth to life, and shall, by the mercy of God, endure therein to the end. It is he who giveth them a lively

expectation of receiving all good things from God, a joyous prospect of that crown of glory which is reserved in heaven for them. By this anchor, a Christian is kept steady in the midst of this troublesome world, and preserved from striking on either of those fatal rocks Presumption or Despair.

"Every one," saith St. John, "who hath this hope, purifieth himself, even as he is pure." It is his daily care, by the grace of God in Christ, and through the blood of the covenant, to purge the inmost recesses of his soul from the lusts that before possessed and defiled it; from uncleanness, and envy, and malice, and wrath; from every passion and temper that is after the flesh, that either springs from or cherishes his native corruption, as well knowing that he whose very body is the temple of God ought to admit nothing into it common or unclean, and that holiness becometh the house forever where the spirit of holiness designs to dwell.

"The peace of God," which God can only give, and the world can not take away; the peace which "passeth all understanding," all (barely) rational conception, being a supernatural sensation, a divine taste of "the powers of the world to come," such as the natural world knoweth not, how wise soever in the things of this world; nor indeed can he know it in his present state, "be-

cause it is spiritually discerned." It is a peace that banishes doubt, all painful uncertainty, the Spirit of God bearing witness with the spirit of a Christian that he is a child of God. And it vanquishes fear, all such fear as has torment, the fear of the wrath of God, the fear of hell, the fear of the devil, and, in particular, the fear of death; he that hath the peace of God, desireth that it were the will of God "to depart and be with Christ."

Whenever the peace of God is fixed in the soul, there is also "joy in the Holy Ghost." Joy wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, by the ever-blessed Spirit of God. He that worketh in us that calm, humble rejoicing in God through Jesus Christ, "by whom we now have received the atonement," the reconciliation with God that enables us boldly to confirm the truth of the Psalmist's declaration, "Blessed is the man [or rather happy] whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." He it is that inspires the Christian soul with that ever-solid joy which arises from a consideration that he is a child of God, and gives him to "rejoice with joy unspeakable in the hope of the glory of God;" hope both of the glorious image of God, which is in part, and shall be in full, "revealed in him," and of that crown of glory that shall not fade away, reserved in heaven for him.

2 PETER,
Chap. i:
verses 5, 6, 7.

1 CORINTHI'NS
Chap. i:
verse 30.

1 THESS.
Chap. v:
verse 23.

1 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. i:
verse 2.



1 JOHN,
Chap. i:
verse 7.

JOHN,
Chap. xvii:
verse 17.

2 CORINTH'NS,
Chap. vii:
verse 1.

MATTHEW,
Chap. v:
verse 48.

THE SANCTIFIED CHRISTIAN.

The Christian filled with the influence of the Spirit, adds to his faith, virtue, etc. Sins of various kinds, personified by unclean animals, lie dead at his feet.

BEHOLD, in life the Christian sanctified,
Strengthened by faith, by fiery trials tried,
He dreads no more temptations fearful night,
But moves at liberty in God's own light;
He walks with Faith, who, with her heavenly ray,
Sustains his soul, and brightens all the way;

He walks with knowledge; Heavenly wisdom true
Inspires his courage, brings his foes to view.
He lives with Godliness inspiring fear,
A filial fear of God, and love sincere;
Brotherly kindness unto all he shows,
And charity, forgiving all his foes.

The sanctified Christian walks at liberty in the keeping of God's commandments. The influence of the Divine spirit is shed abroad upon him, and he adds to his faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temper-

ance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. Having the love of Christ within, the true Christian overcomes the evil passions by

which he is beset; indeed they lie dead at his feet.

The sanctified Christian has that Faith which has led him to embrace the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ, and has that virtue, or courage and fortitude, which enables him to profess Christ before men, even in times of fiery persecution, and at the hazard of life itself. He has knowledge, that true wisdom by which his faith is increased and his courage directed, preserving it from degenerating into rashness. The knowledge or wisdom he receives immediately from above, in answer to prayer; for if he lacks wisdom, God has promised to give it to him. The Christian is temperate in all things, and makes a proper and limited use of all earthly enjoyments, keeping every sense under proper restraint, and never suffering the animal part to subjugate the rational; he bears all trials and difficulties with an even mind, enduring in all, and persevering through all.

The true Christian has godliness, or piety toward God, a deep reverential fear, not only worshiping God with every becoming outward act, but adoring, loving, and magnifying him in the heart, worshiping him in spirit and truth. He feels a spirit of love toward his fellow-men, especially a spirit of brotherly kindness to all of Christ's flock, of whatever name, feeling a spirit of union as a member of the same heavenly family. He has charity, love to the whole human race, even to persecutors. True religion is neither selfish nor insulated; it rejoices with those that rejoice, and weeps with those that weep. Possessed of these graces, the Christian is rendered active in all Christian duties, and is faithful in every good word and work.

"But he that lacketh these things," says the Apostle, "is blind and can not see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his sins." "He, whether Jew or Gentile," says a cele-

brated commentator, "who professes to have faith in God, and has not added to that faith fortitude, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and universal love, is blind; his understanding is darkened; and can not see afar off, . . . shutting his eyes against the light, winking, not able to look truth in the face, nor to behold that God whom he once knew was reconciled to him; and thus it appears that he is wilfully blind and hath forgotten he was purged from his old sins; has, at last, through his non-improvement of the grace he has received from God, his faith ceasing to work by love, lost the evidence of things not seen, for, having grieved the Holy Spirit by not showing forth the virtues of him who called him into his marvelous light, . . . darkness and hardness having taken the place of light and filial confidence; he calls his former experience into doubt, and questions whether he has not put enthusiasm in the place of religion. By these means his hardness and darkness increase, his memory becomes indistinct and confused, until, at length, he forgets the work of God on his soul!"

The Apostle exhorts his brethren to "give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fail." By which it appears that if the Christian is careful and diligent to work out his salvation by adding to his faith, virtue, etc., he will never stumble or fall. "He who does not, by good works, confirm his calling and election, will soon have neither; although no good works ever did purchase, or ever can purchase the kingdom of God, yet no soul can expect to see God who has them not. But if you give diligence, and do not fall, an abundant, free, honorable, and triumphant entrance shall be ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

"Sanctification, that work of God's

grace by which we are renewed after the image of God, is set apart for his service, and enables us to die unto sin and live unto righteousness; it must be carefully considered in a twofold light: 1. As an inestimable privilege granted us from God; and, 2d, as an all comprehensive duty required of us by his holy Word. It is distinguished from justification thus: Justification changeth our state in law before God as a judge; sanctification changeth our heart and life before him as our Father; justification precedes, and sanctification follows as the fruit and evidence of it."

Justification removes the guilt of sin; sanctification conforms us to his image. Sanctification is a divine and progressive work. It is an internal work, not consisting in external profession or bare morality; it is a necessary work as to the evidence of our state, the honor of our characters, the usefulness of our lives, the happiness of our minds, and the enjoyment of God's presence in a future world. The sanctified Christian has a holy reverence, earnest regard, and patient submission to the will of God. Hence, Archbishop Usher said of it, "Sanctification is nothing less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation to his will, to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love and as a whole burnt offering to Christ."

The doctrine of sanctification, or Christian perfection, has been a subject of some controversy in the Christian world, some asserting, others denying it; much of it, however, has been a controversy about words. Mr. Wesley, perhaps one of the strongest advocates of Christian sanctification, or perfection, says, in his sermon on Perfection, when speaking of the perfection of angels, "It is not possible for man, whose understanding is darkened, to whom mistake is natural as ignorance, who can

not think at all, but by the mediation of organs which are weakened and depraved, to apprehend things distinctly, and to judge truly of them. . . . In consequence hereof, his affections, depending on his understanding, are variously disordered. . . . It follows that no man, while in the body, can possibly attain to angelic perfection.

"Neither can any man, while he is in a corruptible body, attain to Adamic perfection. Adam, before his fall, was undoubtedly as pure, as free from sin, as ever the holy angels. In like manner his understanding was as clear as theirs, and his affections as regular. . . . But since man rebelled against his God, the case is widely different. . . . The highest perfection which man can attain while the soul dwells in the body does not exclude ignorance and error, and a thousand other infirmities. A thousand infirmities will attend my spirit, till it returns to God who gave it. And, in numberless instances, it comes short of doing the will of God, as Adam did in Paradise; hence the best of men may say from the heart

'Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death.'

for the innumerable violations of the Adamic as well as the angelic law. . . . Love is [now] the fulfilling of the law which is given to fallen man. This is now, with respect to us, the perfect law. But even against through the present weakness of our understanding, we are continually liable to transgress. Therefore every man living needs the blood of the atonement, or he could not stand before God."

The Apostle Paul may be considered as an eminent example of a sanctified Christian. As far as we can discover, he appears to have done his whole duty after his conversion. Near the close of his life, he says, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept my faith;" as if he had said, in allusion to the Grecian games, I have struggled hard, and have overcome; I have started for the prize, and have come up to goal, outstripping all my competitors and have gained the prize. I have kept the rules of the spiritual combat and race, and thus, having contended lawfully and conquered in each exercise, I expect the prize. All these assertions of St. Paul we are bound to believe are strictly true.

GENESIS,

Chap. i :
verse 3.

PSALM

xxvii :
verse 1.

PROVERBS,

Chap. iv :
verse 18.

JOHN,

Chap. i :
verse 9



PROVERBS,

Chap. iv :
verse 19.

JOHN,

Chap. iii :
verse 19.

JOHN,

Chap. xii :
verse 35.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. xiii :
verse 16.

SUNLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

. . . Walketh in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth.
1 John XI: 11.—Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Ps. LXI: 2.—In thy light shall we see light. Ps. XXXVI: 9.

SEE the two travelers, above, below ;
One safely walks in sunlight's radiant glow ;
He mounts the upland path, and brightly rise
New scenes of beauty to his raptured eyes.
Fair cities, villages, and smiling fields
With flocks and herds, the glowing landscape
yields,
And onward still, through light he takes his
way

To the broad sunshine of eternal day.
While he who walks below, nor seeks the light,
Dwells in the gloom and shadows of the night,
With fogs above, and pitfalls sunk around,
He gropes along o'er sloughs and miry ground.
Heeds not the call that bids him seek the way
That leads to sunlight and eternal day ;
Where walk God's children, living in the light,
But blind and willful, perishes in night.

Here are two travelers, one standing on elevated ground, the other in the marsh or swamp below. The first is in the sunlight, by which he beholds the fair face of nature rejoicing every-where in the bright beams of day. He has just emerged from a dark and lonesome

valley, and is filled with delight as he views the prospect before him. In one direction he beholds a splendid city ; on the other, beautiful villages, the flocks and herds dotting the landscape, with the green forest, the waving fields of grass and flowers. Below is seen the

other, inclosed in a fog or cloud so dense that the sunlight is, in a great measure, excluded. He wanders about in the midst of bogs and miry swamps, bewildered, and knowing not in what direction he is going.

The same sun shines above both, but the latter chooses to pursue his own way in the low grounds, which he has traversed ever since his first recollection. He has been invited to take another course, and travel up into the highlands, where he can find a better country, where the light of the sun is not obscured, and where he will find firm and steady footing. He turns a deaf ear to all advice and entreaty; he pursues his chosen way, he wanders and stumbles amid bogs and miry places, and finding no sure footing, finally perishes in darkness, amid the stagnant waters.

The sunlight may represent the light of God's truth, and the sun, Deity itself. "God is Light," says an inspired writer, "and in him is no darkness at all." He is the source of all knowledge, wisdom, holiness, and happiness, and having no darkness he has no ignorance, no imperfection, no sinfulness, no misery. LIGHT is the purest, the subtile, the most useful, the most diffuse of all God's creatures, and is, therefore, a good emblem of the truth, perfection, purity, and goodness of the Divine Being.

"God is to the human soul," says a celebrated writer, "what the sun is to the natural world, without which, terror and death would prevail." Without an indwelling God, what is religion? Without his all-penetrating and diffusive light, what is the soul of man? Religion would be an empty science, a dead letter, a system unauthorized and uninfluencing, and the soul a trackless wilderness, a howling waste, full of evil, of terror, and dismay, and ever racked with realizing anticipations of future successive and permanent misery.

The soul that lives and moves in the light of God's countenance is truly in an

elevated position. While others are groveling in the darkness of sin and error, he looks upward and around him; his vision is extended; he beholds the goodness of God about him. By an eye of faith he sees the New Jerusalem, the City of God, the fair fields of Paradise, the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and the mansions of the blessed.

Darkness is the absence of light, and may well signify ignorance, sin, and misery. Even the heathen, who are without the written revelation of God, assign to the wicked after death a region of darkness, in which they roam about unhappy forever, while the righteous live and move in the bright sunshine of an eternal day. It is stated that the wicked love darkness because their deeds are evil, like the beasts of prey who hate the sunlight, but when the shades of night appear, creep forth from their dens to ravage and destroy.

"Happy for the world," says an elegant writer, "were these the only destroyers that walk in darkness. But, alas! there are savages in human shape, who, muffled in shades, infest the abodes of civilized life. The sons of violence make choice of this season to perpetrate the most outrageous acts of wrong and robbery. The adulterer waiteth for twilight, and baser than the villain on the highway, betrays the honor of his bosom friend. Now faction forms her close cabals, and whispers her traitorous insinuations. Now rebellion plants the accursed plots, and prepares the train to blow the nation to ruin. Now, crimes which hide their odious heads in the day haunt the seats of society, and stalk through the gloom with audacious front." Now the wretched creatures who infest our populous places crawl from their lurking places to wallow in sin, and spread contagion and death during the shades of darkness.

He that walks in the darkness of sin knoweth not whither he goeth, for that

darkness hath blinded his eyes. Being in the quagmire, even that which seems firm earth trembles beneath him. He is deceived when about to put his foot on what appears a firm foundation; it sinks beneath his feet; he gets deeper in the mire, and, unless God interposes, he will sink to rise no more.

Almost all forms of false religion thrive most when enveloped in darkness and obscurity. The *mysteries* or the secret rites of the pagan religion were carefully concealed from the knowledge of the vulgar or common people. They are supposed to have originated in Egypt, perhaps the oldest country in the world, and the native land of idolatry. In this nation their kings were engrafted into the priesthood, a body of men who ruled predominant. They possessed a third part of the land of Egypt. The sacerdotal office was confined to one tribe, and was transmitted from father to son. All the orientals, but especially the Egyptians, delighted in dark and allegorical doctrines, every maxim of morality, every tenet of theology and philosophy was wrapt up in a veil of darkness and obscurity.

The religion of the ancient Europeans was that of Druidism. Their priests, who were called *Druids*, had the greatest influence over the minds of the people. They had no temples, but they worshiped their gods in the same dark consecrated grove in which the common

people were not allowed to enter. Their chief sacrifices were human victims, supposed to have been prisoners of war.

In more modern times the leaders of a certain system of faith have mostly chosen to conceal many of their movements amid clouds of obscurity and darkness. A new revelation, or superior light, is now given, if we are to credit their testimony, by communications direct from the spiritual world. But to receive them we must enter into literal darkness, and by listening to feeble rappings, spell out truth.

How different from all these clouds and mists of obscurity and darkness is the sunlight of God's truth. All, as far as can be, is open and plain; no concealment nor disguise. It commends itself to the conscience of every one in the sight of God. It lights up this dark world; the dark shadowy gloom of night is dispelled, the terror of death is taken away, a prospect of a bright future is opened before him, and he may say, with the poet,

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,

The bright and balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's fair bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses
are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

MICAH,
Chap. vii:
verse 8.

PSALM
lxxxii:
verse 3.

PROVERBS,
Chap. viii:
verse 15.

PSALM
lxxxix:
verse 14.



JOB,
Chap. xxxi:
verse 6.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xvi:
verse 11.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xl:
verse 1.

PROVERBS,
Chap. x:
verse 7.

JUSTICE.

Just balances shall ye have. Lev. xix: 36—Of whose hand have I received any bribe? Sam. xii: 3.—Remove violence and execute judgment and Justice. Ezek. xlv: 9.

Justice aloft, an even balance bears,
With naked sword she no offender spares;
No splendors bright can blind her honest sight,
No tempting bribes can lure her from the right.

When heaven-born Justice spreads o'er earth
her sway,
The wicked hide in that auspicious day;
Justice divine, the attribute of heaven,
Tempered with mercy, now to mortals given.

Justice is usually represented by a female figure, having a pair of balances in one hand and a sword in the other. In the engraving she is depicted as trampling under her feet a person who is holding up a bag of gold, to attract her attention and favor. The pair of scales which the female holds up in her right hand, shows that justice carefully weighs both sides of a cause. It is her office to punish crimes, therefore she wears a sword. She is not to be bought, therefore she tramples under her feet him who would offer her a bribe.

Justice is an attribute of Deity, and it is that perfection whereby he is infinitely righteous and just, both in himself and in all his proceedings with his creatures. It has been defined thus: "The ardent inclination of his will to prescribe equal laws, as the Supreme Governor, and to dispense equal rewards and punishments." Among men, Justice may be defined that virtue which impels to give every person what is his due, and comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes or society should expect; our duty to

our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves is fully answered, if we give them what we owe them.

Justice has been held in esteem among all nations, and many examples of this virtue have been handed down to us on the page of history. Alexander Severus, one of the Roman emperors, was distinguished for his love of justice. In his military expeditions, he visited the tents of his soldiers to ascertain if any of them were absent. If he found that they had left the camp only to plunder, he inflicted punishment upon them for their rapacity, and concluded his reprimands by asking them "if they would like to be plundered in the same manner?" It was likewise his custom, whenever he punished an officer, either military or civil, to address the sufferer either in person or by the officer who was to see the sentence executed, with this equitable caution: "Do nothing to another which you would be unwilling should be done to yourself." For this golden rule, which he borrowed from the Christians, he had such an uncommon veneration, that he ordered it to be engraved in large capitals over the gate of his palace, and on the doors of many other public buildings.

Themistocles once declared, in a full assembly of the people, that he had a project of the greatest public utility, but its success depended on secrecy, and he desired that they should appoint a person to whom the secret could be confided. Aristides, surnamed "the Just," was chosen, as the whole assembly believed in his prudence and honesty. Themistocles, therefore, having taken him aside, informed him that the project he had conceived was to burn the fleet of the Grecian States, which then lay in a neighboring port, adding that, by this means, Athens would become absolute mistress of the sea and the umpire of all Greece. After this explanation, Aristides returned to the assembly, and informed them that if they carried

out the project of Themistocles, they would obtain the supreme power, but, at the same time, nothing could be more unjust or dishonorable. To their lasting honor, the people unanimously voted that the project should be abandoned.

Zulcucus, lawgiver of the Locrians, made a law that adultery should be punished with the loss of both the offender's eyes; and it fell out so unhappily that his own son was the first to commit that crime, and, that he might at once express the tenderness of a father and the uprightness of a judge, he caused one of his son's eyes to be put out and one of his own. Philip of Macedon, being urged to interpose his credit and authority with the judges, in behalf of one of his attendants, whose reputation, it was said, would be totally ruined by a regular course of justice, "Very probably," replied the king, "but of the two, I had rather he should ruin his reputation than I mine."

One of the most remarkable instances of impartial justice, on record, was exhibited by Brutus, the Roman Consul. Rome, at that time being a Republic, was governed by consuls. A conspiracy was formed by Tarquin, among the young nobility, to destroy the government and to make him king. This plot was discovered, and the brave and patriotic Brutus had the mortification and unhappiness to discover that two of his sons were ringleaders. His office was such that he was compelled to sit in judgment upon them; but he, nevertheless, amid the tears of all the spectators, condemned them to be beheaded in his presence. The most powerful feelings of natural affection were overruled by a sense of his duty as an impartial judge. "He ceased to be a father," says an ancient author, "that he might execute the duties of a consul, and chose to live childless rather than to neglect the public punishment of a crime."

Near the beginning of this century, one of the West India islands was so badly governed, that murder and assassination were of daily occurrence. During the revolution of that period, the island fell under the possession of the British, when the commander forthwith gave notice that every murderer would be punished with death.

Soon after, a woman, in an affray, stabbed a soldier to the heart, and then fled to a church, claiming and expecting, according to the old customs, priestly protection. The Governor sent a file of soldiers for her arrest; but the populace resisting, he ordered out a larger body, at the same time declaring he would call out all the troops on the island, if otherwise he should be unable to effect his object.

The miserable wretch was seized, brought before him, and tried on the spot; but remained defiant, expecting to escape punishment. Fixing his eyes upon her, at the same time pointing up to the sun, then past the meridian, he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Prisoner, do you see yonder sun? I take my oath before God, *you shall never see it set!*" True to the letter, the unhappy woman suffered the penalty of the law before the setting of the sun. This summary execution of justice inspired such a salutary terror to evil doers, that no more murders were committed while the British had possession of the island.

The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them right.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbor; let whatsoever is his property be sacred from thy touch.

Let not temptation allure, nor any provocation excite thee to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear not false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O, tempt not to sin.

In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man that relieth upon thee; be assured it is less evil in the sight of God to steal than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the laboring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make advantage to thyself.

Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit relied upon thy honor; and to withhold from him his due is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society, examine thy heart; call remembrance to thine aid; and if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power."—*Economy of Human Life.*

PSALM

cxliv:
verse 7.

JOB,

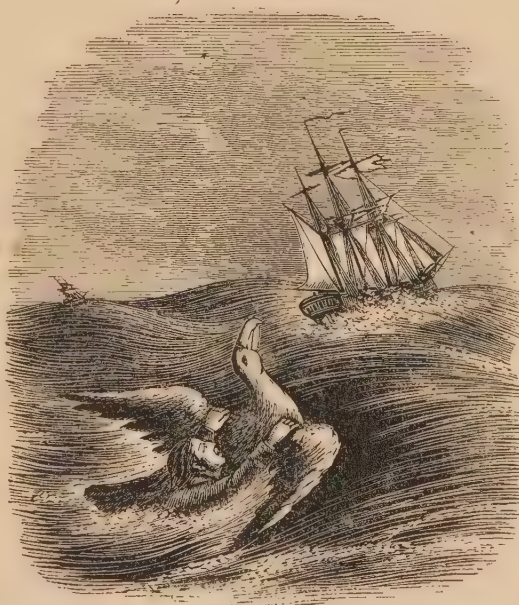
Chap. v:
verse 19.

ACTS,

Chap. xii:
verse 7.

PSALM

lxxii:
verse 12.



1 SAMUEL,

Chap. xvii:
verse 50.

ACTS,

Chap. vii:
verse 25.

2 KINGS,

Chap. vii:
verses 6, 7.

ISAIAH,

Chap. xlii:
verse 16.

THE UNEXPECTED DELIVERER.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver. 2 Pet. II: 9.—He sent from above, he took me out of many waters. Ps. XVIII: 16.

Lost, engulfed in the angry wave,
No human hand is near the wretch to save;
Fainter and fainter grows his parting breath,
Each struggle only brings him nearer death;
When lo! the Albatross upon her way,
Pauses, with sudden swoop, to seize her prey,
Dips in the foaming sea her dusky wings,
When with sudden hope he grasps and clings;

Upborne by her he floats upon the waves,
'Till some kind hand extends relief and saves.
O'erwhelm'd in Life's dark sea, when hope
departs,
Some unexpected help, new life imparts;
Comes to the rescue, like the bird on rapid
wing,
To which, in joy, the sinking soul will cling.

The engraving represents a man in the ocean clinging to the albatross, who, endeavoring to fly from him, bears him up above the mighty waters, thus saving him from certain death. This most extraordinary circumstance appears to be well authenticated, and took place in the following manner: While a division of the 83d British regiment

was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance east of the Cape of Good Hope, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offense; maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard.

At this time there was a high sea

running, and as the man swept on astern all hope of saving him seemed to be gone. Relief, however, came from a quarter totally unexpected. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on the deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it, and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until the boat reached him.

But for the assistance thus almost miraculously rendered, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down. In the meanwhile he was clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who, after this, should despair? A raging sea, a drowning man, an albatross, what eye could see safety under such circumstances, or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and the mighty waters seem closing over our heads, "there may be an albatross near?"

"It has been remarked," says Mr. Buck, in his anecdotes, "that he who duly observes Divine providences, shall never want providences to observe; and certainly it becomes us, as rational creatures and true Christians, to contemplate the consummate wisdom and unbounded goodness of God in the various events which transpire. It is that there are many difficult texts in the Book of Providence which we can not easily elucidate; but even what we at present see, hear, and know should

lead us to admire Him who ordereth all things after the counsel of his own will, and to wait with patience till the day shall arrive when we shall be constrained to say, 'He hath done all things well.'"

Who would have anticipated that the greatest of modern religious reformations in England should have been effected by Henry VIII, a cruel and superstitious king, the worst enemy the reformation ever had; he, whom, by the force of arms and by the productions of the pen, opposed this great work, refuting those whom he could not persecute, and persecuting those whom he could not refute! Who would have thought that this monarch should first serve the work he intended to subvert, clear the way for the Reformation, and, by shaking off the Papal yoke, execute the plan of Providence, while he seemed to do nothing but satiate his voluptuousness and ambition!

How unexpected was it that Martin Luther, an obscure monk, could have surmounted the obstacles of his preaching in Germany; and that the proud Emperor, Charles V, who reckoned among his captives pontiffs and kings, could not subdue one poor monk! Who expected that the barbarous tribunal of the Inquisition, under whose despotic power so many nations trembled, should have been one of the principal causes of the reformation in the United Provinces of Holland.

All true Christians believe that there is an overruling Providence, who can make use of unlikely instruments to accomplish his purposes. The following is one among many well-authenticated occurrences which could be brought as an illustration of this truth. A poor but pious man, who obtained his living by carrying coal to market, was sometimes brought to extremities in supplying the wants of his family. On one occasion, being unable to sell his coal, he was obliged to return home

almost disheartened, as he had brought no food for his children. After they had retired for the night, the pious father went into a little place near his house, for prayer and meditation. While there, his mind was drawn out in a remarkable manner, as he was meditating on that passage in Habbakuk, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom," etc., "yet I will rejoice in the God of my salvation." He was so absorbed in this subject, that he lost sight of all his difficulties and troubles.

When he returned to his cottage again, he was surprised to find his table loaded down with provisions. He could not obtain information who it was that sent them, and this remarkable occurrence was long a subject involved in wonder and mystery. Many years afterward, a miserly old man in the vicinity died, and it was generally observed that he was never known to have performed a single act of charity. This remark having been made one day in the hearing of an old servant woman, who had lived with him, she replied it was not strictly true, as on one occasion, many years before his death, her master called her up, and after enjoining strict secrecy, told her that he had suffered much in a dream, in which

he saw the family of the poor man who sold coal in a starving situation, and that he could not rest until he had relieved their sufferings. He told her to hurry on her clothes, take a large basket of provisions, make haste to the poor man's house, empty her basket on his table, answer no questions, but to return as quick as she could, and to tell no one what had occurred. Thus relief, or deliverance, came from an agent or source, albatross-like, totally unexpected.

A remarkable deliverance recently took place on the ocean, in the vicinity of the American coast. A large ocean steamer, during a violent storm, became disabled, and finally went down with all her treasures on board. A small Norwegian vessel weathered the storm, and at the time was sailing in a different direction. A small bird having flown once or twice against the face of the captain, was, according to ancient tradition or superstition of his countrymen, a token that he was sailing in a wrong direction; he therefore altered his course, came in sight of the sinking ship, and although a heavy sea was running, he saved many lives before she sank.

ISAIAH,
Chap. l:
verse 11

1 JOHN,
Chap. iv:
verse 1.

EPHESIANS,
Chap. iv:
verse 14.



EPHESIANS,
Chap. v:
verse 11.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verse 19.

1 JOHN,
Chap. ii:
verse 22.

IGNIS-FATUUS, OR FALSE LIGHT.

Thou casteth my words behind thee. Ps. L: 17.—Knoweth not whether he goeth. 1 John, II: 11.—Satan himself is transformed into an angel of Light. 2 Cor. XI: 16.

THROUGH the gloom the traveler takes his way,
No moonlight beam imparts its guiding ray,
When sudden gleaming, through the gloom of night,
The Ignis-fatuus bursts with delusive light,
Dazzled, enchanted, by the fitful ray,
The traveler casts his faithful lamp away;
Discards the book that might have been his guide,
Pursues the phantom over wilds untried,

Through bogs and quagmires, still he stumbles on,
The illusive phantom glitters and is gone.
When mid the quagmires sinking down to death,
He bemoans his folly with his dying breath.
So many a phantom with delusive ray,
Through error's night, would lead our souls astray;
But Heavenly truth, our lamp, a trusty friend,
A faithful guide, grows brighter to the end.

The Ignis-fatuus is a meteor or light that appears in the night over marshy grounds, supposed to be occasioned by phosphoric matter arising from decaying substances, or by some inflammable gas, sometimes vulgarly called Jack-o-lantern. Wonderful stories have been told of travelers being misled and bewil-

dered by following these lights, which moved from place to place when they were approached. These appearances have been observed from ancient times. Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, thus describes the Ignis-fatuus:

A wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night

Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night-wanderer from his
way,

Through bogs and mires, and oft through
pond, or pool,
There swallowed up and lost, from succor far.

In passing through this dark world, the Father of our spirits has given us his Word as our guide-book, and has also given us the light, or lamp, of Reason, by which we are able to learn its contents. In the engraving, a traveler, seeing a luminous and perhaps a beautiful object before him, is attracted by it, and leaves the path in which he is traveling. He discards his guide-book, the Bible, throws down the lamp by which he has been able to discern his pathway, and follows the new light, or revelation, which now appears just before him. He is led into morasses, swamps, and quagmires in pursuit of his object; he wanders far away, gets among bogs, and perhaps perishes in the mire.

The above is a striking similitude of many of the new light theories which are continually springing up from age to age. The great object of Satan, the enemy of mankind, is to deceive, mislead, and destroy. For this purpose he transforms himself into an angel of light. In this disguise he deceived our first mother, by pretending that she should get a great increase of *light*—that is, *wisdom* and *understanding*—and by this means came sin and death into the world, and all our woe.

To effect the ruin of mankind, Satan being a "liar from the beginning," endeavors to lower our estimation of the Bible as the word of God, and finally to discard its doctrines and precepts. He at first proceeds in a covert way, and induces men to reject a part only as being of divine inspiration; then the whole is easily discarded, or thought to be inferior to the new light, or revelation, which ap-

pears elsewhere. The object of the enemy is now accomplished, the poor traveler is deceived. He now throws down the Bible, the only sure guide-book, and follows an *ignis-fatuus* into the mire and swamps of error and sin, where he sinks to rise no more.

To destroy the credibility of the Christian religion, Satan strikes at the divinity of Jesus Christ, and at the influences of the Holy Spirit. Our Lord proved his divinity by the miracles he performed; by the laying on his hands, he restored the sick to health. In imitation of this, in our age we have those among us who, by certain manifestations, the laying on of hands, etc., profess to heal the sick, and perform many wonderful acts. By the theory of this system, he that was in the beginning with God, and by whom all things were created, is stated to be but a mere man, and all the miracles which he performed were accomplished by the same power which they possess. He was inspired, so likewise are we; in a measure, we have the same power which he possessed to restore the sick to health.

It is a doctrine of Christianity that the Spirit of God operates upon the human soul, and transforms men into the image of Christ, who thus become Christians, or partakers of this divine nature. We have those among us, in our age, who claim power to transfuse their souls into that of others, and control all their acts, and even all their thoughts. In this particular, they claim, in effect, the same power which is possessed by the Spirit of God.

In addition to the foregoing, the followers of this new light, or revelation, in certain cases, claim the attribute of omniscience; they also profess to summon persons from another world, and converse with departed spirits or demons. Thus, the Deity worshiped by Christians is brought down to the level of poor sinful mortals, who contend that their revelations are like to his, and in

some respects they claim almost equal power.

Thus in these things, professing themselves to be wise, they become fools, walking in the light their own fires have kindled. It must, however, be confessed that many things have occurred in our day which remain totally unexplained. The depths of Satan are not fully known, and to what extent his power may be exhibited we know not; but it is our wisdom to follow no other light but that which proceeds from the Word of God.

The heathen oracles of antiquity, the soothsayers, the wizards, possessors of familiar spirits, and the spirit of divination mentioned in the Scriptures, the magicians of Egypt, ancient and modern, the fortune-tellers of the present age may all be comprised under one class. The oracle among the heathens was the answer which the gods were supposed to give to those who consulted them upon any affair of importance. It is also used for the god who was thought to give the answer, and for the space where it was given. Many of these answers were given in caves and subterraneous caverns; numerous and disagreeable ceremonies were enjoined on the priests or medium through which communications were made, such as sleeping in the fresh skins of beasts, etc.

The priestess of the *Delphic Oracle* in Greece, when placed over a fissure from which proceeded a sulphurous vapor, began to foam at the mouth, tore her hair and flesh, and the words uttered during her frenzy were put in verse and delivered as the answer of the oracle. At Dodona, the priestess foretold future events, by attentively observing the murmur of the sacred oaks, the voice of falling water, etc. In modern times, those through whom communications are made are first put asleep, or have their powers of mind or body stupified or paralyzed.

Those who have paid much attention to these subjects are divided in opinion.

Some suppose they are only the invention of jugglers; others believe that there is a diabolic agency employed in these matters. As this latter opinion can not be proved either impossible or unscriptural, it is no absurdity in believing in its correctness; indeed it is difficult to account for many things which stand recorded on the pages of history in every age, and of every nation, on other grounds. The existence and exercise of supernatural power, both good and bad, is acknowledged in every part of the Bible. All true Christians believe in the supernatural influence of the Divine Spirit. To what extent satanic power is suffered to exist on mind and matter we know not, but we are continually warned against its machinations.

The Apostle Paul says, "The SPIRIT speaketh expressly" of apostles in latter times, "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons" (*i. e.*, dead men); he probably refers to Isaiah's prediction of men who should say, "Seek unto them that have familiar spirits; . . . should not a people seek unto their God, for the living to the dead?" Hence the prophet's injunction is peculiarly appropriate to us in these modern times: "*To the Law and to the Testimony*—if they speak not according to his word, it is because there is no light in them."

"All things," says a recent writer, "betoken that we are certainly on the first steps of a career of demoniac manifestations." Rejecting the Bible as *authority*; claiming for men inspiration in common with Christ and the Apostles, and of the same kind; regarding sin as but a small matter, merely as immaturity of development; setting aside all the Christian doctrines of a fall of angels and men from original holiness, of the depravity of man, the atonement of Jesus Christ, regeneration, pardon, etc., the system is beginning to be understood, though but half developed—"a

polytheistic pantheism, disguising, under the name of *Spirit*, a subtle but general materialism,"—a system which defines the soul as a substance not distinct from the body, but the result of corporeal organization.

It has been observed that the spirit-world of this system is like that of ancient Egypt, so distinguished for its magicians. The Egyptians divided the whole world into three zones: the first was the earth, or zone of trial; the second was the zone of the air, perpetually agitated by the winds and storms, and was considered as the zone of temporal punishment; the third was the zone of rest and tranquillity; these zones were divided into thirty-two departments, where the souls of the dead were to be distributed, etc.

Those professing to have received the new illumination or revelation, state there is a series of grand spheres, commencing with man's rudimental sphere in the flesh, and ascending in just gradation to the highest heavens. Each grand sphere comprises several secondary spheres or circles, and each secondary sphere or circle has several degrees, etc.

While claiming to supply the lacking evidence of immortality needed to convert infidels, those that follow this "new revelation" indirectly deny that the resurrection of Christ "brought life and immortality." Invoking the presence of many mediators, they deny the one mediator Christ, by whom alone we approach to God; claiming to be the heralds of millennial glory, yet, with few exceptions, denying "that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ."

"Mighty as the deep yearning of man-

kind in all ages to penetrate the tremendous secrets of the dead; mighty as the conception of departed worth, the unutterable longing of depraved hearts for the unforgotten, and the ecstatic delight of souls suddenly restored to converse with the idolized, whose loss made life a desert, they weave the spell of exciting novelty; they excite the vague presentiment of boundless discovery, and unveil a dazzling horizon of an elysium without a cross, where mankind shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. Drunk with this elixir, the millions surrender themselves to the implicit sway of—*what powers?* Powers unseen, powers ærial, under the masterly guidance of some one mind of fathomless ability, and fathomless guile.

A foreign divine, a few years since, in a lecture on religious subjects, stated that "there remains yet for the world, as the crowning delusion, a *lying imitation* of the kingdom and dispensation of the Spirit—such as the lawless Communist sects of the middle ages, in the Familists of a later day, and in the St. Simonians of our own, has attempted to come to the birth, though in each case the world was not ripe for it yet, and the thing was withdrawn for a time, to reappear in an after hour—full of false freedom, full of the promise of bringing all things into one, making war on the family," etc.

This adversary [the Antichrist of St. Paul] is not simply the *wicked* one, but the *lawless* one; and the mystery is not merely a mystery of iniquity, but of *lawlessness*. Law, in all its manifestations, is that which he shall rage against, making hideous misapplication of that great truth that "where the Spirit is, there is liberty."

HEBREWS,
Chap. x:
verse 38.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. ii:
verse 19.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iv:
verse 14.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verse 22.



2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iv:
verse 10.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. i:
verse 16.

REVELATION,
Chap. iii:
verse 15.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verses 20, 21.

THE BACKSLIDER.

The Backslider, turning to his former sins, the Guardian Angel weeps. Satan approaches to resume his reign over him, while the Spirit is departing.

BEHOLD the sinner turning to his sins again;
Pride, gluttony, ill-will, a kindred train—
The holy, heavenly dove departing flies,
His guardian angel views with weeping eyes;

Satan approaches to resume his sway,
And guide him swiftly on his downward way.
O! wretched man, who thus has turned aside
From all that might to peace and virtue guide.

Backsliding is defined as turning from the path of duty. It presupposes that the person who is guilty of it has, in some part of his life, and to some extent, performed his duty in keeping the commandments of God. The engraving represents a person of this description, who, having once cast off, or renounced his sins, but by un-

watchfulness, and by the force of temptation, is led to the commission of his former crimes and transgressions.

The backslider is above represented as taking into his companionship his old associates, whom he had formerly discarded. He begins to be ashamed of the cross of Christ. Pride shows her shining feathers. Instead of par-

doning or forgiving those who trespass against him, he indulges in feelings of ill-will and anger, which, if persisted in, will assuredly consign him to perdition.

Instead of endeavoring to attain purity of mind, the backslider indulges in unclean thoughts and desires, which, if not checked and resisted, will soon break out into open acts of licentiousness. The lower passions claim indulgence, and by gluttony and intemperance one is assimilated, or made like the unclean beast. Indulgence of sin blinds the mind; deceit is practiced until, at length, it finds a lodgment in the bosom.

The backslider, as he rejects the divine admonition, causes the heavenly Spirit to depart. Satan, prince of the children of disobedience, approaches to resume his sway over one of his former subjects. The guardian angel weeps over the waywardness of her charge. Rejection of the divine counsel, the indulgence of the hateful passions of fallen humanity, with the practice of beastly vices, places man on the high road to everlasting destruction.

Throughout the Word of God continual cautions are given against the danger of backsliding, or of departing from the living God. Even among angelic beings, the highest order of intelligences, we find backsliding; they left their first estate, and by transgression fell. Hence the expression of Isaiah, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O, Lucifer, son of the morning!" So our first parents, in the Garden of Eden, being tempted, or persuaded by the devil, became backsliders, and fell from the state of happiness by disobeying God.

Solomon, king of Israel, the wisest of mortals, was admitted to near converse with his Maker, and gave him a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like him before, nor should be afterward. Even this ruler,

so distinguished for piety and greatness, became a backslider to such an extent that he committed the greatest of crimes, by joining in the worship of the false gods of the heathen. If such men fall from their steadfastness, it well becomes us all to "look diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God."

We have recorded instances of backsliding and apostasy under the Christian dispensation, as in the case of Peter, Judas, Demas, and others. The apostle Paul, speaking of the Jews, his countrymen, who were highly distinguished above all other nations for their superior privileges, says "they were broken off for their unbelief." Addressing the Romans, he says: "Be not high-minded, but fear, for thou standest by faith;" as if he had said, "they once stood by faith;" they gave place to unbelief, and fell. You stand now by faith, but it is as possible for you to be unfaithful, as it was for them; consequently you may fall, as they have done.

"The causes of backsliding," says one, are "the parleying with temptations, the cares of the world, improper connections, inattention to secret or closet duties; self-conceit and dependence, and self-indulgence. A backsliding state is manifested by indifference to prayer and self-examination, trifling or unprofitable conversation, neglect of public ordinances, shunning the people of God, associating with the world, thinking lightly of sin, neglect of the Bible, and often by gross immorality."

Better that we had never known

The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,

And slight and mock thee to thy face.

Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein.
O, may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

HEBREWS,

Chap. xi:
verses 36, 37.

JAMES,

Chap. i:
verse 12.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxiv:
verse 13.

1 PETER,

Chap. ii:
verse 19.

DANIEL,

Chap. iii:
verse 15.

DANIEL,

Chap. vi:
verse 10.

REVELATION,

Chap. iii:
verse 10.

2 CORINTHIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 18.

THE TRIALS OF FAITH.

Your adversary . . whom resist steadfast in the faith. 1 Peter v: 8, 9.—The trial of your faith. 1 Peter i: 7.—The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. 1 John v: 4.

FAITH passes on, undaunted on her way,
Though many a tempting foe would lead astray.
The wreathes of fame and honor, to her sight,
Are lure displayed in tempting radiance right;
The horn of plenty at her feet is poured,
The halls of pleasure spread their costly board;

While on the left the fires of persecution flame,
And foes entice, or openly assail:
But Faith goes on her way, and bears the cross,
And counting all her earthly gains but loss,
Treads in her Master's steps, the Son of God,
Who once on earth that fiery pathway trod.

Faith is here represented, or personified, by a female figure, surrounded by several persons, representing various temptations and obstacles set forward to oppose and stop her in her onward and upward course. Wreaths of honor and distinction are placed at her feet. The halls of pleasure are opened, and she is invited to come in thither. On the other hand, the fires of persecution blaze,

while the demon of slander and detraction assail her from behind. But amid all, Faith looks upward, and presses forward, holding up the cross, the emblem of him through whom she expects to conquer. She follows the example of her Lord and Master, who once had the whole world offered to him if he would turn aside.

Many times those who have com-

menced the Christian course in earnest, have been strongly tempted to turn aside, by the riches and honors which have been placed before them, to draw their attention from heavenly things. But we have many instances on record where faith has overcome. We have an illustrious example in Moses, the servant of God, who, through faith, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, thus renouncing all the pleasures and honors of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The love of honor, glory, and renown some men of elevated spirits have preferred before all the pleasures of sense and imagination put together. This passion, when it takes possession of the soul, is one of the most powerful. It has triumphed over the strongest propensities of nature, the appetites and affections. See the conqueror devoting himself to a life of constant toil, peril, and pain to gain himself a name, to be praised and admired by those about him, and to have the fame of his exploits carried to distant lands. How many, in every age, have hazarded their lives upon a mere point of honor, and

"Ventured everlasting death
To gain this airy good."

All this has been overcome by the grace of God. Persons have been found willing to have their names cast out as evil, yea, to be counted as the filth and off-scouring of the earth, and suffer all things for the sake of Christ.

The tempter endeavors to draw Faith aside to the halls and mansions of ease and pleasure; the doors are opened wide, and she is almost pressed to go in; but, remembering the words of inspiration, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," Faith withdraws her foot from the gilded halls of pleasure, which indeed appear desirous to the eye and sense, but are the very chambers of death. These

trials of faith are at times extremely dangerous—many have fallen by them to rise no more. Faith, however, by turning off her eyes from beholding vanity, and looking above, gains the victory.

Persecution raises his flaming torch, and endeavors to terrify Faith, and force her from the Christian path of duty. Multitudes of instances are on record where those of the noble company of martyrs have endured, literally, the "fiery trial," being burned at the stake rather than renounce the faith which they had professed. The Apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, gives a long list of the primitive martyrs who had their faith tried by various tortures. Some had trial of "cruel mockings"—supposed to be, by some commentators, their being exhibited like wild beasts at public spectacles, held up as objects of scorn, derision, and contempt. They had "scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

In more modern times, the Albigenses of France, and the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont, were hunted and extirpated like wild beasts. John Huss and Jerome, of Prague, were burned at the stake, heroically contending for the faith, and went, as it were, in a fiery chariot to heaven. During the reign of Queen Mary, in England, Latimer, Ridley, and a noble company of others, bore testimony to the faith when wrapped in flames of fire.

One great trial of faith, in every age, has been the endurance of slander from those whose tongues are like sharp swords. The ancient Christians were defamed, and were made as the "filth of the earth, and the off-scouring of all

things." They were charged with being the enemies of the government under which they lived, the disturbers of the public peace, the revilers of the gods and of true religion. They were even accused of the most abominable crimes, in order to prejudice the public mind against them. In one instance a heathen emperor himself caused a city to be set on fire, and then charged it upon the Christians, to excite public indignation against them.

To be adjudged as the filth and off-scouring of the earth, was to be made a curse or sacrifice. We allude here to the custom of heathen nations, who, in a time of public calamity, chose out some men of a most despicable character to be a public expiation for them. These they maintained a whole year at the public expense, and then led them forth, crowned with flowers, as was customary in sacrifices; having heaped all the curses of the country upon their heads, and whipped them seven times, they burned them alive, and afterward their ashes were thrown into the sea, while the people said "Be our propitiation." The apostle, therefore, who speaks of these trials of faith, means by it that he and his brethren were treated like those wretched beings who were judged to be fit for nothing but expiating victims to the infernal gods, for the safety and redemption of the people.

The Divine Author of Christianity, when expiring on the cross for the salvation of the world, was derided and

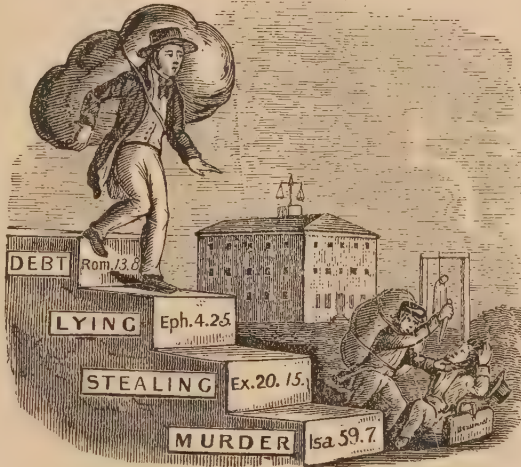
mocked by those whom he came to save. Those that passed by wagged their heads, in token of contempt, saying, You who pretended to be able to destroy the temple and build it again in three days, if you be the Son of God, and have such power, why do you not save yourself—why not come down from the cross? You have saved others, it is true, but you can not save yourself; and if you are the Son of God, as you pretend, let him save you. If you will come down from the cross, where we have put you, we will then believe you. Thus (O astonishing thought!) the Lord of life and glory "endured the contradiction of sinners against himself," and "despising the shame," has left his followers a bright example of meekness, patience, and endurance, under the most aggravated insults which can be offered.

It has been the lot of some of God's people, when in their dying moments, to endure most "cruel mockings" from their enemies. Amid barbarous men, to whom they went on errands of love, the devoted heralds of the cross have been seized and put to death in extreme tortures. While crying, in their last moments, on the Lord Jesus to receive their souls, their dying groans have been mocked, the adorable name on which they called blasphemed, insulted, and derided as a being unable to deliver those who trust in him. Others have been burned to ashes, amid the triumphant shouts and derisive yells of demons in human form.

MATTHEW,
Chap. vi:
verse 13.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. iii:
verse 9.

ACTS,
Chap. v:
verses 2, 3.



ISAIAH,
Chap. lix:
verse 6.

2 KINGS,
Chap. viii:
verses 12, 13.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xi:
verse 19.

FOUR FATAL STEPS.

When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Jas. i: 15.

BEHOLD in truthful types depicted here,
Four downward steps in Error's mad career:
First *Debt*, the parent source of many an ill,
Incites to covet, keeps him anxious still;
Then *Falsehood* comes, the debt he can not pay,
Will prompt his lips a lying tale to say;

Then *Theft*, that by dishonest means obtains
The sum he can not raise by honest gains;
Next, theft found out, *Murder* must then conceal
The crime, his victim else would soon reveal—
Beyond all these, the dreary future shows,
The hangman's gibbet is the fearful close.

It is a direction of Infinite Wisdom, through the Apostle, to "owe no man any thing;" which, though primarily spoken in reference to that love which we owe to one another, yet, no doubt, includes the pecuniary obligations due to our fellow-men. The wisdom of this command is apparent, when we see that an opposite course is opening the door to temptation, and places us on the direct road to ruin.

One sin leads to another. One may strongly covet something which he does not possess, and which is not necessary that he should have. He has thus far

led, it may be, an honest life, and people have confidence in his integrity. Taking advantage of this circumstance, he first borrows money of a neighbor, without intention of deceiving or defrauding him in the slightest degree. He expects to be able to return it by the time appointed; but he has not made any provision to meet any disappointment, and erred in not making his friend acquainted with his circumstances. He has, however, taken a load on his shoulders which he does not know how to set down; he has got into *debt*; he is on the first of the four fatal steps.

Thus involved in debt, the next downward step is that of *lying*. Having borrowed the sum wanted, he, for a time, felt easy; and instead of taking measures to fulfill his obligations, he put off till to-morrow what ought to have been done to-day. The time of payment arrives and finds him unprepared. Perhaps he thinks his neighbor does not want the money, and it will not make much difference whether he is paid this week or the next. He has broken his word, and begins to make excuses to his creditor. He attempts to represent his case in a more favorable light than it ought to be; he begins to prevaricate, and practices deception, perhaps, at first, on a small scale. He borrows of one person to pay another, it may be with still less probability of meeting the new obligation than before. He practices deception on a larger scale, tells what he considers a *small lie*, and then, after a little, is guilty of a direct falsehood.

The third fatal step downward is *stealing*. Having, by a course of deception and lying, destroyed his credibility, he finds that no one will trust him with any thing on the strength of his word. He is pressed for money, and he knows of no means to obtain it excepting by fraud, stealing, and robbery. Having thus far possessed a decent exterior, and a regard for common morality, he has facilities to perpetrate these crimes which others, more gross and wicked in their outward conduct, have not. He may, for a time, so manage as to escape the legal penalties of crime, but he is fast preparing himself to commit the greatest enormities.

The fourth or last fatal step is *murder*, or the taking of human life, to conceal fraud or robbery. By a long course of deception, the mind of him who commenced his downward career by creating an unnecessary debt becomes, in a measure, seared and blinded. In fact he has succeeded in deceiving him-

self. He has wished that there was no future world, where men are punished for crimes done in this. He has kept himself aloof from places where he might gain instruction. He will not come to the light lest his deeds be reproved.

He has seen, it may be, many villainies and outrages perpetrated which have been followed with the desired success; and because punishment is not executed speedily, the heart is fully set to do evil. He finally brings himself to believe that there is no hereafter—that when a man dies that is the end of him. He has prepared himself for the commission of any crime in which human penalties are not involved. To escape this, and following the maxim, “dead men tell no tales,” he will, to conceal his wickedness, commit murder, and, in all probability, end his career on the gallows.

Many well-known instances might be cited where the foregoing crimes have been committed in the order here described. No man becomes a villain at once. Inclined, as the unregenerate heart is, to sin, yet there is a first step in the path of every crime. At that point in the career of guilt, the man would have shuddered at the *thought* of deeds which he afterward performed without remorse.

In cases where the highest crime is not committed, men are often totally ruined in consequence of getting into debt and practicing deception. A clerk in a store, a teller in a bank, an agent in his office, has peculiar temptations.

How many have been ruined by making an unnecessary display in household matters. He who is constantly handling the money of others is tempted, when in a strait, to use some small part of it for his own use, with the promise, perhaps, made to himself, that he will restore it, and that speedily. But he finds it easier to borrow than to pay, when no one calls him to an account. The more he takes, the more

he wants to take. He begins a course of extravagance, and falls into sins that requires money to secure the indulgence. He speculates, in hope of paying all back at once; every plunge increases his embarrassment; his guilt breaks out; he flies from justice, a lost, self-ruined man.

In connection with this subject, it may be stated that lying is one of the most dishonorable and disgraceful acts of which human beings can be guilty. It is the mark of a mean and worthless spirit—a vice which early discovers itself in the human mind; and to discourage or eradicate it, no caution or attention can be too great or severe. As it is founded in the worst principles, so is it productive of the greatest evils, being not only bad in itself, but is used to cloak other offenses. "Simply to lie," says one, "is an offense; to lie in order to conceal a fault, is a double offense; but to lie with a malicious purpose, with a view to prejudice others, is an offense aggravated tenfold, and truly

diabolical." "Never," says a writer, addressing the young, "in a smaller or greater matter, suffer your lips to deviate from the truth; speak it honestly, openly, and without reserve; you can not conceive how easily the mind is corrupted by the slightest indulgence in falsehood, by the least license given to little mean reservations, equivocations, and mental chicanery. Be assured that a fault is always doubled by denying it; an open, frank confession disarms resentment and conciliates affection There is great reason to presume that those who are conscientious in their words, will be so in their actions . . . The least temptation to fraud must never be suffered to remain a moment in your hearts; dishonesty will blast your reputation and all your hopes; and it will be still worse in those who are intrusted with the charge of the property of others, for the breach of trust is one of the highest aggravations of an offense."

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 14.

COLOSSIANS,

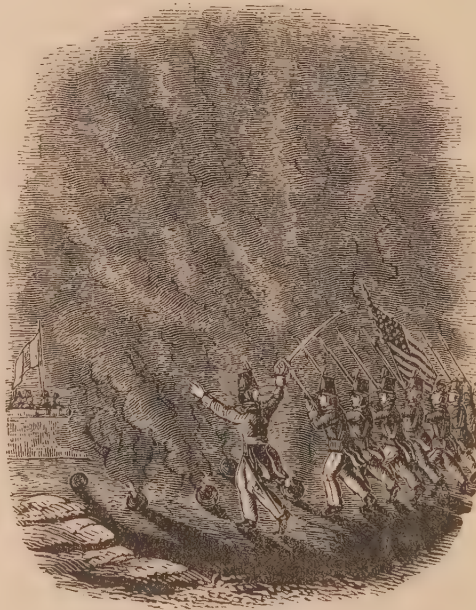
Chap. ii:
verse 8.

PSALM

xxxvii:
verse 32.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxiv:
verse 43.



REVELATION,

Chap. iii:
verse 2.

2 SAMUEL,

Chap. xx:
verses 9, 10.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xxii:
verses 16, 17.

PSALM

x:
verses 9, 10.

THE CONCEALED ATTACK.

Take heed that no man deceive you. Matt. xxiv: 4.—The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not. 2 Cor. iv: 4.

THE opposing ranks that here the foe approach,
Would stealthily upon their ranks encroach,
Not with the blast of trumpet, or the sound
Of martial music, waking echoes round;

But 'mid the smoke, whose curling wreaths arise
Filling the landscape, blinding thus their eyes;
Then drawing near, make a fierce attack,
Rout the enemy, and drive them back.

In the war with Mexico, a military officer, wishing to attack a strong position of his opponents, felt that his success would be doubtful if his movements were seen. Having laid his plan to make the attack at a certain point, he threw forward, in front of the enemy's works, numerous smoke-balls, which he had prepared for the occasion. Soon a dense cloud of smoke arose over the whole field, which entirely concealed the approach of the Americans until they were almost within the works of the enemy. The attack was in such a covert and sudden manner, that no opportunity was given the foe for effectual resistance, and the fortifications were easily taken.

This mode of attack has often been used to assail some important truth or doctrine of Christianity. It would not answer the purposes of its enemies to openly attack it. The assault must be made in a covert way; other issues and appearances are presented which conceal the real approach, like the smoke-balls which shut off the vision from surrounding objects.

In the first ages of Christianity, the heathen emperors and magistrates wished to destroy Christianity. To accomplish this, it seemed necessary to put to death all who embraced it. Such were the holy and blameless lives of the first Christians, that it would have been too shocking an outrage to murder them merely on account of their religious belief; therefore various crimes were laid to their charge. One of the heathen emperors set Rome on fire, and then charged it upon the Christians. They were even accused of being cannibals, or eaters of human flesh, and also of sacrificing young children to their gods.

By such, and kindred means, the people became exasperated. Their vision was obscured as to the real object of the enemies of Christianity, by the clouds of indignation which arose on account of their supposed enormities. As if this was not sufficient to incite the multitude to action, an appeal was made to their fears. "These Christians," said they, "blaspheme our gods, whose anger is kindled against us and our country on their account; else why do we witness such storms, tempests, inundations, and earthquakes. Before this hated sect arose, such things rarely happened. To save ourselves and homes from ruin, to appease the anger of our deities, we must put these Christians to death." Under the cover of indignation against crime, on one hand, and of patriotism and love of country, on the other, vast numbers of Christians throughout the Roman empire were slain.

The rulers of the Jews wished to put

to death the Son of God, who had given his testimony against their vices and crimes. But such was his beneficence and spotless purity, that they feared to lay their hands upon him. Some cover or cloud of smoke must be raised to conceal their real design. He was accused of speaking against the Mosaic religion, against their temple, and was a deceiver of the worst kind. They told the people that if he was suffered to live and teach his doctrines their country would be ruined, for "the Romans would come and take away both their place and nation." By this, and such like means, the Lord of life and glory was denounced, the multitude was set against him, their vision was obscured, and they cried out, "Away with him, let him be crucified!"

When Paul declared, at Ephesus, that "they be no gods which are made by men's hands," Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen filled the whole city with confusion, on account of their business being in danger. They made silver shrines, or models of the temple of Diana, where that goddess was worshiped at Ephesus, and by their sale obtained great wealth. They plainly saw that if the apostles were permitted to go on thus preaching, the worship of Diana would be destroyed, and their business ruined.

Therefore, self-interest, more than the worship of Diana, caused the opposition to Paul at Ephesus. The cry of "great is Diana of the Ephesians" was used as a covert to drive him from the city. More than forty of the Jews secretly banded together, and swore a solemn oath neither to eat nor to drink until they had killed him. Their murderous design failed of its accomplishment only by the special interposition of Divine Providence.

The object of the great enemy of mankind is to introduce sin, in some form or other, into the world. To effect his purpose, he conceals his movements from

his unsuspecting victims. He can even transform himself into an angel of light. As in the temptation in the garden of Eden, he promises some good to those who will follow his suggestions.

Does Satan wish to destroy an institution which the Savior of the world once honored with his presence, he approaches his victims, speaking most affectionately of mutual love. "Is not God himself declared to be Love? How holy, then, is the passion! You are all one in Christ Jesus." How elevated and ennobling the thought! By and by the tempter suggests, "If all are one, what one possesses is equally the property of all—what is mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. If you have any thing

that I want more than what you do, can I not take it; even the wife of your bosom, is she not mine also? We are freed from the yoke of the law, and we are so perfected in love that we can not sin."

Reasonings like these may arise, and blind the soul to approaching foes. These mists of error conceal the advance of a deadly enemy. They may even be made to appear like the clouds of incense which arose in the holy temple. But we may be assured that in whatever form such reasonings appear, they are but smoke-balls cast from the infernal pit, in order to deceive and ruin the soul.

GENESIS,
Chap. xxxvii:
verse 35.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xii:
verse 8.

GENESIS,
Chap. xxxix:
verse 20.

JOHN,
Chap. xi:
verse 4.



PSALM
cxix:
verse 67.

LAMENTATIONS,
Chap. iii:
verse 27.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xvi:
verse 9.

ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 28.

CROSS-PROVIDENCES.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Rev. III: 19.—Ye have seen the end of the Lord . . . tender mercy. James v: 11.—The angel of his presence saved them. Isa. LXIII: 6.

BEHOLD! before the weary traveler's eyes,
A palace with its beauteous walls arise;
With joy, he seems to see his journey end,
Resolves beneath its roof the night to spend.
He presses on, when sudden in his way,
A form angelic bids his footsteps stay;

He sees the glittering sword the pathway guard,
Bemoans, perchance with tears, his fortune hard.
The gulf yawns deep, but he sees it not,
As an angel kind his footsteps stop;
Tis Mercy's form across his pathway moves,
And this cross-providence salvation proves.

The traveler, somewhat wearied by his journey, has come in sight of a beautiful palace, where he hopes to repose, as he understands travelers can be accommodated there with little or no expense. Comforting himself with this prospect, he presses forward, until he is suddenly stopped by one whom he sup-

poses to be an evil angel sent by the prince of darkness, who delights in the torment and misery of mankind. His supposed enemy frowns upon him, stands across his pathway, sword in hand, completely preventing his further progress in that direction.

The traveler thinks that he is hardly

dealt with; perhaps murmurs and complains that all his bright prospects are destroyed, and is ready to say, "All these things are against me." Blind mortal! he does not know that just before him is an awful and yawning gulf, where many have fallen to rise no more. Had he been left to pursue the way to the mansions where he expected so much happiness, he also would have perished like others before him.

We can, doubtless, recollect in our experience, that we have been almost imperceptibly turned from a course which we have laid out for ourselves.

It is quite possible that ministering angels have, by means unobserved, been silently influencing our minds to pursue the right course; or, if such gentle means have failed to turn us from the path we are pursuing, violence has been used, and we have been forced to stop in our course. Something which we call a great misfortune, or cross-providence, has befallen us, and we were tempted to murmur and repine at the troubles which befell us. But have we not, many times had cause to rejoice that these afflictive dispensations have proved mercies in disguise? For by them greater misfortunes, or perhaps our entire ruin, has been prevented.

"Afflictions," says one, "are God's most effectual means to keep us from losing our way to our heavenly rest." Without this hedge of thorns on the right hand and on the left, we should hardly keep the way to heaven. If there be but one gap open, how ready are we to find it and turn out at it! When we grow wanton or proud, how doth sickness or other affliction reduce us! Every Christian, as well as Luther, may well call affliction one of his best school-masters, and, with David, may say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept my word."

Whenever the Almighty sends an adverse dispensation, or by cross-providences, our path seems crossed or stopped

up, it may be presumed to be with this message, "Go draw that sinner or that Christian from the love of the world; go take away that comfort, he is going to make an idol of it; go stop his pathway in that direction, for certain destruction awaits him if he proceeds further."

The reasonableness of present afflictions will appear, that by their means we are induced to seek our true rest; that they keep us from mistaking it, and from losing our way to it; that our peace is quickened toward it; and, although for the present they are not joyous, but grievous, yet afterward they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Many of those who have stood high in the favor of God have been exercised with sharp afflictions. Moses, whom God honored with the most condescending and familiar studies of himself, was tried by long afflictions. David, a man after God's own heart, was, for a long time, hurled to and fro by tempestuous persecutions from his unjust and implacable enemies. Isaiah, who was dignified with such heavenly visions that his description of the sufferings of Christ seems rather the history of an evangelist than the vision of a prophet, was, it is asserted, sawn asunder.

Providence is defined to be the superintendence and care which God exercises over creation. It has, by some writers, been divided into immediate and mediate, ordinary and extraordinary, common and special, universal and particular. *Immediate* providence is that which is exercised by God himself, without the use of any instrument or second cause; *mediate* providence is what is exercised in the use of means, and by the chain of second causes; *extraordinary* is what is out of the common way, as miraculous operations. *Common* providence is what belongs to the whole world; *special*, what relates to the church. *Universal* relates to the general upholding and preserving all things; *particular* relates to individuals in every action and circumstance.

With regard to *particular* providence, which is denied by some, a good writer observes: "The opinion entertained by some that the providence of God extends no further than to a general superintendence of the laws of nature, without interposing in the particular concerns of individuals, is contrary both to reason and Scripture. It renders the government of the Almighty altogether loose and contingent, and would leave no ground for reposing any trust under its protection; for the majority of human affairs would then be allowed to fluctuate in a fortuitous course, without moving in any regular direction, and without tending to any one scope.

"The uniform doctrine of the sacred writings is, that throughout the universe nothing happens without God—that his hand is ever active, and that his decree, or permission, intervenes in all; that nothing is too great or unwieldy for his management; and nothing so minute and inconsiderable as to be below his inspection and care. While he is guiding the sun and moon in their course through the heavens; while in this inferior world he is ruling among empires, stilling the raging of the water and the tumults of the people, he is, at the same time, watching over the humble, good man, who, in the obscurity of his cottage, is serving and worshipping him."

In what manner Providence influences and directs the thoughts and councils of men, and still leaves them to the freedom of their choice, is a subject of dark and mysterious nature, and which has given rise to many an intricate controversy. It is clear from the testimony from Scripture, that God takes part in all that happens among mankind, directing and overruling the whole course of events, so as to make every one of them answer the designs of his wise and righteous government. It is upon the supposition of a particular providence that our worship and prayers to him are founded. All his perfections would be utterly insignificant to us if they were not exercised, on every occa-

sion, according to the circumstances of his creatures.

In how many instances have we found that we are held in subjection to a higher power, on whom depends the accomplishment of our wishes and designs? Fondly we have projected some favorite plan. We thought we had provided for all that might happen; but lo! some little event has come about unseen by us, and its consequences, at the first seemingly inconsiderable, which yet hath turned the whole course of things into a new direction, and blasted all our hopes. At other times our counsels and plans have been permitted to succeed; we then applauded our own wisdom, and sat down to feast on the happiness we had attained. To our surprise, happiness was not there, and that God's decree had appointed it to be only vanity.

From the imperfection of our knowledge to ascertain what is good for us, and from the defect in our power to bring about that good when known, arise all those disappointments which continually testify that the way of man is not in himself, and that, though he may *devise*, it is God who *directs*. Accident, and chance, and fortune are words often mentioned, and much is ascribed to them in the life of man. But they are words without meaning; or, as far as they have any signification, they are no other than names for the unknown operations of Providence.

That chaos of human affairs, where we can see no light, that mass of disorder and confusion which they often present to our view, is all clearness and order in the sight of Him who brings forward every event in its due time and place. Whatever may happen to the true Christian, and whatever cross-providences may close up the path he is pursuing, he may feel assured that it is done in kindness to save him from evils of which at present he has no conception

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xii:
verse 25.

GALATIANS,

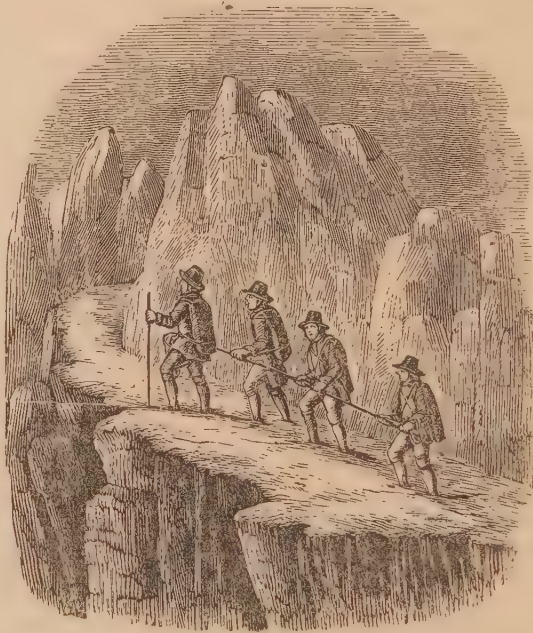
Chap. vi:
verse 2.

ROMANS,

Chap. xiv:
verse 7.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 25.



1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xvi:
verse 16.

ECCLESIAST'S

Chap. iv:
verse 10.

ROMANS,

Chap. xv:
verses 1, 2.

2 CORINTH'NS

Chap. viii:
verse 14.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

For if they shall fall, the one shall lift up his fellow. Eccl. iv: 10.—Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others. Phil. ii: 4.

When up the Alps the party would ascend,
Then each on each for help and strength depend;
Close linked by cords, which each and all have
bound,
They venture safely o'er the dangerous ground;
If one should slip, the cord that holds him fast,

Sustains till help arrives, and danger's past.
Thus, as we walk on life's rude paths, we learn
That friend to friend for help and cheer must
turn;
Affection's cords in ties of union blend,
That link them closely to their journey's end.

The engraving shows a number of travelers who are ascending Mount Blanc, sometimes called the giant of the Swiss Mountains. It is extremely difficult and dangerous to ascend its summit, it being in many places broken into icy peaks, separated by chasms of frightful depths. Some of these are concealed by mere crusts of snow, over

which travelers are obliged to pass. Extremely narrow ridges, slanting and abrupt declivities, abound, where a false step would precipitate the passenger, a mangled corpse, perhaps, thousands of feet below.

To prevent themselves from sliding, or falling to certain destruction, travelers on the perilous passage furnish them-

selves with a long pole or strong cord. Should any one make a false step, and slip, the rope to which he clings will save him, being held firmly by his companions; or should he sink through the snow into some hidden chasm, his being attached to the rope will save him, though he may, for a time, be suspended dangling over destruction.

This representation is a good emblem to illustrate the advantage of being connected with our fellow-beings by some bond of union. A man who walks by himself is liable to many dangers, from which he would be protected if his companions were with him. Should he stumble and break his limbs by falling into a pit, which would prevent his effort to rise, how lamentable his condition; he will starve and die, unheeded by his fellow-men, because he had no companions in the hour of his misfortune.

It is not always the strongest, physically or spiritually, who seem or claim to be the strongest, and no man is so robust and vigorous as to be absolutely independent of his fellow-man. Hence the advantages and necessity of Christian fellowship and communion, whereby watch and care are extended over brethren and sisters in the Lord by kindred spirits. "Two," in the words of Solomon, "are better than one; for if one shall fall, the other shall lift up his fellow; but woe to him who is alone when he falleth, for he has none to lift him up."

The high importance of having companions with us in the hour of trial, is also well illustrated by an adventure of a company of botanists, who, in their explorations, encountered a terrific snow-storm on the island of Terra del Fuego. One of the party, Dr. Solander, aware of the effect of extreme cold to produce sleep, and that death would ensue to the person so overcome, who should yield to it and lie down, urged all his companions by no means, through

lassitude, to stop, but keep moving. "Whoever," he told the party, "sits down will sleep, and whoever sleeps will die."

The companions of Dr. Solander heeded his counsel, and it was well for him who gave it, for by it he himself was saved. Notwithstanding the doctor's timely and judicious warning, he was the first whose senses were stupefied, and who sunk upon the ground. Death was at hand. His companions followed the direction of their teacher; by force they roused him from his lethargy, nor would not suffer him to sit down, but kept him moving until they conducted him to a place of safety.

In civil affairs it is necessary to have some bond of union to the several members of a confederacy. Where there is none, nor sympathy with each other, they are peculiarly exposed to the attacks of insidious enemies, who can attack and easily subvert them in detail. To maintain their independence, and also their individual safety, it is necessary that each should feel their mutual dependence on each other's exertions for their own and general good.

Many things exist in our social system which, at the first, may seem to be useless, but which we shall find, upon examination, to be necessary for the well-being of the whole. The Apostle, in his letter to his Corinthian brethren, in comparing the members of the Church with the members of the human body, argues that as all of them are dependent upon each other, so all the members of the Christian Church, with their varied talents and occupations, and even those which are lightly esteemed are necessary for the perfection of the whole.

The celebrated apologue, or fable, of *Menenius Agrippa*, the Roman consul and general, may serve to illustrate the subject of mutual dependence. The Roman people were led into a state of insurrection against their rulers, under the pretext that they not only had all

the honors, but all the emoluments of the nation, while they were obliged to bear all the burdens and suffer all the privations. Matters were at last brought to such an issue that their rulers were obliged to flee. Anarchy now prevailed, the public peace was broken, and ruin seemed impending. The consul and general, being high in the esteem of the insurgents, was sent to quiet these disturbances. Having assembled the disorderly multitude, he addressed them in the following manner:

"In that time in which the different *parts* of the human body were not in such a state of *unity* as they now are, but each *member* had its separate office and distinct language; they all became discontented, because whatever was procured by their care, labor, and industry was spent on the stomach and intestines, while they, lying at ease in the midst of the body, did nothing but enjoy whatever was provided for them.

They, therefore, conspired among themselves, and agreed that the hands should not convey food to the mouth; that the mouth should not receive what was offered to it; and that the teeth should not masticate whatever was brought to the mouth. Acting on this

principle of revenge, and hoping to reduce the stomach by famine, all the members, and the whole body itself, were, at length, brought into the last stage of consumption. It then plainly appeared that the stomach itself did no small service; that it contributed not less to *their* nourishment than they did to its support, distributing to every part that from which they derived life and vigor; for, by concocting the food, the pure blood derived from it was conveyed by the arteries to every member."

It is easy to discern how the consul applied this fable. The sensible similitude produced the desired effect. The people were convinced that it required the strictest *union* and mutual support of *high* and *low* to preserve the body politic; that if the members of a community refuse the government that necessary aid which its necessities require, they must all perish together.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Divers gifts to each divide;
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfill;
 Never from our office move,
 Needful to each other prove.

ZECHARIAH,

Chap. ix:
verse 12.

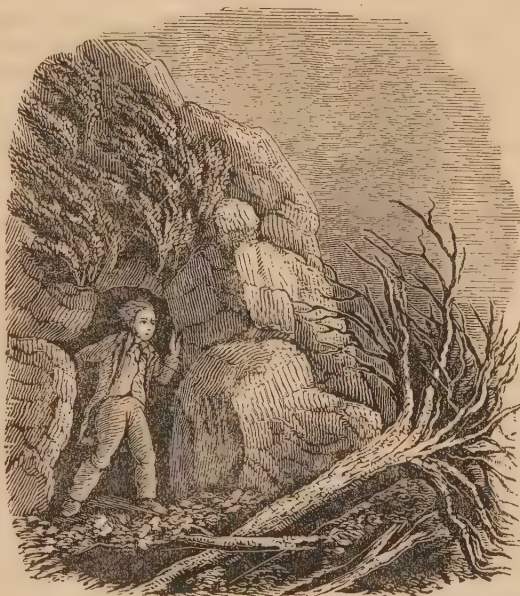
DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. xxxii:
verse 4.

1 SAMUEL,

Chap. ii:
verse 2.

2 SAMUEL,

Chap. xxii:
verse 47.

MATTHEW,

Chap. vii:
verse 25.

PSALM

lxii:
verse 7.

HEBREWS,

Chap. vi:
verse 18.

DEUTERO'MY,

Chap. xxxiii:
verse 27.

THE ROCK OF REFUGE.

*An hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.
Isa. xxxii: 2.—The Lord is my rock, and my fortress; . . . my
buckler, . . . and my high tower. Ps. xviii: 2.*

WHEN the lone traveler, journeying on his way,
Through desert wilds in torrid lands will stray;
As sudden storms and hurricanes arise,
And raging tempests darken all the skies,
Quick to a place of refuge he must flee;
No human habitation can he see,
And soon no shelter would it be, if found;

The furious winds will level to the ground.
He may not seek a shelter near the oak,
Its sturdy trunk is broken by the stroke;
Nearer and nearer howls the angry blast,
Still bringing rain as it rushes past;
But the great Rock against the storm is sure,
He hastens to its clefts, and stands secure.

The traveler, when passing through certain countries subject to hurricanes and tempests, must, when these arise, in order to escape from their fury, have some place of refuge to flee to and hide himself from the sweeping storm.

The observer sees in the distance unmistakable tokens of the angry tempest approaching. The clouds, lowering,

move rapidly onward; the lightnings flash, the wind roars, the thunder growls near, and still nearer. The traveler is affrighted; he looks around for a covert, or place of refuge. He may be tempted to flee to some human structure, but the tempest, which is approaching, will sweep away every thing constructed by the skill or power of

man, and all who take refuge therein will perish in its ruins.

He may, perhaps, place confidence in the sturdy oak, which strikes its roots deep into the earth; he may clasp it round, and, facing the wild commotion, think to escape its fury, but all in vain; the monarch of the forest will be laid prostrate; its strong cords which bound it to the earth will be broken, and all who placed confidence in it will perish beneath its crushed branches.

Nothing can withstand the fury of the winds but the solid rock. The wise traveler discovers this, and flees to it for a shelter. Within its clefts he feels secure, though storms and tempests rage without; his hiding-place is in the everlasting hills, which can not be moved.

This a striking similitude of the safety of those who trust in Christ, as the Rock of their salvation. The Scriptures represent that there is a storm of indignation coming, which will sweep into perdition the whole race of ungodly men. The wicked are warned of their danger; the clouds in the distance are gathering blackness; they are told that nothing will save them but fleeing to the Rock. A vast number will not heed the warning, will not so much as turn their eyes to the heavens to ascertain the truth of what they hear; they continue, it may be, with their eyes fixed upon the ground in gathering the little pebbles and straws which lie before them, till overwhelmed by the storm. Others make something else than the Rock their trust, but miserably perish in the time of trial, while those who heed the warning flee to the Rock whose foundations are of old, hide themselves in its clefts, and are eternally safe.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

"When the Spirit of Truth makes inquisition for sin," says a religious writer, "guilt is then felt, because man beholds himself a child of wrath by nature, and a condemned criminal by means of his practice. In this salutary but unhappy stage of things, he often looks behind, and every glance discovers blacker darkness and nearer approaching storms." He looks around him; he sees no place of shelter in which he can confide. It is a time of trouble and dismay. What an unspeakable comfort to discover the Rock of Ages, to which he can flee for safety, and in its recesses hide himself from the sweeping tempest—to find Jesus Christ, the Savior of sinners, "a hiding-place from the storm, and covert from the tempest." Safe in him, the thunders of the broken law may echo forth all their condemnation; safe in him, the sword of vengeance and of justice, like the fluid stream, may blaze on every side, yet the soul can rest secure.

The firm and lofty rock is used in various parts of the Scriptures as an emblem of certain refuge, safety, defense, and happiness. When the sun pours down his fervid heat upon the great desert, and the traveler is fainting amid its burning sands, what more refreshing than to repose beneath the "shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land."

"*Fly to the Rock!*" is often a necessary direction to those who venture among the sands along the rocky sea-shore. The traveler pursuing his pathway along the iron-bound shore, finding it painful to his feet, ventures on the smooth sands below. The tide is out, the sea is calm, the waves are a long way off; he thinks there can be no danger, so he walks on. Presently the wind begins to rise; still he thinks there can be no danger, it is only rounding that jutting cliff, there is plenty of time, and then he will be safe. Meanwhile the sea comes gradually on, wave after wave, like so many horsemen in battle array, riding one after the other. Every moment they advance a step or two; and before the man has got to the jutting cliff, he sees them dashing against his feet. What is he to do? On one side is a steep and rugged ledge of rocks; on the other side the sea, which the wind is lashing into a storm, and is rushing toward him in foaming fury.

Would a man in such a plight think of losing another moment? Would he stop to consider whether he should not hurt his hands by laying hold of the sharp stones? Would he not strain every nerve to reach a place of safety before the waves would overtake him? If his slothfulness whispered to him, "It is of no use, the ledge is very steep; you may fall back when you have got half way; stay where you are, perhaps the winds may lull and the waves may stop short, and so you will be safe here,"—if his slothfulness prompted such thoughts as these, would he listen

to them? Would he not reply, "Hard as the task may be, it must be tried, or I am a dead man. God will not work a miracle in my behalf; he will not change the course of tides to save me from the effects of my own laziness. I have few minutes left, let me make the most of them."

The scene is not one of mere fancy. Many accounts are given of the risk which has been run by neglecting to flee from a rising tide. Some, by great efforts, aided by God's providence, have escaped a watery grave; others have been overwhelmed, and perished amid the mighty waters. The man who is about to be overtaken by the flowing tide is a similitude of the sinner away from Christ, the Rock of Salvation. On one side of him is the steep ledge of Repentance; on the other the waves of the bottomless pit are every moment rolling toward him, and even beginning to surround his pathway. Is this a situation for a man to stop in? Will any one in such a situation talk about the difficulty of repentance? If wise, he will not, but will put forth all his efforts to ascend the cliff, which, if he accomplishes, all will be well; for his feet stand upon a firm foundation, against which the angry waves may dash in vain.

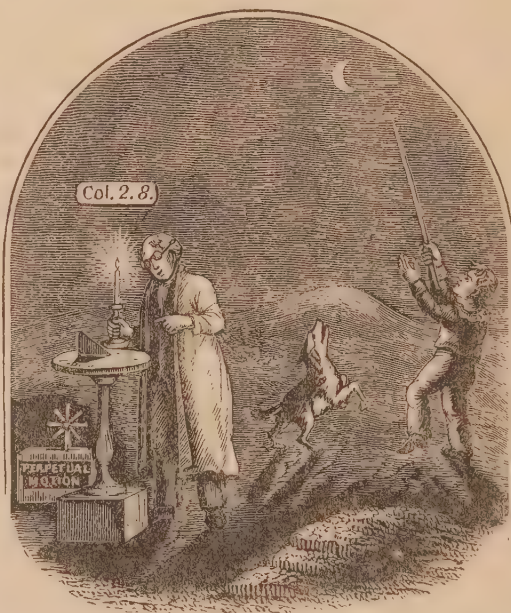
Whatever we do for our salvation should be done in time, and with all our might. We ought not to defer it until we are encompassed with the waves of death. Repent now, therefore; flee to the Rock of Refuge, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxviii:
verse 26.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. x:
verse 3.

PSALM
lxxxii:
verse 5.

ACTS,
Chap. xvii:
verse 30.



ROMANS,
Chap. x:
verse 3.

2 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verses 3, 4.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. viii:
verse 11.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 8.

IGNORANCE AND FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes. Prov. XII: 15.——
Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. Rom. I: 22.——
Without understanding. Rom. I: 31.

MISTAKEN fool, who with the candle's light,
Would view the dial's figures in the night;
He seems to know not that the sun's bright ray
Must cast the shade that marks the hour of day.
Another proof of ignorance is plain,
The boy who would the shining moon obtain;
He sees the glittering object in the skies,

And all in vain to grasp the treasure tries;
The barking dog, with human sense unblest,
Seems here to share the folly of the rest.
Near by, a structure more for show than use,
Essays *perpetual motion* to produce.
Mistaken all, their ignorance is plain,
For false philosophy must toil in vain.

A person claiming to be a philosopher, is endeavoring to ascertain the time of night by the sun-dial. He understands that the true time is ascertained by the shade which is cast on certain figures from the upright part of the dial. This is perfectly true, but this shade is only cast when the sun is shining bright and

clear; moonlight or candle-light is of no avail; it is worse than none, as it will mislead all who trust in it. Of this all-essential fact this philosopher appears to be in profound ignorance; he even holds up a candle to assist him in his investigations.

On the right of the engraving is seen

an ignorant boy, crying out for the moon, which looks so bright that he is quite captivated by its appearance, and he thinks he can almost reach it with the rod he has in his hand. The dog that is near him is also attracted by its bright appearance; perhaps he thinks it is a stranger who is approaching him; he therefore gives a bark of defiance. On the left, near the sun-dial, is an apparatus for producing *perpetual motion*—the great desideratum among inventors. Our philosopher has spent considerable time over it, and feels confident that he has nearly, if not quite, accomplished his object.

To ascertain what is truth respecting the progress of time, it is necessary that we have the light of the sun, as we can not place any dependence on any inferior luminary. No confidence can be placed in the light of the moon, although borrowing what light it has from the sun. In a religious sense, would we gain a knowledge of the truth, we must have light from the Father of Light, the great moral Sun of the universe. Do we trust in the light of our own understanding merely? we make ourselves fools, like unto the philosopher represented with the candle in his hand, standing over a sun-dial. And if we expect to derive any valuable or saving knowledge except from the Great Light above the center of the universe, we show our ignorance and folly as much as the child who expects to reach, by his puny efforts, one of the luminous objects in the heavens.

In all our investigations in search of truth, we must do it in the light of certain great principles, or facts. We must believe in a God who overrules and superintends all things; that he is a holy, just, and good being, who will punish the wicked and reward the righteous. We must have an entire faith in the Revelation which he has given us in his Word; what it teaches concerning the attributes or character of God, or that

of ourselves, we must believe, however opposed to our previous notions or conclusions. Those nations who have never known the divine Scriptures, or rejected the light of Christianity, have become vain or foolish in their imaginations or reasonings.

Speaking of the wisest of the ancient philosophers, not even excepting *Socrates*, *Plato*, or *Seneca*, "who," says an eminent commentator, "can read their works without being struck with the vanity of their reasoning, as well as with the stupidity of their nonsense, when speaking of God? . . . In short, 'professing themselves to be wise, they became fools;' they sought God in the place in which he is never to be found, viz.: the corrupting passions of their own hearts. . . . A dispassionate examination of the doctrines and lives of the most famed philosophers of antiquity, will show that they were darkened in their mind and irregular in their conduct. It was from the Christian religion alone that true philosophers sprung."

It is true that many of the heathen nations acknowledge the great truth that there is a Supreme Being; but viewing him in the light of their own understanding, they, by their false philosophy, brought themselves to believe that he was a being like unto themselves. The finest representation of their deities, (for they had many,) was in the human figure; and on such representative figures the sculptors spent all their skill; hence the *Hurcules* of *Farnese*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, and the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*. And when they had formed their gods according to the human shape, they endowed them with human passions; and as they clothed them with extraordinary strength, beauty, wisdom, etc., not having the true principles of morality, they represented them as slaves to the most disorderly passions, excelling in irregularities the most profligate of men, as possessing unlimited powers of sensual gratification. . . . How men of such

powers and learning, as many of the Greek and Roman philosophers and poets really were, could reason so inconsecutively, is truly astonishing."

Previous to the Christian era, and even now where the light of Christianity does not shine, almost every trace of original righteousness has been obliterated. So completely lost were the heathen to a knowledge of the influence of God upon the soul, and the necessity of that influence, they, according to their false philosophy, asserted, in the most pathetic manner, that man was the author of his own virtue and wisdom. Thus Cicero, the Roman orator, declares it to be a general opinion that although mankind receive from the gods the outward conveniences of life, "but *virtue* none ever thought they had received from the Deity." And again: "This is the persuasion of all, that fortune is to be had from the gods—wisdom from ourselves." And again: "Who ever thanked the gods for his being a good man? Men pray to Jupiter, not that he would make them just, temperate, and wise, but rich and prosperous."

The consequences of adopting as truth other systems than that which is derived from the light that cometh from above, is forcibly described by Paul in the 1st chapter of Romans: "A vain or false philosophy, without right principle or end, was substituted for those diverse truths which had been discovered originally to man. Their hearts had been

contaminated by every vice that could blind the understanding, pervert the judgment, corrupt the will, and debase the affections and passions. This was proved, in the most unequivocal manner, by a profligacy of conduct which had debased them far, far below the beasts that perish." The Apostle here gives a list of their crimes, every article of which can be incontrovertibly proved from their own history and their own writers—crimes which, even bad as the world is now, would shock common decency to describe.

In more modern times, several systems have been introduced into the world for the improvement of the human race: by gathering them into communities, fixing several fixed rules of government, etc., which, could they be fully adopted and followed, it would seem quite possible that they might succeed; but by rejecting the prominent truth, that man is naturally a depraved creature, and discarding a Divine Revelation, the only light by which truth is discovered, almost without an exception, every one of these attempts have proved miserable failures. The founders of these systems are like the philosopher who attempts to find out the true time by the light of the moon, or the attempt of the boy with his rod to reach that luminary, or like the inventor who constructs a machine for perpetual motion, expecting that it will move continually by its own unaided force.

JOHN,
Chap. i:
verse 5.

PSALM
xcvii:
verse 2.

JOB,
Chap. xxxvi:
verse 26.

PSALM
cxlv:
verse 3.



PSALM
cxlvii:
verse 5.

2 PETER,
Chap. iii:
verse 8.

PSALM
cxxxix:
verses 7, 10.

REVELATION,
Chap. xxii:
verse 13.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Job xi: 7.—Which is, and which was, and which is to come. Rev. i: 8.—O, the depth . . . of the wisdom of God, how unsearchable his judgments, and his ways past finding out. Rom. xi: 33.

In vain the sages, with their utmost skill,
Would find out God—he is mystery still!
In vain they search the page of ancient lore,
In vain the scrolls of centuries past explore.
The mystic circle and triangle see,
The types that shadow forth Infinity—
The circle, endless as eternity,
And the triangle showing one in three.

Without beginning, past their finding out;
In vain they seek to solve perplexing doubt:
Wearied with search, at last one looks above,
When lo! a ray of heavenly truth and love
Steals softly downward to his darkened mind,
Seeming to say, All earthly light is blind;
Leave, then, the paths of human search untrod,
Content to know and feel the love of God,

The engraving is intended to represent the philosophers of various ages, closely engaged in poring over the manuscripts and books which contain the records of human thought, ancient and modern, upon the being and attributes of God. The systems of Pythagoras, Plato, Zeno, and other ancient philosophers, are being examined; also the various systems of modern times. Above the group are seen the emblems of that Being of whose nature they are so earnestly searching out. A circle is represented, showing that he is without beginning; a triangle is also seen, showing three in one, and one of three.

Among the philosophers represented, one has come to a stand; he appears to have been almost wearied out in his searchings, and has laid aside his manuscripts and books. He is convinced that all human theories are utterly incompetent to describe the being and the attributes of God. Despairing of all help from man, he looks upward, as if to implore assistance from the Divine Being. In answer to humble prayer beams of light and glory descend from above. He believes; his soul is filled; he loves and adores! but he comprehends not.

Without beginning! O, how incomprehensible, how overwhelming the thought! Reason is amazed, bewildered, but she is forced to believe. Else why are we here? Some being must have made us, and all that we see or hear; and he that made us must himself be unmade—he that is unmade must be eternal, or without beginning; and that which is before all things, and without beginning is the incomprehensible God.

The great and glorious being whom we call God must be *eternal*. There must have been a time when he existed alone, and there was never a time when he did not exist. As God has existed eternally in the past, so he will exist in the eternity to come. "No possible reason," says one, "can be given why he should cease to be. There is no greater being upon whom he is dependent for existence, or who could take it away; and in his nature or essence there is no principle of decay. The eternity of God, comprehending the past as well as the future, is thus expressed by the inspired writer: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

Although angels and human spirits may exist in the eternity to come, yet there is an important difference in the nature of their existence from that of

the Deity. They are not necessarily immortal, and there is no contradiction or absurdity in supposing them to be annihilated, or struck out of existence. There was a time when they were not, "and all that can be said of them is," says a celebrated writer, "that having begun, they shall never cease to exist. Their life will flow on without intermission, and they will ever continue in a progressive state. Their continuance in life is the result of the will of their Creator; and besides, if we may so speak, they have only a half an eternity allotted to them as their portion, the half which is to come; while eternal ages had passed away before they were called out of nothing."

The existence of God is not like that of his creatures, progressive, but comprehends what we call the past, the present, and the future. These are the divisions of time; but the first and the last have no place in the duration of the Supreme Being. The revelation given us in the Bible confirms the natural dictates of our reason, in the accounts which it gives us of the existence of God; where it tells us that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; that he is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years with him are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. By expressions like these we are taught that the existence of God, as to time and duration, is totally different from that of his creatures, which fact makes it incomprehensible to any created being.

In a being who had no beginning, succession or progression is impossible. We can conceive a future infinite succession, or line continually extending; but we can not conceive a past infinite succession, or a time which had not a beginning. "Whatever difficulty we may have in annexing an idea to our words," says Dr. Dick, "we must pronounce the eternity of God to be sta-

tionary, and not like ours, in motion." It may be objected that there is in the Scriptures expressions by which his eternity is described by differences in time, particularly that which describes him as one "who was, and is, and is to come." But it may be answered that human language is imperfect, and that there are no words which can properly express the stable nature of his eternity, and when we speak of it we are under the necessity of using words in common use founded on the divisions of time. From this cause, also, when we speak of the other perfections of God, we have to use terms which attribute corporeal members and human affections to the Deity; thus, The *eye* of the Lord is over all; his *hand* is stretched out; he is *angry* with the wicked, etc.

With regard to space—the creation of God—what is its extent? Where is its beginning or ending? These questions force themselves upon us; we are bewildered; they are incomprehensible as Deity itself. "Where," says a celebrated writer, "is the region in which God may not be found? Go to the most dismal spot upon the globe—to a spot, if such there be, where no plant grows, where no creature breathes; in this lone solitude you shall find him in the eternal snow which covers it, in the rocks which rear their dark pinnacles to the sky, and in the waves which beat upon its desolate shores!" Go into the wilderness, where no human foot has trod, and you shall see him in every thing which lives—the bird that sings among the branches, the waving grass, and beauteous flowers, all live, move, and have their being in him! Look up to the heavens! behold the shining stars, who can number them? Who lit up the fires with which they glow? who guides them in their course but the same Being whose center is every-where, and whose circumference is nowhere?

Who, by searching, can find out God? who

can find out the Almighty to perfection? We feel assured that he possesses certain attributes which we designate by names by which we distinguish certain excellencies among men. We ascribe to him every idea of virtue and spiritual beauty exalted to infinite perfection. "But how," says another writer, "the Divine Being himself exists in an essential and eternal nature of his own; how he can be present at the same moment every-where; how, unseen and unfelt by all, he can maintain the most perfect acquaintance and contact with all parts and portions of the universe; how he can be at once all eye, all ear, all presence, all energy, yet not interfere with any of the thoughts and actions of his creatures, this is what baffles the mightiest and meanest intellect; this is the great mystery of the universe, which is at once one of the most certain and incomprehensible of all things—a truth at once enveloped in a flood of light, and an abyss of darkness! Inexplicable itself, it explains all beside; it casts a clearness on every question, accounts for every phenomenon, solves every problem, illuminates every depth, and renders the whole mystery of existence perfectly simple, as it is otherwise perfectly intelligible, while itself *alone* remains in impenetrable obscurity! After displacing every other difficulty, it remains, the greatest of all, in solitary, insurmountable, unapproachable grandeur! So, truly, 'clouds and sunshine are round about him. He maketh darkness his secret habitation; his pavilion to cover him, thick clouds.'

"We ascend from effects to look at the cause of them; from the marks of contrivance and design to the necessary existence of an Almighty Contriver. But what sort of being he is, and what is the nature of his contact with his creatures, must, in the present state at least, remain an unfathomable mystery. We are utterly at a loss in all such speculations; yet this affords no diminution of the motives of piety. Our belief in the being of a God is the belief of a profound mystery. The very idea of such a being would appear incredible were it not that it is necessary, because the greatest absurdities would flow from supposing the contrary. Nothing can be accounted for unless we admit of the existence of a causeless cause—a presiding Governor of the universe. We are compelled, therefore, to choose the less difficulty of the two; or, rather, to choose difficulty instead of impossibility, mystery instead of absurdity; and, hence, we repose on this grand truth."

MATTHEW,

Chap. xvi:
verse 18.

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ISAIAH,

Chap. liv:
verse 17.

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EPHESIANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 10.

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EPHESIANS,

Chap. v:
verse 23.ACTS,
Chap. xx:
verse 28.

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PSALM

lxxxiv:
verses 1-10.

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REVELATION,

Chap. iii:
verse 12.

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ISAIAH,

Chap. ii:
verses 2, 3.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Upon this rock I will build my Church. Matt. xvi: 18.—Ye are God's building. 1 Cor. iii: 9.—Which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth. 1 Tim. iii: 15.

SEE here the temple, based on Christian love,
No tempest can its firm foundations move;
Sure is the rock, though billows dash around,
Its sacred dome by endless love is crowned.
The glorious light above doth brightly shine,

And shed o'er all its influence divine;
Though storms may beat, and angry billows dash
Around the rock, and dreadful lightnings flash,
It stands upon the Eternal Word secure,
To last while endless ages shall endure.

The Church of God, and even individual Christians, are compared to a building, or temple. The Church is founded on God's truth, represented in the engraving by a rock in mid-ocean. The Christian Church, or temple, has seven

or more pillars, on which are inscribed various Christian graces. It will be perceived that Love is at the foundation; and it too crowns the temple. The emblems of the Deity are seen above all, and a sacred influence descends from above.

The temple is surmounted by a cross, which is, in a religious sense, the prominent object to be set forth in all Christian assemblies.

Back from the temple the angry elements are in commotion; the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the billows swell, dash, and foam, but the rock, and the temple founded upon it, will remain secure. So the truth of God, and whatever is founded upon it, will stand forever, though storms of opposition, fiery tempests and dashing billows roar around.

The Christian Church is defined to be the "whole system of Christianity, as laid down in the New Testament, and built on the foundation of prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. It is composed of all who hold the doctrines of Christianity, who acknowledge Jesus as their chief Teacher and only Advocate, and of all who love God with all their heart, soul, mind, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves, or are laboring after this conformity to the mind and commands of their Creator.

It is not known by any particular *name*; it is not distinguished by any particular *form* in its *mode* of worship; it is not exclusively here or there. It is the *house* or *temple* of God; it is where God's spirit dwells, where his precepts are obeyed, and where pure, unadulterated love to God and man prevails; it is not in the *creed* nor religious *confessions* of any denomination of Christians, for as all who hold the truth and live a holy life, acknowledging Jesus alone as the head of the Church and Savior of the world, are members of his mystical body—and such may be found in all sects and parties—so the Church of Christ may be said to be every-where, and to be confined nowhere, in whatever place Christianity is credited and acknowledged. The wicked of all sorts, no matter what their professions may be, or to what order or denomination they may

belong, they are without the pale of the Christian Church.

Seven of the Christian graces, which may be considered as pillars in the Christian temple, or Church, are Faith, Virtue, Hope, Godliness, Knowledge, Patience, and Temperance.

Faith, the first in order, is a prominent pillar, and to which all the others are conformed. It is sometimes used to designate the whole of the Christian system.

Virtue has been variously defined by commentators. By some it is said to be the doing of good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness; others, that it denotes that *courage* or *fortitude* which enables one to profess the Christian faith before men, in all times of persecution.

Hope is one of the strong pillars in the Christian temple; when we are in trouble or affliction, the hope of happiness and glory hereafter sustains us in our present trials, and relieves us, in a great measure, from the dread of those to come.

Godliness, strictly taken, is right worship or devotion. It is difficult, as one observes, to include an adequate idea of it in what is called a definition. "It supposes knowledge, veneration, affection, dependence, submission, gratitude, and obedience; or it may be reduced to these four ideas: knowledge in the mind, by which it is distinguished from the visions of the superstitious; rectitude in the conscience, that distinguishes it from hypocrisy; *sacrifice* in life, or renunciation of the world, by which it is distinguished from the unmeaning obedience of him who goes as a happy constitution leads him; and, lastly, *zeal* in the heart, which differs from the languishing emotion of the lukewarm."

Knowledge denotes learning, or the improvement of our faculties by reading, observation, and conversation; *experience*, or the acquiring new ideas or truths, by seeing a variety of objects,

and making observations upon them in our own mind. Religious, saving knowledge consists in veneration for the Divine Being, love to him as an object of beauty and goodness, humble confidence in his mercy and promises, and sincere, uniform, and persevering obedience to his Word. It may be further considered as a knowledge of God, of his love, faithfulness, power, etc. Knowledge will also enable us to instruct and benefit mankind, and we thus may become truly a pillar in the temple of God.

Patience, bearing all trials and afflictions with an even mind: enduring in all, and persevering through all, an important and ornamental pillar in the Christian temple. "Patience," says an eminent writer, "is apt to be ranked by many among the more humble and ob-

scure virtues, belonging chiefly to those who groan on a sick bed, or who languish in a prison; but in every circumstance of life no virtue is more important both to duty and happiness." It must enter into the temper, and form the habit of the soul, if we would properly sustain the Christian character.

Temperance, a proper and limited use of all earthly enjoyments, keeping every sense under proper restraints, and never permitting the animal part to overcome the rational. *Sobriety* may be properly included under the head of this virtue, and is both the ornament and defense of the Christian. Sobriety is a security against the bad influence of turbulent passions. It is necessary for the young and the old, for the rich and the poor, for the wise and the illiterate—all need to be sober and temperate.

ACTS,
Chap. vii:
verse 43.

JOB,
Chap. vi:
verse 3.

PSALM
lxxiv:
verse 20.

REVELATION,
Chap. ii:
verse 13.



GENESIS,
Chap. xlix:
verse 6.

REVELATION,
Chap. xviii:
verse 2.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xiv:
verse 23.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xxviii:
verse 17.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN.

Which say they are Jews and are not, but are the Synagogue of Satan. Rev. II: 9.—The floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell. Matt. VII: 27.

THE Synagogue of Satan here appears,
On crumbling sands the tottering structure rears
Its trembling columns, which their roof uplift,
While raging billows round it madly drift.
No tapering spires that seem to cleave the skies,
Pointing to Heaven, from out its roof arise;

Only an earthly globe full soon to fall,
While folly writes her characters o'er all.
On Unbelief the superstructure stands,
A tottering fabric reared on trembling sands;
While underneath their burden soon give way,
The work of Satan, fit but for decay.

As there is a Christian Church among men, so the great Adversary of God and mankind has his church, or synagogue, in the world. It, however, stands on a different foundation; its form is different, and is also constructed of different materials. Among the prominent pillars, or columns, are the Lust of the Flesh, Lust of the Eye, Pride of Life,

Self-will, etc. Hatred of the truth may be considered as the foundation of this synagogue; on this are the columns raised. The roof, or covering, of the structure is Selfishness; this is surmounted by a terrestrial globe, emblematical of the nature of the building, showing that it is erected for no other object than what relates to this world.

The Synagogue of Satan stands on the sandy foundation of Unbelief. A flood and tempest has arisen. The surges beat upon the sandy foundation; it wears away; the pillars tremble and fall; the building cracks in pieces, tumbles into ruin, and the overflowing flood will soon sweep the last vestige away.

A hatred of Christian Truth lies at the foundation of the unbelief of the unregenerate human heart. He that doeth evil, hateth the light, and will not come to it lest his deeds should be reproved. He shuns the places where the truth is exhibited, and prefers to visit those where his sins are not condemned, but rather palliated. He loves that system that makes light of sin, and that indicates it will be well with him hereafter, however he may live in this world. From desiring and hoping these things, he begins to believe them, and to disbelieve the doctrines which he hates. Upon this foundation he rears a superstructure, which may be well termed a Synagogue of Satan.

The Lust of the Flesh may be considered as one of the prominent pillars in the Synagogue of Satan. This may, in a primary sense, be considered "sensual desire," seeking happiness in debauchery, delicious food, strong drink, and gratification of beastly desires, apparently wishing for nothing better, saying unto the Almighty, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

Genteel Epicurism, or Sensuality, may also be included under this head: an elegant course of self-indulgence which does not particularly disorder the head and stomach, nor blemish our reputation among men, yet keeps us at a distance from true religion. This species of idolatry is not confined to the rich and great. In this, also, "the toe of the peasant treads upon the heel of the courtier." Thousands in low, as well as in high life, sacrifice to this idol, seeking their happiness (although in a more

humble manner) in gratifying their outward senses. It is true their meat and drink, and the objects which gratify their other senses, are of a coarser kind; but still they make up all the happiness they either have or seek, and usurp the hearts which are due to God.

Lust of the Eye is defined as "inordinate desires after finery of every kind: gaudy dress, splendid houses, superb furniture, expensive equipage, trappings and decorations of all sorts." We may also understand "the desire of the eye" to mean the seeking our happiness in gratifying our imagination, (which is chiefly done by means of the eyes,) by grand, new, or beautiful objects. The desire of novelty to most men is natural as the desire for food and drink. Persons of wealth have great temptations to make idols of these things. How strongly and continually are they drawn to seek happiness in beautiful houses, elegant furniture and equipage, costly paintings, and delightful grounds and gardens!

How are rich men, of a more elevated turn of mind, tempted to seek happiness, as their various tastes lead, in poetry, history, music, philosophy, or curious arts and sciences! Now, although it is certain all these have their use, and therefore may be innocently pursued, yet the seeking of happiness in any of them, instead of God, is manifestly idolatry; and, therefore, were it only on this account that riches furnish him with the means of indulging all these desires, it might be well asked, "Is not the life of a rich man, above most others, a temptation on earth, drawing to worship worldly things, and thus making a worshiper in the Synagogue of Satan."

Pride of Life is defined "Hunting after honors, titles, and pedigrees; boasting of ancestry, family connections, great offices, honorable acquaintance, and such like." It is usually supposed to mean the pomp and splendor of those in high life, but it may also include the

seeking of happiness in the praise and plaudits of our fellow-men, which, above most things, engenders pride. When this is pursued by monarchs, titled warriors, and illustrious men, it is called "thirst for glory."

The Pride of Life is seen among all classes and conditions of men. In the middle classes of society, in many instances, we see those who possess a little more wealth than their neighbors look down upon them with contempt, and on this account will not associate with them. The poorer classes, also, have this Pride of Life, when they look down upon those whom they consider as below them; for instance, those who have a skin different from their own. There are also different classes among men who will not associate with others of their race. Among heathen nations how strong is the prejudice of *caste*, destroying the fraternal feelings. All these distinctions among men tend to foster the Pride of Life, which thus becomes one of the principal pillars in the Synagogue of Satan.

Avarice, the love of money, is another pillar. One who is properly a miser, loves and seeks money for its own sake. He looks no further, but places his happiness in the acquiring or possessing of it. This is a species of idolatry different from the preceding, and is of the basest kind. To seek happiness either in gratifying this, or any other of the desires here mentioned, is to renounce God as the Supreme Good, and set up an idol in the Synagogue of Satan.

Selfishness is represented in the engraving as the roof or covering of the Synagogue. It forms a prominent part of the structure, covering the whole. Some writers contend that all sin may be comprehended under it. This vice consists in aiming at our own interest and gratification only, in every thing we do. It shows itself in avarice, oppression, neglect, and contempt of the rights of others; rebellion, sedition, immoderate

attempts to gain fame, power, pleasure, money, and frequently by gross acts of lying and injustice. By and under its power innumerable sins are committed, as perjury, hypocrisy, falsehood, idolatry, persecution, and murder itself.

The priests who officiate in the Synagogue of Satan have been numerous in all ages and countries. From the priests of Baal down to the present time, there has been an unbroken succession of ministrations to the present time. Instead of leading men to the worship of the true and living God, many teachers have held up demons for admiration and worship. Even in modern times, oppression, rapine, war, revenge, and bloodshed have been advocated by those professing to belong to the Christian Church, but who are, in reality, of the Synagogue of Satan.

Satan, the Chief Ruler, or Master, of the Synagogue here described, receives his name from a Hebrew word signifying adversary or enemy. It appears he and his company were cast out of heaven on account of their pride and rebellion. By his envy and malice, sin, death, and all other evils came into the world, and by the permission of God he exercises a kind of government over his subordinates who are apostate angels like himself. He is the Father of Liars, and puts his spirit into the mouth of false prophets, seducers and heretics. He reigns in the hearts of the children of disobedience, and tempts men to evil; inspires them with evil designs, as he did David, when he suggested to him to number his people; to Judas to betray his Lord and Master; and to Ananias and Sapphira to conceal the price of their field. He is also represented as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may tempt, deceive, and devour. For this purpose he erects synagogues, inspires messengers and teachers to set forth his false doctrines, calls light *darkness*, and *darkness light*, and, in short, uses his utmost skill to rob God of his glory, and men of their souls.

"I hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death."

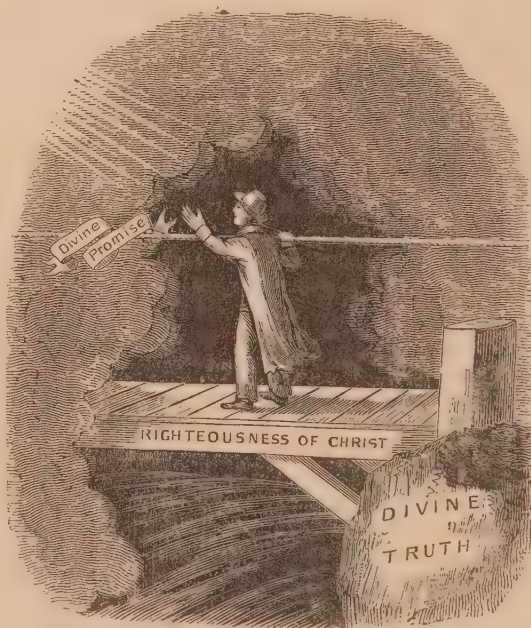
JEREMIAH,
Chap. xxiii:
verse 6.

2 CORINTHIANS

Chap. i:
verse 20.

PSALM
xxxvii:
verse 5.

PROVERBS,
Chap. iii:
verse 23.



PSALM
c:
verse 5.

ROMANS,
Chap. x:
verse 4.

HEBREWS,
Chap. vi:
verse 18.

PSALM
lxxviii:
verse 53.

THE SAFE BRIDGE.

Behold I lay in Zion . . . a precious corner stone, . . . a sure foundation. Isa. xxviii: 16.—I am the way, and the truth, and the life. John xiv: 6.

With sure foundations built on solid rock,
Strong to resist the waves or tempest shock;
Behold the bridge, with firm foundations sure,
Spanned by the promises that must endure;
Though billows rise and madly dash below,

Safe on his journey or the bridge he'll go.
The righteousness of Christ, the sinner's plea,
The one foundation of his hope must be;
While truth divine is like the rock, secure.
And like eternity to eternity endure.

The only safe bridge over which the traveler can pass from this world to the "better country" rests on the rock of Divine Truth. This foundation will stand though storms and floods may beat against it. The traveler lays hold of and is supported by the iron-stranded rope of the Divine Promises, and by means of the righteousness of Christ, a firm foundation is laid, a bridge is formed, over which the traveler can

pass from this world to the new heavens and the new earth. He may, perhaps, through ignorance, have some misgivings as to its safety, during the tempests and darkness by which he is sometimes surrounded; he may be fearful of being blown off; or by some misstep be precipitated into the depths below. Should a tempest arise, he need not fear, if he will but lay hold of the Divine Promises, and he may rest assured that they will

not fail, though whatever else may seem to pass away.

It will be perceived, that to cross the bridge it is necessary to get upon the elevated road—the highway of holiness. This is the way of safety. “No lion shall be there,” and “the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.” Holiness consists in obedience to the divine commands—in loving God supremely—in loving our neighbor as ourselves. It is neither circumcision nor uncircumcision, but a new creation, whereby a man is taken from wandering in the filth and mire of sin, washed and cleansed by the blood of Christ, and his feet placed on firm foundations, on that way which leads to everlasting life and felicity.

As the great Lord of all has ordained that those who inhabit this world, at an appointed time must leave it, he wishes to conduct all the creatures he has made to a place of eternal happiness. This he has proclaimed to them in his Word; he has also cast up a way of holiness, “by which the ransomed of the Lord can return to Zion with everlasting joy upon their heads.” And for these he has prepared a kingdom from the foundation of the world. But he will not force them into it; he leaves them in the hands of their own counsel. He saith, “Behold I set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; choose life that you may live.” He cries aloud, Walk ye on the path of holiness, and whenever the appointed time arrives for you to cross over the gulf of death to the unseen world, lay hold of the Divine Promises, place your feet on that bridge which rests on Divine Truth, and is sustained by the righteousness of Christ.

The *Lord our righteousness* is a term which expresses a vital truth of Christianity, and, in a certain sense, sustains or supports its whole frame. It may be stated that the Christian Church stands or falls with it. It is the pillar

and ground of that faith of which alone cometh salvation. The righteousness of Christ is defined by a celebrated writer as twofold, divine and human. His divine righteousness belongs to his divine nature, as equal with the Father “over all, God blessed forever.” His human righteousness belongs to him in his human nature, and is a transcript of divine purity, justice, mercy, and truth. It includes love, reverence, and resignation to his Father; humility, meekness, gentleness; love to lost mankind, and every other holy and heavenly temper. It also includes all his outward acts which were exactly right in every circumstance. The whole and every part of his obedience was complete. He “fulfilled all righteousness.”

But the obedience and righteousness of Christ implied more than all this; it was not only doing, but suffering—suffering the whole will of God from the time he came into the world till “he bore our sins in his own body on the tree;” yea, till he made full atonement for them, “bowed his head and gave up the ghost.” A measure of his truth is impressed upon the hearts of all Christians of every name, when about to pass into the other world. It was this that even impressed the mind of the celebrated Bellarmine, when asked, as he was about to die, “Unto which of the saints wilt thou turn?” He cried out, “*Fidere meritis Christi intissimum!*” (It is safest to trust in the merits of Christ.)

Says an ancient and celebrated writer, “Christ, by his obedience, procured righteousness for us.” And again: “All such expressions as these, That we are justified by the grace of God, that Christ is our righteousness, that righteousness was procured for us by the death and resurrection of Christ, import the same thing; namely, that the righteousness of Christ, both his active and passive righteousness, is the meritorious cause of our justification, and has procured for us, at God’s hand,

that upon our believing, we should be accounted righteous by him."

All true Christians are saved in consequence of what Christ hath done for them, and not for the sake of their own righteousness, or works, as it is declared, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he hath saved us." "By grace are ye saved, through faith, not of works, lest any man should boast." We are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is by Jesus Christ. When all the world was not able to pay any part of our ransom, it pleased him, without any of our deserving, to prepare for us Christ's body and blood, whereby our ransom might be paid, and his justice satisfied. Jesus Christ, therefore, is now the righteousness of all them that truly believe in him.

We must first cut off all our dependence upon ourselves before we can truly depend upon Christ. We must cast away all confidence in our own righteousness, or we can not have a true confidence in his. Till we are delivered from trusting in any thing that we do, we can not thoroughly trust in what he has done or suffered. The righteousness of Christ is the only foundation which will surely bear us into heaven. They to whom the righteousness of

Christ is available are those who are made righteous by the Spirit of Christ, and are renewed in the image of God, "after the likeness wherein they were created—in righteousness and true holiness."

The great enemy of God and mankind, to lure the human race to destruction, builds up a structure connected with the pathway of sin somewhat similar in appearance to the safe bridge. The righteousness of Christ being one of the supports of the safe bridge, an imitation has been got up, called by that name, which might be more properly called false confidence.

Some even turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, making Christ's righteousness a cloak for their wickedness. When reproved of their sins, they may answer, perhaps, "I pretend to no righteousness of my own—Christ is my righteousness." Or, if charged with injustice, licentiousness, etc., will answer, "I am in myself unjust, impure, etc.; but I am in Christ righteous, and pure, and clean." Let all such dreamers be assured that they who "commit sin are of the devil," notwithstanding all their exalted faith and opinions. Such characters, not being on the highway to holiness, can never pass on to the safe bridge which conducts to eternal safety and happiness.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verse 10.

PROVERBS,
Chap. xxviii:
verse 26.

HEBREWS,
Chap. xii:
verse 14.

ROMANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 20.



2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iii:
verse 5.

ISAIAH,
Chap. xxviii:
verse 15.

JOB,
Chap. viii:
verses 14, 15.

MATTHEW,
Chap. v:
verse 20.

THE UNSAFE BRIDGE.

The hope of unjust men perisheth. Prov. xi: 7.—The way of the wicked he turneth upside down. Ps. cxlvi: 9.—There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov. xvi: 25.

THE heedless traveler on his journey see,
Passing from Time into Eternity;
The bridge, unsafe, he treads with willing feet,
Nor seems to fear the ruin he must meet;
It rests upon false doctrines, sandy banks,

Frail structure! unsupported are its planks;
He heeds no warnings, knows not that the tide
Will sweep away the bridge in ruin wide,
While raging billows foam, dash to and fro,
He quickly falls, and sinks in depths below!

The man who passes from time to eternity, regardless of the great truths of Christianity, may be compared to a traveler who undertakes to cross a deep and wide stream on a frail and unsafe bridge, which gives way under a slight pressure, or by the wearing of waters.

The main foundation on which this

bridge rests are the sandy banks of False Doctrine, the main timbers of which are Presumption and Vain Hope, and the planks of various kinds of human merit. The heedless traveler, without due examination, fearlessly passes on, until the framework, and every thing else connected with it, gives way, when he is at

once precipitated into, and is lost in the mighty waters.

Many false systems of religion are extant, each of which claims to be sufficient to conduct one in safety from time to a happy eternity. When the day of trial arrives, they will all be found unavailing, and as unsafe as a bridge founded upon a bank of sand.

A person not knowing the nature of the soil on which the main timbers of such a structure rests, will be apt to believe that the bank is sufficiently durable to resist the action of the stream, and the bridge itself strong enough to bear him to a place of safety. It is true, he may have had some intimations of its insecurity, but as these warnings came from persons whom he considers as rather weak-minded, and disposed to look on the dark side of things, he does not feel disposed to take their advice. He has been informed that there is another bridge which is indeed safe, but as it is some distance off, and the road which leads to it difficult, he determines to venture himself on the one near at hand, especially as he sees the great mass of travelers are going the same way.

The great Lord of the country has ordained that all travelers shall leave this part of his dominions at a fixed time, whether they go willingly or not. He wishes them all to go to a better land, prepared for all those who love and obey him. He has erected, at an immense expense, a safe bridge, and sent out his servants to invite and intreat all travelers to come, and pass over without money and without price! He has also prepared delightful mansions for all who will accept his kind invitations, and instructed his servants to warn all against attempting to cross the unsafe bridge, telling them that they will be lost if they venture on such a frail structure.

An evil prince, the enemy of the Lord of the country, has laid the foundations for the unsafe bridge, and has had the

direction in furnishing the materials. He also has servants under him, whom he sends abroad to induce travelers to pass over his bridge, which he represents as entirely safe, and even contradicts the assertion that all will be lost who attempt to pass over.

This arch-enemy of God and man has thus far deceived the greater part of the human family. All who come on to the bridge he considers as his subjects, and when they fall into the depths below, they sink into the regions of darkness and despair. They then find indeed that they are lost, that they are forever excluded from the abodes of the blessed above, there being between them and that happy place a great gulf, over which no one can pass.

It is sometimes the case that those who venture on this unsafe structure become convinced of its frail nature, and of its utter insufficiency to bear up a person from the gulf of perdition. Considering the many warnings they have slighted, the proffered mercies they have rejected, they feel that they are justly condemned, and have forfeited all claims on the divine compassion. Knowing, by melancholy experience, that they possess no power of themselves to help themselves, and having no expectation that God will help them, thinking that the day of their calamity has come, despair seizes them, and they at once cast themselves into the depths below.

Presumption is one of the main supports which give a specious strength to the unsafe bridge. Many are ruined by so presuming on the mercy of God as utterly to forget his justice. Although he has expressly declared, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," yet they flatter themselves that, live as they may, they shall in the end come out right. They feel that they love their sins, and that, after all, they are not so bad as the Bible represents; that they are of little importance; that

God will overlook them, or if he does not, they will be let off with some slight punishment. It is true, the Bible, in its literal sense, seems to denounce awful punishments against the wicked, but they persuade themselves that God is too merciful to punish in this manner; these threatenings may mean something else.

Others, perhaps, persuade themselves that if they have faith merely, it is sufficient to save them; that Christ has done all things for them, they are complete in him, etc. No matter what sins they commit they can not be lost, for faith will save them, evidently forget-

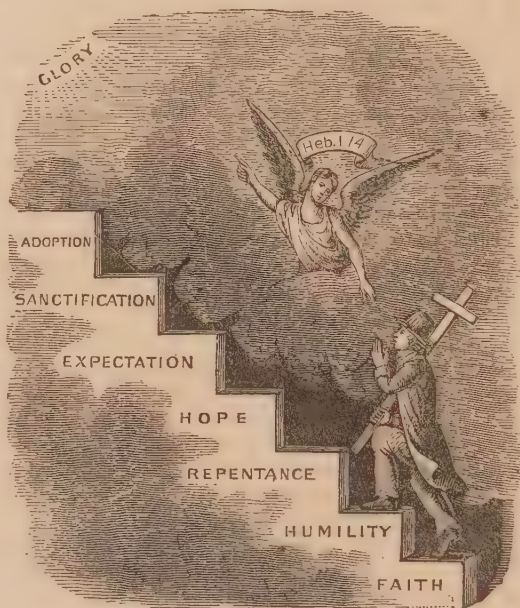
ting what the Apostle says, that "Faith without works is dead, being alone." Some have gone so far as to renounce the outward forms of religion, treating them with contempt, esteeming them as "carnal ordinances," which persons of their knowledge and discernment are not bound to observe. Others have even advocated the direct violation of God's law, (strange as it may appear,) under the profession of superior sanctity; of being "all one in Christ Jesus," while indulging their beastly appetites; prating about liberty, while "they are the servants of corruption."

MARK,
Chap. xi:
verse 22.

LUKE,
Chap. xviii:
verse 17.

ISAIAH,
Chap. lvii:
verse 15.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. i:
verse 27.



ROMANS,
Chap. viii:
verse 19.

1 THESS.
Chap. v:
verse 23.

GALATIANS,
Chap. iv:
verses 5-7.

PSALM
lxxiii:
verse 24.

SEVEN UPWARD STEPS.

Thou wilt show me the path of life. Ps. xvi: 11.—They go from strength to strength. Ps. lxxxiv: 7.—The path of the just shineth . . . more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. iv: 18.

SEVEN upward steps in Christian life we see,
First Faith sincere, and then Humility;
Then the Repentance shown to God and man,
And Hope that eager grasps salvation's plan;
Then Expectation of the joys to come,
Promised the Christian in his heavenly home.

Sanctification, next within the soul,
And blest Adoption, surety of the whole;
While Glory over all sheds luster down,
And Angels point him to the starry crown;
As hopes like these the Christian's life employ,
The Cross seems light, he presses on with joy.

In the engraving a person is seen ascending the steps from Faith to Glory. He bears the consecrated cross, encouraged by the presence and ministry of a guardian angel to press upward to the heavenly regions. The first step represented is *Faith*, showing that every one who commences a religious life must, in the first place, have faith

in the being and attributes of God, believing that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him. In many places in Scripture, faith is represented as the principal grace, and without it no one can please God. The apostle, in his epistle to the Hebrews, gives a long catalogue of worthies who exercised living faith,

from righteous Abel down to the Christian era, many of whom performed wonders by its power; and it is recorded of them that they all died in faith.

When a man has faith in God, and begins to understand something of his nature, and of his obligations to him, he feels a spirit of *Humility*, on account of his short-comings, his violation of the divine law, and the spirit of depravity within. He sees that he has broken the law of his Creator and Benefactor, and rendered himself liable to the infliction of its penalties. He is humbled in the dust before God, and feels himself undone, unless God has mercy on him. He has now taken the second upward step toward salvation.

In view of his transgressions against so great and so good a Being, the convicted sinner has a view of his corrupt and vile nature, and of his exceeding depravity, and loathes himself on account of his sins. He, therefore, feels a deep sorrow for his transgressions, and makes a firm resolution and determination to forsake them. He thus exercises evangelical *Repentance*, and so has taken the third upward step represented in the engraving.

Encouraged by the divine promise, he next takes the fourth step upward. He exercises *Hope* that God will deliver him from all his sins, and save him with an eternal salvation. "The hope of a Christian," says one, "is an expectation of all necessary good, both in time and in eternity, founded on the promises, relations, and perfections of God, and on the offices, righteousness, and intercession of Christ. It is a compound of desire, expectation, patience, and joy. Rom. viii: 24, 25. It may be considered, first, as *pure*, (1 John iii: 2, 3,) as it is resident in that heart which is cleansed from sin; second, as *good*, (2 Thess. ii: 16—in distinction from the hope of a hypocrite,) as deriving its origin from God, centering in him; third, it is called *lively*, (1 Pet. i: 3,) as it proceeds from

spiritual life, and renders one active and lively in good works; fourth, it is *courageous*, (Rom. v: 5; 1 Thess. v: 8,) because it exercises fortitude in all the troubles of life, and yields support in the hour of death, (Prov. xiv: 32;) fifth, *sure*, (Heb. vi: 19,) because it will not disappoint us, and is fixed on a sure foundation; sixth, *joyful*, (Rom. v: 2,) as it produces the greatest felicity in the anticipation of the complete deliverance from all evil."

Expectation, the fifth step, is nearly allied, and may be considered as an advanced step upward from Hope. We may, indeed, hope for some things which we may have but little prospect of receiving, and it may be so deferred as even to make "the heart sick." But the Christian having had some experience of the mercy and goodness of God, now expects to receive still greater blessings in accordance with his promises.

Sanctification, the sixth upward step in the Christian life, is defined by Archbishop Usher to be "nothing less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, and as a whole burnt offering to Christ." It is also defined as the work of God's grace, whereby we are enabled to die unto sin and live unto righteousness.

Sanctification is distinguished from justification thus: Justification changeth our state in law before God as a Judge; sanctification changeth our heart before him as a Father. Justification precedes and sanctification follows as the fruit and evidence of it. Justification removes the guilt of sin; sanctification the power of it. Justification delivers us from the avenging wrath of God; sanctification from the power of it. It is a work of God, and shows itself by a holy reverence of the Divine Being—patient, submission to his will, com-

munion with God, delight in his Word and ordinances; humility, prayer, holy confidence, praise, and uniform obedience.

Being purified and sanctified, we are thus rendered complete in Christ, we receive *Adoption* as sons. This is the seventh and highest elevation to which mortals can attain in this life before they enter *Glory* above. Adoption is defined to be the act of God's free grace, whereby human beings are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God. Adoption is a word taken from the civil law, and was much in use among the Romans in the time of the apostles, when it was the custom for persons having no children of their own to adopt one or more of some others, to whom they gave their name, their estates, and were, in all respects, treated and considered as their own children.

The privileges of those who are adopted into the family of God are every way great and extensive. They have God's name upon them, and are described as his people, "called by his name." They are no longer slaves to the things of time and sense, but are raised to dignity and honor. They have inexhaustible riches laid up for them; for it is declared that "they shall inherit all things." They have the divine protection; for it is also declared that "they shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings and quiet resting-places." They shall have unspeakable felicity and

eternal glory; for the same word declares that "they shall be forever with the Lord."

Those adopted into the family of heaven cast off all allegiance to any other; they give up every other interest which interferes with the will and glory of their heavenly Father, saying "Other lords have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." These adopted ones feel a supreme affection for their Great Benefactor, and each one of them says from his heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." They have access to God with a holy boldness. Being children by adoption, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, they can, by the virtue of his merits, "come boldly to the throne of grace, that they may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need;" and, in the words of inspiration, they may truly say, "He that spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him give us all things."

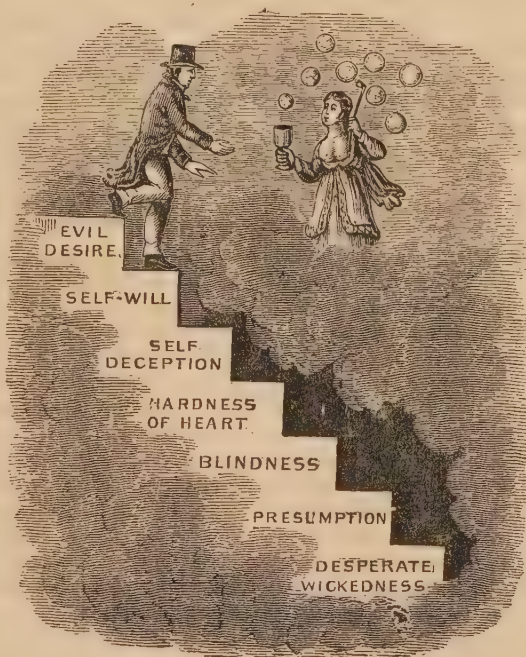
The Christian traveler having ascended to a state of sanctification and adoption into the family of heaven, has arrived at the confines of eternal GLORY. He is now in the land of Beulah, and has glimpses of the heavenly, glorious, and eternal mansions of the blessed, and can say with the Apostle, "Henceforth I know that there is a crown of glory laid up for me, and not for me only, but for all who love his appearing."

EXODUS,
Chap. xx:
verse 17.

ECCLESIAST'S,
Chap. viii:
verse 11.

2 TIMOTHY,
Chap. iii:
verse 13.

ROMANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 5.



EPHESIANS,
Chap. iv:
verse 18.

2 PETER,
Chap. ii:
verse 10.

JEREMIAH,
Chap. xvii:
verse 9.

JUDE,
Chap. i:
verse 3.

SEVEN DOWNWARD STEPS.

But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. 2 Tim. III: 13.—Going down to the chambers of death. Prov. VII: 27.

SEVEN downward steps, behold in man's career,
A siren form of guilty pleasure near;
She gives the cup with all her fiendish arts,
The base indulgence of sense imparts.
Desire, Self-Will, and Self-Deception first,
Three steps upon that downward way accurst;

Hardness of heart, the heavenly call requite,
And Blindness, such as will not see the light;
Presumption, sporting next on ruin's brink,
Too hardened far, the soul to pause and think,
Till Desperate Wickedness, last step below,
Lands the lost wretch in depths of darkest woe.

The engraving annexed represents a man going down, from bad to worse, a flight of steps, reaching to the regions of darkness and despair. He is lured on, perhaps, by some fascinating emissary of evil, who causes the bubbles of fancy and imagination, with their brilliant and

attractive colors, to dance before him. He is attracted; the cup of guilty pleasure and intoxication is held out to him; he is lured downward by his deceiver, and, as she descends to lower depths, he follows, till he reaches the utmost depths of wickedness and despair.

Man, in this life, is in a state of trial or temptation, and is situated, as it were, between two worlds—the one of light and glory, the other of darkness and despair. He is tempted to take a downward course. The world, with its fascinating objects, is always placed before him in bright and beauteous colors. He is warned by Heavenly Wisdom to turn off his eyes from beholding vanity, but he gives a deaf ear to her entreaties, being lured by the deceitful and lying vanities presented to his view by a demon in the form of a beautiful female. Instead of resisting the tempter, as Divine Wisdom commands, his mind dwells on forbidden objects, and it is filled with the *evil desire* of accomplishing or obtaining unlawful objects. This is the first step in his downward career.

Self-will, the next step downward, is natural to man in his fallen state. Satan has stamped his image on his heart, and, like his master, he is determined to have his own way. The will of God, which is the supreme rule of every intelligent creature in heaven or earth, is discarded. Though warned of the fatal consequences, he braves it all in defiance of the Almighty; though entreated, he turns a deaf ear, and, with bold effrontery, says in his heart, "I will do my own pleasure independently of that of my Creator." The Almighty is dethroned in the sinner's heart, and *self* is set up, served, and worshiped as Deity.

The man who has made up his mind that he will do certain acts forbidden by God's Word, to quiet his conscience, commences a course of self-deception. He reasons with himself that the sin he wishes to commit is but a small affair. He is led, perhaps, to consider it rather as a human weakness than a sin; that he can repent at any time, for which God is bound to forgive. The best of men have their failings—he has his, etc. Forgetting the great truth, that man is in the world on a state of trial, he asks, "Why do I have these desires, unless they

are to be gratified?" True, the Bible seems to be against these things, but perhaps the Bible itself is not true, and, therefore, it is nothing but priestcraft.

By deceptive reasonings like the above, the heart of man is "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin," and he may be considered as having descended to the fourth downward step—*hardness of heart*. He now can violate a plain command of God with but little or no self-condemnation, either doing what he has expressly forbidden or neglecting what he has expressly commanded, and yet without any remorse; and he may, perhaps, glory in this very hardness of heart! Many instances of this deplorable state of mind are to be met with, even among some who call themselves Christians. If any one can break the least of the known commands of God, without self-condemnation, it is plain that Satan has hardened his heart. If not soon recovered from this, he will be "past feeling," and the conscience, as St. Paul says, will be "seared as with a hot iron."

After a course of self-deception, and having hardened his heart, the sinner passes on to a state of *Blindness*, another downward step to perdition. As he had willfully closed his eyes against the light, his mind becomes blinded and insensible to the truth of God. We have an example of blindness of mind among a whole people, the Jews, who willfully closed their eyes against the true light which was exhibited by Jesus Christ, rejected the Lord of life and glory, and preferred a murderer before him. God, in judgment "hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear; let their eyes be darkened," etc. In many individual cases, those who have willfully hardened their hearts, and rejected Jesus Christ, become blind to all moral excellence, "calling darkness light, and light darkness."

After the mind, by a course of sin, be-

comes darkened, the sinner commits wickedness in a bold and daring manner, *presuming* that either God will not notice his actions, or, if he does, he will pardon every act he may commit. "*Presumptuous sins*," says one, "must be distinguished from sins of infirmity, or those failings peculiar to human nature—from sins done through ignorance, and from sins into which men are hurried by sudden and violent temptation. They imply obstinacy, inattention to the remonstrance of conscience, and opposition to the dispensations of Providence. Presumptuous sins are numerous, such as profane swearing, perjury, theft, adultery, drunkenness, etc. These may be more particularly considered as presumptuous sins, because they are generally committed against a known law, and so often repeated. . . . As it respects professors of religion, they sin presumptuously when they take up a profession of religion without principle; when they do not take religion as they find it in the Bible; when they run into temptation, and, at the same time, indulge in self-confidence and self-complacency; and when professing to be Christians, they live licentiously, and when they magnify and pervert their troubles, arraigning the conduct of God as unkind or unjust."

The last downward step before enter-

ing the blackness of final despair, may be called that of *Desperate Wickedness*. The Apostle speaks of those "who, being *past all feeling*, have given themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." This describes one form of desperate wickedness, and is a complete finish to the most abandoned character. To do a wicked act is bad, but to labor in it is worse—to labor in all wickedness is worse still; but to do all this, in every case, to the utmost extent, with a desire exceeding time, place, opportunity, and strength, is worst of all, and leaves nothing more profligate or more abandoned to be described. To be desperately wicked is to throw off all sense of shame, and to bid defiance to all the threatenings of the Almighty against sin; to be desperate is to have neither the hope or desire of reformation—in a word, to be without remorse, and to be utterly regardless of conduct, character, or final blessedness.

Thy law and thy gospel they despise,

They dare thy wrath—of madness proud;

They scorn thy grace, to seek or prize

To bow too lofty, e'en to God.

Downward to death the wicked go,

By sin led on, to ruin driven;

They sink in darkness to a world of woe,

And find no entrance into heaven.

ROMANS,

Chap. v:
verse 12.

PSALM

xc:
verse 3.

PSALM

lxxxix:
verse 48.

JOB,

Chap. vii:
verse 10.

PSALM

ciii:
verses 15, 16.

PSALM

cxliv:
verse 4.

JOB,

Chap. xvii:
verse 14.

1 CORINTH'S

Chap. xv:
verse 26.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Ps. LXXXIX: 48.—All flesh shall perish together. Job. XXXIV: 15.—Death passed upon all men. Rom. v: 12.—Thou turneth man to destruction. Ps. xc: 3.

THE King of Terrors in his regal crown,
Blinded, at hazard, strikes his victims down;
The rich and great, the beggar, mean and low,
All fall alike by his resistless blow;
The infant child, the monarch on his throne,

All helpless victims on his path are strown;
The lonely maiden in her beauteous bloom,
The aged man, all share alike the doom;
A stern, awful monarch, 'neath whose sway
None may resist, but all alike obey.

Death is usually represented by the figure of a human skeleton. In the annexed engraving he is shown as partially clothed, so that his form, so awful to human beings, is not always perceived. As he is called the "King of Terrors," he wears a crown. As he is impartial he shows no favors to any

particular class. He is represented as striking with his fatal darts, at the same time, the lame beggar, with his crutches, and the beauteous maiden, in the full bloom and joy of life; the haughty monarch, with all his insignia of royalty, and the little helpless child. In the background the minister of religion is

seen warning his congregation of the approach of the great destroyer.

"Death is, in itself, a most serious and distressing event. It is nature's supreme evil, the abhorrence of God's creation, a monster from whose touch every living thing recoils; so that to shrink from its ravages upon ourselves, or upon those we love, is not an argument of weakness, but an act of obedience to the first law of being—a tribute to the value of that life which is our Maker's gift.

The disregard which some of old affected to whatever goes by the name of evil—the insensibility of others who yield up their souls to the power of fatalism, and the artificial gaiety which has occasionally played the comedian about the dying bed of "philosophy, falsely so called," are outrages upon decency and nature. "Death destroys both action and enjoyment; mocks at wisdom, strength, and beauty; disarranges our plans, robs us of our treasure, desolates our bosoms, breaks our heart-strings, blasts our hope. Death extinguishes the glow of kindness, abolishes the most tender relations of man, severs him from all he knows and loves, subjects him to an ordeal which thousands of millions have passed, but none can explain, and which will be as new to the last who gives up the ghost as it was to murdered Abel; flings him, in fine, without avail from the experience of others, into a state of untried being. No wonder that nature trembles before it. Reason justifies the fear. Religion never makes light of it; and he who does, instead of ranking with heroes, can hardly deserve to rank with a brute."

"The best course of moral instruction against the passions," says Saurin, "is death." The grave is a discoverer of the absurdity of sin of every kind. There the ambitious may learn the folly of ambition; there the vain may learn the vanity of all human things; there

the voluptuous may read a mortifying lesson on the absurdity of sensual pleasure. Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance, and marked out a space of ground the size of the human body, and told him: "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have. . . . Death puts an end to the most specious titles, to the most dazzling grandeur, and to the most delicious life."

A sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap, and appearing to be in a very profound reverie; his attitude and manner surprised the sultan, who demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the dervise, "this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavoring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your majesty, or a poor dervise, like myself." A humbling consideration, truly!

"Earth's highest station ends in, here he lies!
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song."

When David Garrick, the celebrated actor, showed Dr. Johnson, the great English moralist, his fine house, gardens, statues, and pictures, at Hampton Court, the Doctor, instead of giving him a flattering compliment, as was expected, replied: "Ah, David, David! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible." At the restoration of a monarchy in England, a Fellow of one of the colleges at Cambridge represented to a friend the great difficulties of conforming, in point of conscience, to the regulations required, concluding, however, with these words: "But we must live." To which the other most appropriately answered, with the same

number of words, "but we must [also] die!"

"Considering death in itself, it is," as a young writer observes, "a sad scene; and the solemnity of the scene increases as death advances. Every step the last enemy takes alarms; every fresh symptom strikes terror into the spectators, and spreads silence and gloominess through the dwelling; the disease baffles the power of medicine. They who stand by observe its progress; the dying man watches their looks; he suspects his case to be desperate. The physician at length pronounces it so; he believes it. Now the wheel of life goes down apace. The vital flame burns faint and irregular; reason intermits; short intervals of sense divide his thoughts and passions. Now himself is the object; then his family. His friends, his relations, his children crowd around his bed, shed their unavailing tears over him, and receive his last blessing. His pulse beats a surrender to the pale conqueror; his eyes swim, his tongue falters, a cold sweat bedews his face; he groans, he expires!"

Pope Eugenius IV summoned a council to meet at the city of Basle, in Switzerland, in the year 1431, which met and continued to sit for seventeen years. At this council the Pope himself and many princes were present. During this time the city was visited with a plague which carried off many of the nobility; and on the cessation of the distemper the surviving members of the council, with a view to perpetuate the memory of this event, caused to be painted on the walls of the cemetery a *Dance of Death*, representing all ranks of persons as individually seized by him. The figures are all drawn in the costume or habit of the times.

Holbein, one of the great painters of the German school, was born in Basle

about 1498, where he lived until manhood. In 1554 a series of wood-cuts, about fifty in number, from *Holbein's* drawings, were published in Basle, entitled "*Images of Death*," each print being accompanied by an admonitory stanza and a quotation from the Bible. This unique specimen of art has passed through numerous editions in various languages. The American edition has a frontispiece which shows an open grave in front, to which a long procession from the city is coming, each individual being accompanied by a figure of death. The Pope is seen at the head, the emperor next, and so on, in regular gradation, according to rank.

The first four of these expressive drawings represent our first parents in various situations, from their creation till after their expulsion from Paradise. The fifth scene shows a churchyard, and the porch of a church filled with an assemblage of skeletons, who are blowing trumpets and other loud-sounding instruments, evidently rejoicing in triumph. The sixth shows the Pope in the act of crowning an emperor who kneels before him. Death, however, from behind the throne, lays his hand upon him, who is the highest human potentate. The seventh shows an emperor enthroned, with sword in hand, with his courtiers about him; a skeleton is seen bestriding the shoulders of the monarch, with his hands upon his crown. In the eighth we see a king dining under a canopy, and served by a retinue. He had in his hand a wine-cup, but does not appear to see that Death is filling it. A cardinal appears in the ninth, selling an indulgence for money. Death appears seizing his hat, the symbol of his rank, and is about to tear it from his head.

In the tenth design is an empress in her palace yard, attended by the ladies. Death, however, is by her side, directing her attention to an open grave. In the next, Death, in the guise of a court fool, has seized the queen; she shrieks, and endeavors to free herself from his grasp, but in vain. With a grin of fierce delight he holds up his hour-glass, to show her that her time is expired. In the twelfth, Death carries off a bishop from his flock. In the thirteenth is an elector, or prince of the empire, who is apparently repulsing a poor woman and child from his presence. But Death, the avenger of the oppressed poor, with an iron gripe is seizing him while stand-

ing among his courtiers. The abbot and the abbess are the subjects of the two next cuts. In the former, Death has assumed the miter and crosier of his victim, and drags him off with ludicrous pomp; he drags off the abbess by the scapulary which hangs about her neck.

A gentleman and a canon figure in the sixteenth and seventeenth groups—the judge, the advocate, and the magistrate; the vices peculiar to these stations only are satirically displayed. The curate is next represented; behind him stands Death, who holds up the jaw of a skeleton over his head, as being more eloquent than his own. A priest and mendicant friar appear next. The twenty-fourth is a youthful nun, kneeling before the oratory in her cell. The next in order are the old woman, the physician, and astrologer. To the physician, Death, as in mockery, is bringing him a patient; to the astrologer, who is looking up to a celestial sphere, Death holds up a skull before him, inviting him to contemplate *that* sphere before the other. The miser comes next, from whom Death snatches his gold. The merchant and mariner follow. Death takes away the merchant from his ships and merchandise, and is snapping the mast of the mariner's vessel.

The knight or soldier is represented as in a desperate conflict with Death. The count and an old man come next. A countess, while examining a new dress, is seen, with Death by her side, adjusting a collar about her neck. Death appears before the newly-married couple beating a tabor with joy. He seizes the duchess as she is sitting on her bed or couch. The next cut represents a heavy loaded porter, whom Death is taking from under his burden. The peasant, or plowman, comes next, of whose four-horse team Death is the driver. The next is an affecting scene, approaching to the strongest sympathies of the human heart. Aside from this, it shows the impartiality of Death, who

"Invades with the same step
The hovels of beggars and the palaces of kings."

The mother is seen in a poor cottage preparing, with a few small sticks, a scanty meal. Death enters, seizes the hand of the youngest child, who turns and stretches the other imploringly to his mother, who is frantic with grief. A battle scene between Death and a Swiss soldier is depicted; the field is covered

with the wounded and slain, in the midst of which he encounters his last enemy.

A group of gamblers are next presented. Death appears to be strangling one of the company, probably designed to show one method of suicide committed by those given to games of chance. Next, a drunken German debauch, as the actors appeared four centuries ago. Death has seized one of the poor besotted creatures, and turns the fatal liquor down his throat. Then, in succession, follow the fool, the thief, and the blind man. The fool is accompanied by a figure of Death playing on a bagpipe; the thief, or highwayman, is seen in the act of robbing a helpless woman. Death, however, has his bony fingers grasping the neck of the thief, indicative of the fate which awaits him. The blind man is led by a skeleton, who appears blind also.

The forty-seventh design in this singular work is an admirable representation of a poor, decrepid beggar, forsaken by his fellow-men. Some of his limbs are withered by disease, and his body is nearly destitute of clothing. To add to his misery, a number of persons are pointing at him the finger of scorn and derision. Death is not seen near him, as he is with the other characters represented. This circumstance has puzzled the critics and antiquarians, who asked what was the reason of the omission. It might be to show that to him to whom Death would be a relief, Death oftentimes seems to delay his coming.

Among the four last scenes that are represented, is one showing the husband and wife. Death is seen leading away the husband by part of his dress, which he has seized and thrown over his shoulder. The wife has her hand grasped by Death, who is taking her away, unmindful of her tears. The work ends, as a connected series, with a representation, partly figurative and partly literal, of what will take place at the consummation of all things. Christ, the Conqueror of Death, and final Judge of all, attended with the hosts above, appears in the clouds of heaven seated on the bow of Promise. The celestial sphere showing the ecliptic, with the signs of the zodiac, the earth in the center, etc., is seen beneath the Judge, thus showing that all worlds are under him, and that he views them all at one glance. An assemblage of human beings, apparently just raised from their graves, stand before their Judge, to be dealt with according to the deeds done in the body.

PROVERBS,

Chap. xii:
verse 22.

1 JOHN,

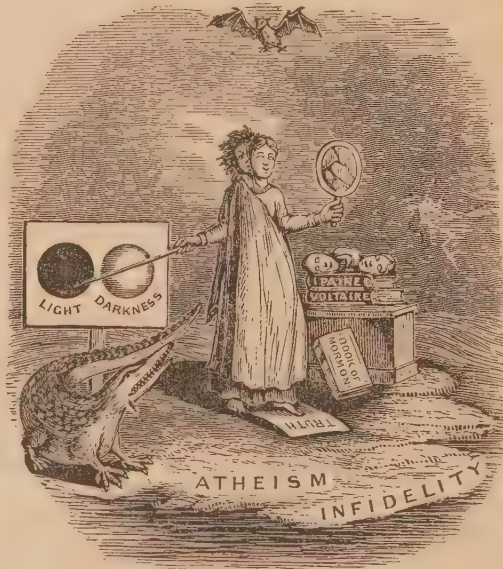
Chap. iv:
verse 1.

PSALM

lviii:
verse 3.

JEREMIAH,

Chap. xxiii:
verse 32.



EZEKIEL,

Chap. xiii:
verse 9.

PSALM

lv:
verse 11.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. iv:
verse 14.

REVELATION,

Chap. xxi:
verse 8.

THE LYING DEMON.

Woe unto them that put darkness for light, and light for darkness. Isa. v: 20.—Speaking lies is hypocrisy. 1 Tim. iv: 2.—He that speaketh lies shall perish. Prov. xix: 9.

BEHOLD the Lying Demon thus disgrace
The robes of truth—she hides her hideous face
Behind a mask, and in her hand she bears
The broken mirror, which distorted wears
False images, most like her own deceit.
The weeping Crocodile beneath her feet;
The misnamed globes of darkness and of light,
To which her lying lips direct the sight;

Truth's sacred records trampled under foot,
And man's vain theories, their substitute,
While o'er her flies the dusky bird of night,
Emblem of deeds that dare not meet the light:
False infidelity upholds her form,
Soon to be swept before the rising storm;
All these her hideous character declare,
And each some token of deception bear.

The Lying Demon is here represented by a hideous figure dressed somewhat in the resemblance of Truth. She wears a mask to hide the deformity of her features. She holds up a mirror, it is true, but it is broken, which reflects every thing in a distorted and disjointed manner. Two hemispheres are exhibited, one light, the other dark; she

points to the latter, and calls it *light*. By her side is seen the crocodile, who is uttering a cry of distress, for the purpose of drawing other animals within its reach, so that it may devour them; it is, therefore, properly an emblem of lying and of fraud.

The demon is shown trampling the records of truth under her feet; she has

various masks at hand to be worn on certain occasions. By her side are various infidel works, among which are those of Paine, Voltaire; also, the book of Mormon. Above her flies the bat, the bird of night, the emblem of darkness. The Lying Demon stands on the sandy foundation of *Atheism* and *Infidelity*, which the rising storm and flood will sweep away with the besom of destruction.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord. All men must acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins that can be committed between man and man—a crime of a deep dye and of an extensive nature, leading into innumerable sins—for lying is practiced to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, destroy, and the like. Lying, in this sense, is the concealment of all other crimes—the sheep's clothing upon the wolf's back, the pharisee's own prayer, the harlot's blush, the hypocrite's paint, the murderer's smile, the thief's cloak, and Judas' kiss. In a word, it is the devil's distinguished characteristic.

Lying is defined by Paley, "as a breach of promise, for whoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows that truth is expected. There are various kinds of lies: first, the pernicious lie, uttered for the hurt or disadvantage of our neighbor; second, the officious lie, uttered for our own or our neighbor's advantage; third, the ludicrous and jocose lie, uttered by way of jest, and only for mirth's sake, in common converse; fourth, *pious* frauds, as they are improperly called, pretended inspirations, forged books, counterfeit miracles, are species of lies; fifth, lies of the conduct, for a lie may be told in *gestures* as well as in *words*; sixth, lies of *omission*, as when an author willfully omits what ought to be related; and may we not all admit, seventh, that *equivocation* and *mental reservation* come under the guilt of lying.

The evil and injustice of this crime appears, first, from its being a breach of the natural and universal right of all men to truth in the intercourse of speech; second, for its being a violation of God's law; third, the faculty of speech was bestowed on us as an instrument of knowledge, not of deceit; to communicate our thoughts, not to hide them; fourth, it has a tendency to dissolve all society; fifth, the punishment of it is great, the hatred of those whom we have deceived, and an eternal separation from God in the world to come.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's imagination upon the rack, and before it gets over half its journey needs many more to hold it up from the ground. It is like a building upon a false foundation, which continually needs props to shore it up, and which proves at last more expensive than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation. The crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretenses are so transparent that he that runs may read them. He thinks he is making fools of others, but instead makes the greatest fool of himself.

"Almost every other vice," says an excellent writer, "may be kept in countenance by applause and association; even the robber and cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang; but the liar is universally despised, abandoned, and disowned. He has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind. He can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude without a friend, without an apologist." "The very devils," says

one, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

The sin of lying consists in declaring for true any thing that is false. If we say or do any thing to deceive, even if we speak not a word, we are guilty of falsehood, as in the following instances: Suppose a man to be traveling to York on horseback, and comes to a place where two roads meet. The right-hand road is the one he should take, but he is a stranger, and does not know it. He sees a person in the road, and asks him which is the way to York? The man says nothing, but points to the left-hand road. After traveling some considerable distance, he stops to get refreshment for himself and horse, saying, "I wish to get to York to-night, and I suppose this is the right road?" The man says nothing, but laughs at the traveler's mistake when he is out of sight. These men were guilty of falsehood, though they did not say a word. The first deceived the traveler, and committed a lie by pointing in a direction he knew to be wrong; the second deceived the traveler by his silence, for he intended, by saying nothing, to make the man believe that he was right.

A person may be guilty of falsehood even in speaking the truth, as in the following instances: "I can not find Mary," says one girl to another, "have you seen her?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have." She had not seen her for days, and knew that her companion meant whether she had seen her just then. She was guilty of falsehood, because she wished to make the other believe that she had seen Mary a little time before.

Parents sometimes unwittingly educate their children to deceit and lying. The mother, perhaps, when giving her child unpleasant medicine, says, "Here is something *good* for you." The child,

when it has swallowed the bitter potion, cries out, "You said it was good." "So it is good—for *your cough*," replied the mother. A man signed a promise that he would never drink intoxicating liquor, unless it was ordered by a physician. Afterward he wished to get rid of his promise, and persuaded a physician to order him to drink brandy, when the latter joined him, and the two got drunk together.

In the first age of the Christian Church, the Almighty, in a striking manner, showed his displeasure against deception and lying, by striking dead Ananias and Sapphira in the very act. God made this guilty pair an example of his justice to show his utter abhorrence of hypocrisy and deceit. In the book of Revelation it is declared that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the *second* death." "The word *liars*, in this passage," says an able commentator, "signifies every one who speaks contrary to the truth, when he knows the truth; and even he who speaks the truth with the *intention* to deceive, *i. e.* to persuade a person that a thing is different from what it really is by telling only a part of the truth, or suppressing some circumstance which would have led the hearer to a different and the true conclusion. All these shall have their portion, their share, what belongs to them, their right, in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. This is the *second* death, from which there is no recovery."

"The liar laugheth in sorrow, he weepeth in joy: he worketh in the darkness as a mole, and fancieth he is safe; but he blundereth into light, and is exposed to full view, with dirt on his head. He lives in perpetual constraint, for his tongue and his heart are at variance, and the business of his life is to deceive." As he has shunned the light, darkness eternal will be his portion.

PSALM

cxxi:
verse 4.

PSALM

xcv:
verse 7.

ISAIAH,
Chap. liii:
verse 6.



HEBREWS,

Chap. xiii:
verse 20.

MATTHEW,

Chap. xv:
verse 24.

1 PETER,

Chap. v:
verse 4.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

*Before I was afflicted I went astray Ps. CXIX: 67.—Now re-
turned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. 1 Pet. II: 25.*

WHEN in the wilds the heedless sheep would stray,
And wander careless from the beaten way;
In vain the Shepherd every art would try,
To make them follow him to pastures high.

He takes a lamb and bears it up the hill,
Up the steep path the mother follows still,
Till in the upland pastures, green and fair,
The sheep and lambs are safely folded there.

The care of the good Shepherd extends equally to every member of his flock. He sees danger when it is afar off. The picture illustrates his faithfulness. One of his flock, while wandering in the pasture, came, in the heat of the day, to a cool, shady recess in the adjacent forests, not knowing that wild beasts lurked there for his destruction. His warning voice having failed to stop the wanderer, he has run and seized her lamb, took it to his bosom and moves away in another direction. By the instinctive love of her offspring, the dam turns and follows the shepherd who holds the dar-

ling in his embrace. By this means both are preserved from the destroyer and brought into the fold of safety.

In like manner, the heavenly Shepherd watches over us, the sheep of his pasture. He often corrects us, and in mercy prevents us from pursuing our chosen ways which lead to destruction. When nothing else will stop us on our wayward course, he will seize some darling and beloved object, and thereby turn us to himself. Perhaps God takes an idolized child, the dear object of our affections, to himself. The world has now lost its charms. Where shall we, then, go for comfort but to the

heavenly Shepherd? He carries the lambs in his bosom; he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities; he took our darling to himself, and will he not restore him at the great day if we follow him?

Yes, verily! our Divine Shepherd, if we follow him and keep his commandments, will freely give us all things. "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust." It is true that he may and does afflict us, but we may rest assured it is for our good. Says the royal Psalmist: "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." The Apostle also declares, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one that he receiveth; nevertheless, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Instead of mumuring when the heavenly Shepherd takes one of the lambs to himself, to dwell forever in his immediate presence, eternally shut in from all harm or danger, would it not more become us to rejoice, or at least submit to his will? The following Scottish legend is to the point:

"A married couple of the highlanders had thrice lost their only child, each dying at an early age. Upon the death of the last the father became boisterous, and uttered his complaints in the loudest tones.

The death of the child happened late in the spring, when, in the inhabited straths, sheep were abroad; but from the blasts in that high and stormy region, they were still confined in the cot. In a dismal, stormy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud for a lamb to treat his friends with at the *wake* (or funeral feast). At the door of the sheep-cote he found a stranger standing. He was astonished, in such a night, so far from any frequented place! The

mysterious visitor was plainly attired, but he had a countenance expressive of singular mildness and benevolence; and, addressing the father in a sweet impressive voice, asked what he did there amid the tempest.

He was filled with awe, which he could not account for, and said he came for a lamb.

"What kind of a lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best that I can find," he replied, "as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lambs?"

"Never," was the answer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveler; "when I come to visit my sheep-fold, I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamor of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected."

He looked up in amazement, but—the vision had fled.

The following descriptive lines are appropriate to our subject. They were addressed to a friend by the late Mrs. Lowell, after the death of a child. They describe the method adopted by the shepherd of the Alps to lead his flock to a new and better pasture:

"They in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadows' tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd tries to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams glide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try;
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie.

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. ii:
verse 14.

1 CORINTH'NS,

Chap. xv:
verse 46.

EPHESIANS,

Chap. ii:
verse 3.

ROMANS,

Chap. v:
verse 20.

PROVERBS,

Chap. iii:
verse 34.

ROMANS,

Chap. iii:
verse 24.

2 PETER,

Chap. i:
verse 3.

ROMANS,

Chap. vi:
verse 22.

THE THREE LIVES.

*For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh;
but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. Rom. viii:
5.—In the world to come, life everlasting. Luke xviii: 30.*

SEE here the wretch, low groveling in the mire,
Companion of the filthy; no desire
Beyond the present lifts his foul from earth;
He knows no joys save those of meanest birth;
The poison cup he drinks, and deeper roll
The tides of sin and folly o'er his soul;
The *Life of Nature* thus appears to view,
Herding with swine, partakes their groveling too;
But see, redeemed, a wondrous change appears,
His cheeks are wet with penitential tears;
The bow of promise shines before his eyes,

His arms are lifted toward the smiling skies.
The dove of peace, with olive-branch, behold,
And near, the shepherd with his peaceful fold.
Sweet emblems these, in which the soul may trace
New life begun below, the *Life of Grace*.
See! higher still, beside the heavenly gates,
A starry crown the ransomed soul awaits;
And angel legions, in a loving band,
Their ransomed brother greet with open hand;
A *Life of Glory* thus begun on high,
Still leading on through vast eternity.

The engraving represents man in three kinds or modes of life. The lower part shows man in a state of *nature*,

generally designated as a state of sin, or *sinful life*. He is seated, apparently at his ease, beside a hog, who is wal-

lowing in filth. He is in close contact with ferocious and unclean animals, and has the cup of intoxication in his grasp. The scene immediately above shows man in a state or life of *grace*. On one hand is a dove, with an olive-branch; on the other, a flock of sheep, emblems of peace, purity, and the flock of Christ. The man's arms are extended, as in prayer, toward the rainbow of promise just before him. In the upper part of the engraving the man appears in a state or life of *glory*. Having obtained the victory he is crowned; he is introduced into the society of angels, and is going still upward into the presence of Deity.

The natural man is he who places his supreme happiness in the things of the world, living to gratify the desires of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life. Many have no higher aspirations than mere swine, and brutalize their minds and bodies. Some are like wild beasts, fighting and devouring each other. A blindness comes over their minds, and they feel secure, being insensible to the dangers to which they are exposed. They have no fear of God, because they know him not.

Far above the natural man is the Christian, or he who is existing in a life of *grace*. He looks upward and walks by faith; his affections are set on things above and not on things of the earth. His life of grace commences when he turns from sin unto holiness. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." As the effect of his natural birth introduces him into a state of sin, the effect of this new birth is to make him holy. He loves what before he hated, and hates what before he loved. Laying hold of the promises of God, he sees with an eye of faith his eternal inheritance. Having such a view of the future, visible things, by which he is surrounded, appear comparatively of small value, as he sees they are but

temporal, passing away like a shadow, while a life of glory is eternal.

The life of *glory* is entered at death by him who has been prepared for it, by a life of grace in the present world. In fact, it is a blessed consummation of that spiritual or gracious life, which was kindled up in the soul when on the earth. He reviews the crown of life everlasting, and is attended by a convoy of angelic beings, who are sent to minister to the heirs of salvation. The emblem of the Deity, (one in three, and three in one,) with radiations of glory, is seen above, showing that God will forever dwell with his people. Palms of victory are waving to show that they have overcome the world, and are received as conquerors through him that hath loved them and gave himself for them; their robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

In this life of glory they are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. The Lord Jesus, enthroned in glory, will communicate to his people every thing calculated to secure, continue, and increase their happiness. He will lead them into living fountains of water constantly boiling up and running on.

"By these *perpetual fountains*," says a writer, "we are to understand *endless sources* of comfort and happiness, which Jesus Christ will open out of his own infinite plenitude to all glorified souls. These eternal living fountains will make an infinite variety in the enjoyments of the blessed. There will be no *sameness*, and, consequently, no cloying with the perpetual enjoyments of the same things; every moment will open a new source of pleasure, instruction, and improvement; they shall make an eternal progression into the fullness of God."

"As God is infinite, so his attributes are infinite; and throughout infinity more and more of those attributes will be discovered, and the discovery of

each will be a new foundation, or source of pleasure or enjoyment. These sources must be opening through all eternity; and yet, through all eternity, there will still remain, in the absolute perfections of the Godhead, an infinity of them to be opened!" Hence it is, that the Christian, in the progress of his history, lives *three lives*—first, a life of sense, or nature; then a life of faith; and, lastly and eternally, a life of glory.

Dr. Doddridge, the celebrated author of the commentary on the New Testament, spent many happy hours in religious conversation with Dr. Clarke, an intimate friend. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul. They were of the opinion that at the instant of dissolution the soul was not immediately introduced into the presence of all the heavenly host, nor into the full glory of the heavenly state. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed; and in "the visions of the night," while the eyes of the body were closed in sleep, he, in a certain sense, passed into another life, and by another power, as yet unknown to mortals, he saw, heard, and acted.

In his dream, he was at the house of his friend, where he was suddenly taken ill. By degrees, he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had passed into another and higher state of existence. He had exchanged a state of mortality and suffering for one of immortality and happiness. Embodied in an aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. There was naught below but the melancholy group of his friends weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with joy, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utter-

ance was denied; he rose silently upon the air, and their forms gradually receded from his sight.

While in golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and old age blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They traveled together through a vast space, until, at length, the towers of a glorious edifice appeared in the distance; and as its form arose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Shortly they were at the door, where they entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes; and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive, in a short time, a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and, sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he

had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness.

Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door—the Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal, of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic appearance. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and, taking him by the hand, led him forward to the table.

He pressed with his finger the juice of grapes into the golden cup, and, after having himself drank, presented it to him, saying: "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensation vanished; perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Savior as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard from his lips the grateful approbation, "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved; rich and glorious is the reward."

Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of his charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

JONAH,
Chap. ii:
verse 2.

PSALM
cxxxix:
verse 5.

PSALM
xxviii:
verse 1.



JOB,
Chap. xxxiii:
verse 28.

COLOSSIANS,
Chap. i:
verse 13.

PSALM
xxx:
verse 5.

TERROR OF SIN—JOY OF SALVATION.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, . . . let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. . . . And hide not thy face, . . . for I am in trouble: hear me speedily. Ps. LXIX: 15, 17.—To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death. Luke i: 79.

DEEP in the cavern's gloom of rayless night,
No sound of life without, no gleam of light;
The waters gathering round with icy chill,
What terrors now their anxious bosoms fill!
On every hand they looked for aid in vain,
One voice alone their sinking souls sustain;
Darkness around, above, below the wave;

They call on God, for God alone can save.
They call aloud, they strain the listening ear,
At last, far distant, glimmering lights appear;
Deliverance comes, like sunshine through the gloom,
And leads them safely through their living tomb.

The celebrated Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, about ninety miles southwest from Louisville, in that State, has long been an object of curiosity to travelers. It is said to extend thirteen miles into the bowels of the earth. It consists of a kind of labyrinth of passages, magnificent chambers, several rivers or streams, the largest of which is about a quarter of a mile in width, and deep enough to float a large steamboat. This stream is about five miles from the entrance of the cave, and pursues its dark

and solitary course, which the adventurous visitor is compelled to navigate in a boat.

"On one occasion," says a recent writer, "a party of young men, under the conduct of a guide, and suitably provided with torches, spent some hours in exploring this cavern, and while moving over this subterranean stream in their frail boat, gave a loose rein to their exuberant spirits, and laughed and sung until they made the overhanging arches echo with their merriment. In thought-

lessness they rocked the boat from side to side, when in a moment it was capsized, and they were thrown into the dark waters. The boat floated from them, their torches were extinguished, they were in impenetrable darkness, and far from human aid. Although regaining their feet, they were submerged nearly to their necks, and, alarmed and chilled, they felt that their exertions could avail nothing for their rescue.

The guide, with ready presence of mind, swam round them, encouraged them to retain their self-possession, and warned them of the certain peril of moving a single step. They were told that their only hope was in remaining still until the other guide, after a lapse of hours, might become alarmed at their long absence and come to their rescue. Can imagination picture a more frightful scene than was here presented? Midnight darkness enveloped them, the cold waters chilled their blood, no cries for aid could be heard by those without, they might have to wait many hours before the alarmed fears of their friends would stimulate them to send help; their strength in the mean time might fail, and they be floated away on the dark river of death without leaving a vestige to tell their fate! What could they do? Lately gay and joyous, how sad and terrible their situation now! What! could they not make one effort for their safety? Not one. They could only pray, and pray they did, with deep earnestness, as men doomed to death, from which an Almighty power alone could deliver them. They were heard and sustained.

At length, after a weary waiting, they descried a glimmering light, and then they hear the faint strokes of distant oars. They almost fear to trust their senses; they doubt, they fear, but they are not deceived; their deliverer

appears; they are received into his boat, exhausted with terror and fatigue, and soon they are conveyed to a place of safety. The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowers them; they alternately weep, and are transported with joy; they are saved.

Have we no companion for this picture? Yes, it is but a resemblance of another still more thrilling. The sinner, in his gayety and thoughtlessness, dreams not of danger; he laughs with the merry; he is enchanted with the scenes around him. Suddenly he finds himself in deep waters and surrounded by thick darkness. His struggles to extricate himself only involve him in greater danger. Horror over-spreads his mind. Each moment threatens to plunge him into ruin. He cries aloud, but hears only the frightful echo of his own despairing shout. He feels his utter helplessness, and, in his extremity, pours out his tears and prayers.

How horrible thus to perish! But no; a small voice whispers in his ear, There is yet hope! He waits, but how tedious are the passing hours! Each moment seems an age. He is ready to abandon hope when a cheering light strikes upon his eye, and the voice of encouragement is heard; his heart is reassured. One mighty to save appears, and soon he is rescued from the deep waters. The light of a glorious day shines upon his soul; he feels, and is transported at the feeling, that he is saved. Sinner, have you felt no such terrors? You have cause to feel them. The danger is just as imminent whether you are sensible of it or not; and if you are not driven to this extremity here, you may expect to feel it in that world where there is no Savior, and where all will be irretrievably lost. "We, then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."

ZECHARIAH,

Chap. i:

verse 5.

PSALM

xxix:

verse 5.

PSALM

xc:

verses 5, 6.

HEBREWS,

Chap. ii:

verse 6.



PSALM

xc:

verse 10.

ACTS,

Chap. xii:

verses 22, 23.

ECCLESIAST'S,

Chap. i:

verse 14.

HEBREWS,

Chap. i:

verses 10-12.

END OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Man dieth and wasteth away. Job XIV: 10.—The glory of man is as the flower of the grass. 1 Pet. I: 24.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. Isa. XL: 8.—Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Eccl. I 2.

BEHOLD the end of human greatness now:
Low to the dust is laid the lofty brow!
Of princely pride a skeleton remains;
'Tis common dust. The broken sword and chains
That once enslaved mankind have lost their
power:
Broken the glass that told his triumph hour;

The crumbling monuments bespeak decay,
The ruined towers, the sun's declining ray;
Shattered the oak that once the storm defied,
Scattered the rose-leaves in their beauteous
pride.

Ah! such is human life! its end is death,
Its glories scattered by a passing breath.

The engraving annexed is emblematic of the frailty and end of human greatness, and the vanity of sublunary things. In the foreground is the skeleton, perhaps of some mighty warrior who has been the terror of mankind, and has received the homage of nations. He lies prostrate, and it would be difficult

to distinguish his remains from those of a common beggar. His sword, and the chains by which he enslaved mankind, are broken; the hour-glass is also broken, showing that time with him is no longer. The very monuments which have been raised to perpetuate the remembrance of the mighty dead are crumbling.

Other objects are seen in the background; the splendid palace and strong towers are fast becoming a heap of rubbish, the sturdy oak is shattered, the beauteous rose, with its bright leaves, are scattered on the ground, the setting sun behind the desolate city, are all emblematic of the vanity and end of human greatness.

"Time," says Dr. Watts, "like a long-flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is forever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence to the duration of all the works of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not dote upon any thing here below, for heaven has inscribed vanity upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of heaven shall be uttered, and Providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, Its time shall be no longer.

"What is that stately building, that princely palace, which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns and wide-spreading arches, that gay edifice which enriches our admiration with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of costly and glittering furniture? Time, and all its circling hours, with a swift wing, are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly, and a few years hence it shall lie in moldering ruin and desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better inheritance!

"What have we mortals to be proud of in our present state, when every human glory is so fugitive and fading? Let the brightest and best of us say to ourselves that *we are but dust and vanity*. Is my body formed upon a graceful model? Are my limbs and my complexion better colored than my neighbors? Beauty, even in perfection, is of the shortest date; a few years will in-

form me that its bloom vanishes, its flower withers, its luster grows dim, its duration shall be no longer; and if life be prolonged, yet the pride and glory of it is forever lost in age and wrinkles; or, perhaps, our vanity meets a speedier fate. Death and the grave, with a sovereign and irresistible command, summon the brightest as well as the coarsest pieces of human nature to lie down early in their cold embraces, and mix together in corruption.

"Even those more ennobling powers of human life, which seem to have something angelical in them—I mean the powers of mind, imagination, etc.—these are subject to the same laws of decay and death. What though they can raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and, in imitation of creating power, can spread bright appearances and new worlds before the senses and souls of their friends; what though they can entertain the better part of mankind, the refined and polite world, with high delight and rapture, these scenes of rapturous delight grow flat and old by frequent review, and the very powers that raised them to grow feeble and apace. What though they can give immortal applause and fame to their possessors, it is but the immortality of an empty name, a mere succession of the breath of men; and it is a short sort of immortality, too, which must die and perish when this world perishes. A poor shadow of duration, indeed, while the real period of these powers is hastening every day; they languish and die as fast as animal nature, which has a large share in them, makes haste to its decay, and the time of their exercise shall shortly be no more."

"In vain the aged poet or the painter would call up the muse and genius of their youth, and summon all the arts of their imagination to spread and dress out some imaginary scene; in vain the elegant orator would recall the bold and masterly figures, and all those flowery

images which give ardor, grace, and dignity to his younger composers, and charmed every ear; they are gone, they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call; their time is past; they are vanished, and lost beyond all hope of recovery."

"Death," says Saurin, "puts an end to the most specious titles, to the most dazzling grandeur, and to the most delicious life. The thought of this period of human glory reminds me of the memorable action of a prince, who, although he was a heathen, he was wiser than many Christians; I mean the great *Saladin*. After he had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, and conquered cities without number; after he had retaken Jerusalem, and performed exploits almost more than human in those wars which superstition had stirred up for the recovery of the Holy Land, he finished his life in the performance of an action that ought to be transmitted to the most distant posterity.

"A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles; he commanded him to fasten to the top of the lance the *shroud* in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. 'Go,' said he, 'carry the lance, unfurl the banner; and while you lift up this standard, proclaim, *This is all that remains to Saladin the Great, of all his glory.*' Christians," continues Saurin, "I perform to-day the office of this herald; I fasten to the staff of a spear sensual and intellectual pleasures, worldly riches and human honors. All these I reduce to the piece of crape in which you will soon be buried. This standard of earth I lift up in your sight, and cry, This, this is all that will remain to you of the possessions for which you exchanged your souls!"

Philip, King of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and, when he rose again, seeing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, "O, how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeing after the world while we are living!"

"Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth

Who the tiara, at his pleasure, tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried forsooth because his arm was
hampered,

And had not room enough to do his work?
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim,
And crammed into a space we blush to name."

Where now is Babylon with its hundred gates of solid brass, its hanging gardens, its walls three hundred feet high? Where are Tyre, the queen city of the ocean, and Carthage, with its dominion over three hundred cities? Where are the other cities of antiquity once so famous upon earth? What, indeed, are these visible heavens, these lower skies, and this globe of earth? They are, indeed, the glorious workmanship of the Almighty, but they are waxing old and waiting their period, too, when the angel shall pronounce upon them that Time shall be no more! The heavens shall be folded up as a vesture, the elements of the lower world shall melt with fervent heat, and all the works thereof shall be burnt up with fire.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself!
Yea, all which it inhabit shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a wreck behind!"

REVELATION,

Chap. xx:
verses 12, 13.

PSALM

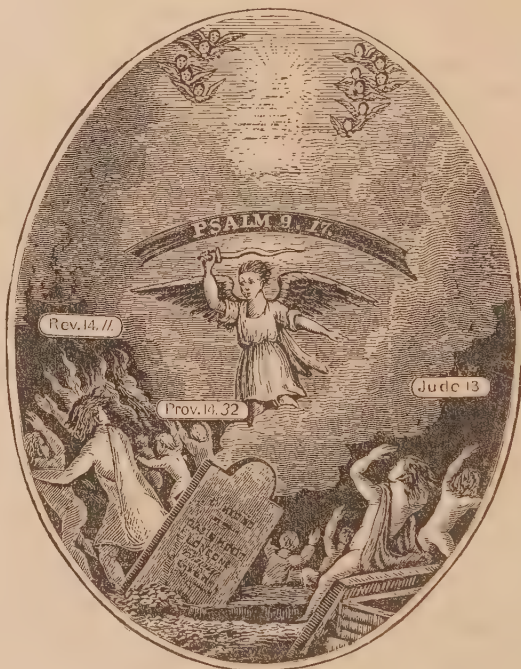
cxlv:
verse 20.

PSALM

ix:
verse 17.

ACTS,

Chap. xxiv:
verse 15.



MATTHEW,

Chap. xxv:
verses 31, 32.

2 THESS.

Chap. i:
verses 7-9.

2 PETER,

Chap. ii:
verse 9.

ISAIAH,

Chap. iii:
verse 11.

THE FUTURE OF THE WICKED.

And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to shame and everlasting contempt. Dan. xii: 2.—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment. Matt. xxv: 46.

See from their graves the guilty sinners start,
Wakened to hear their awful doom—"Depart!"
Depart from heaven and all the joys above,
Ye who despise the calls of heavenly love,
Behold the Father, now a Judge become,
Before whose wrath the guilty soul is dumb;
The blessed Savior with averted face,

Offers no more his mercy and his grace;
Back to their graves the wicked fain would fly
Nor dare to meet the Judge's angry eye.
Lost! lost forever! all the joys of heaven
Reserved for those whose sins are forgiven;
Down to the land of black despair they go,
To dwell with spirits lost in realms of woe.

The final Judge of all, sitting on the throne of judgment, will gather before him both the righteous and the wicked, the small and the great of all nations, to receive according to the works done in this life. At the voice of the last trumpet, it is declared by Him who can not lie, the dead shall be raised: "They that have done good unto the resurrection of life, they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

The wicked rise from their graves. Terror-struck at the sight of their Judge, whose face is against them, they call on rocks and mountains to hide them from his presence. Instead of seeing the bow of promise in the clouds, they see one of condemnation; instead of being light and brilliant, it is one of darkness, on which the doom of the wicked is set forth by the declaration, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Instead of ministering angels as a convoy to heaven above, one appears with a flaming sword, driving them to the dark regions below.

That there is a place of punishment for the wicked after death, has been acknowledged in all ages, among all countries and nations. Heathens, and even savages, have, in their religious creed, a place of torment for the wicked. This important truth seems to be positively set forth in many places on the pages of Divine Revelation. In the account given us of Dives and Lazarus, it is stated that the rich man *died* and was buried, and in *hell* he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. In whatever light this account is taken, the great truth of future punishment *after* death can not be successfully controverted. Even if viewed in the light of a parable, as some few contend, it conveys the same truth as if it was a real history. Either a man *may live*, as is here related, and go to perdition when he dies; or some have lived in this way, and have suffered in the manner here described.

"The general consideration of a future state of punishment," says Bishop Butler, in his *Analogy of Religion*, most evidently belongs to the subject of natural religion. . . . The reader is desired to observe that Gentile writers, both moralists and poets, speak of the future punishment of the wicked, both as to the duration and degree of it, in a like manner of expression as the Scriptures

do; so that all which can positively be asserted to be a matter of mere revelation, with regard to this doctrine, seems to be that the great distinction between the righteous shall be made at the end of this world; that each shall THEN receive according to his deserts. . . . Revelation teaches us that the next state of things after the present is appointed for the execution of this justice, that it shall be no longer delayed; but the mystery of God, the great mystery of his suffering, vice and confusion to prevail, shall then be finished; and he will take to him his great power, and will reign by rendering to every one according to his works."

It is stated that in the future punishment of the wicked, "their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." "The first thing intended by the expression worm that never dieth," says an able writer, "seems to be a guilty conscience, including self-condemnation, sorrow, shame, and remorse. May we not have some conception of this by what is sometimes felt, even in this present world? Is it not this, chiefly, of which Solomon speaks, when he says, 'The spirit of a man may bear his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?' Who can bear the anguish of an awakened conscience penetrated with the sense of guilt, and the arrows of the Almighty sticking in the soul and drinking up the spirit? How many of the stout-hearted have sunk under it, and chosen strangling rather than life!"

On the dread subject of the state of the wicked after death, much has been said and written which is unauthorized by Scripture. The precise meaning of the terms used in regard to the duration of the punishment of the wicked has not yet been finally settled among thinking minds. It, however, appears to be clearly revealed that at the Day of Judgment there is

to be a separation made between the righteous and the wicked. Between these classes there can be no real affinity. The one loved God in sincerity, labored after a conformity to him, and endeavored to keep his commandments; the other preferred a life of sin to that of holiness. As they were at their death, so will they continue to be, as is declared in Rev. xxii: 11: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

Much of Bible instruction is conveyed in parables and in figurative language. When these are used in describing the state of the wicked after death, they denote a fearful punishment. What is its precise nature or amount we can not tell, but it is sufficient for us to know that we are constantly warned and entreated to flee from the doom which awaits the ungodly. We may, perhaps, think that God is such a merciful being that he will not punish the wicked in the future state; but we must remember that justice, as well as mercy, is one of the divine attributes. We believe that God is a being of infinite goodness, mercy, and love. The existence of sin in our world is a mystery to us, but we see it with its attendant miseries in various forms around us. If such things can exist in consistency with his goodness and mercy now, why not hereafter?

The moment the soul leaves the body it passes into another state of existence, either of happiness or of misery. The dying thief, when about expiring on the cross, prayed our Lord to remember him when he came into his kingdom. In answer to his request, he received the blessed assurance that he would that *very day* be with him in paradise.

On the other hand, those who die in impenitence and unbelief can not come where Christ is. It is true we can not describe the mode of the existence of the soul separated from the body, but that we can so exist we have demonstration in the fact that when we are asleep we see, hear, and act without the aid of our eyes, ears, and limbs.

According to the testimony of the Scriptures, it appears that the wicked are reserved in chains unto the judgment of the *great day*, the time of the final judgment, when angels and men shall receive their eternal doom. There will, at the last day, be a resurrection of the bodies *both of the just and unjust*; the Judge will say to the wicked, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." The devil and his angels sinned before the creation of the world; and as the wicked are *partakers* with the devil and his angels in their rebellion against God, so it is right that they should be *sharers* with them in their *punishment*.

ISAIAH,
Chap. iii:
verse 10.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxv:
verse 46.

ROMANS,
Chap. ii:
verse 7.

REVELATION,
Chap. xxi:
verse 4.



REVELATION,
Chap. vii:
verses 16, 17.

MATTHEW,
Chap. xxv:
verse 34.

JOHN,
Chap. xvii:
verse 24.

PSALM
xvi:
verse 11.

THE FUTURE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

All that are in their graves shall hear his voice; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life. John v: 29.—And so shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 Thess. iv: 17.

BRIGHT Future! opening to the good man's eyes,
The bow of promise spans the glorious skies,
In snowy robes arrayed, the shining throngs
Of earth's redeemed, fill heaven with joyful songs.

While from the skies the angel floating down,
Displays before his eyes the starry crown,
And glittering legions from heaven's high dome,
Swell forth the joyful summons, welcome home!

The final Judge of all men is represented in the Scriptures as coming in the clouds of heaven, attended by angelic hosts. When seated on the throne of his glory, all nations shall be gathered before him. The bow seen in the cloud shows that the Almighty is a covenant-keeping God, and will surely fulfill all

his promises. The righteous dead, bursting their tombs, will arise with joy at the summons of the last trumpet. Clad in celestial robes, they ascend on high; the ministering angel displays the crown of immortality, the sure inheritance of every believer.

The existence of the righteous and the

wicked, in a future state, has been, by Divine Revelation, placed beyond all doubt. God hath promised eternal life to the righteous. Heaven is to be considered as a place as well as state, in accordance to what is stated in John xiv: 2: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." The existence of the body of Christ, and those of Enoch and Elijah, is a further proof of it. For if it be not a place, where can these bodies be? and where will the bodies of the saints exist after the resurrection? Some suppose that this earth, after it is refined and purified, will be the dwelling-place of the righteous. "The new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," is thought will correspond with the Garden of Eden, as it first came from the hands of the Creator.

Heaven, wherever located, will be a place of inexpressible felicity. It is called "a paradise," a "building and mansion of God," "a city, a better country," "an inheritance, a kingdom, a crown." It is described as a place, or state of rest, peace, "joy in the Lord, glory," etc. The felicity of heaven will consist in freedom from all evil, both of soul and body, in the enjoyment of God as the chief good, in company of angels and saints, and in perfect holiness. In this prospect, the Christian exclaims,

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

A question is sometimes proposed, "Will the righteous know each other in heaven?" The arguments generally brought forward to sustain the fact that it will be so, are taken from the instances recorded in Scripture, in which persons who have never seen one another before, have immediately known each other in this world by a divine revelation. We read that at the transfigura-

tion of our Lord, Peter, James, and John knew Moses and Elias, as appears from Peter's making a particular mention of them—"Let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias!"—though he had never seen them before.

Our Savior, in the parable, represents the rich man as seeing Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom, and speaks of him as addressing his discourse to him. Paul says, "What is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? for ye are our glory and joy."

The change to be made in the bodies of the righteous will consist chiefly in three things:

I. The body shall be raised *immortal and incorruptible*.

II. It will be raised in *glory*.

III. It will be raised in *power*.

1. When this corruptible shall put on incorruption, we shall not be subject to sickness or pain; "the redemption of our bodies," signifies that we shall be perfectly free from all bodily evils which sin has brought into the world.

2. Our bodies shall be raised in glory, for it is said, "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." A resemblance of this we have in the luster of Moses' face, when he had conversed with God on the mount. When the martyr Stephen was before the council at Jerusalem, they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." When Peter and his companions saw our Lord's face on the Mount of Transfiguration, it shone like the sun, and his raiment became white as snow. Peter was transported with joy and admiration. The unspeakable joy that we shall then feel will shine forth in our countenances.

3. The bodies of the righteous "shall be raised in power." This expresses the sprightliness of our heavenly bodies, the nimbleness of their motion, by which they shall be obedient and able instruments of the soul. This earthly body is slow and heavy in all its motions, listless, and soon tired with action. But our heavenly bodies will be as active and nimble as our thoughts are. Our bodies being spiritual will serve our spirits, and minister to them; whereas now our spirits are forced to serve our bodies, and attend to their leisure, and do greatly depend upon them for our actions. When the righteous enter the glorious future, their bodies will be purified and refined from earthly grossness, and every power find sweet employ, while ceaseless ages roll!

THE HERMIT;

OR

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED.

[Somewhat varied from "The Hermit," by Parnell.]



"FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

In a far distant country, and at a remote period of time, there retired from the busy scenes of the world a young man, who spent the remainder of his days as a hermit. Having, in the morning of life, met with severe affliction from the hands of his fellow-men, he resolved to have no more fellowship with them, but to seek his happiness in the performance of religious duties. For this purpose he retired to a kind of cave in a mountainous part of the country, which, with a little labor, he converted into a comfortable habitation. A sparkling rill fell near the door of his cot from the rocky heights above, and gave him an ample supply of pure

and cold water. A small but beautiful plat of ground lay directly in front, which, by cultivation, afforded him abundance of food; a small flock, of which he was a kind shepherd, supplied him with clothing.

A life thus spent gave a calm, serene, and heavenly repose, which would, probably, have continued, but for the accidental visit of a traveler, who gave him an account of the state of the world, and, in particular, how wickedness prevailed, how vile men apparently prospered, and, also, how the cause of righteousness was trampled down in the earth, and how often good men suffered from the violence and persecu-

tion of the wicked. The hermit was astonished, and hardly knew what to think. Doubts sprung up in his mind whether a Divine Providence did really govern the world or not. He was disturbed; the even tenor of his soul was lost, and he felt unhappy.

"So when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees impending
grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow.
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run."

To clear his doubts on this perplexing subject, the hermit resolved to travel and see for himself if the world was so badly governed as had been represented. He, accordingly, commenced his journey with the rising sun, and passed through long and lonesome wilds before he approached the habitations of men. As the sun approached midway of the heavens,

"A youth came posting o'er a crossing way,
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft, in graceful ringlets, fell his hair;
Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he
cried;
And hail, my son! the reverend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer
flowed,
And talk of various kinds deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, joined in heart;
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around."

The two travelers were so much pleased with each other that they determined to continue their journey together. The youth appeared to possess knowledge far beyond his years. The hermit, being very desirous to know the reason or cause of every thing he saw about him, continually kept asking questions. His companion finally told

him, if he would keep silent on this particular subject, he would explain all things to his satisfaction when they arrived at the end of their journey.

The hermit and his companion passed pleasantly along till the closing hour of day, and when the busy world was sinking into repose they drew near a stately palace. By the light of the moon they traversed the pathway adorned with shrubbery and flowers; tall and graceful trees stood in ranks around. The master of the mansion made his house the wandering stranger's home; yet his kindness arose, in some degree at least, from a thirst of human applause. When the pair arrived at the gate they found attentive servants, with their lord in attendance, waiting to receive them. They were conducted to a table loaded with rich and costly food, and pressed to partake of the various delicacies. When the hour of rest arrived, they were conducted to the elegant eastern chambers of the mansion, where they sunk to repose on beds of down, beneath a silken canopy.

In the morning, before their departure, a rich banquet was provided for them; and, among other things, the master of the house brought rich, luscious wine in a golden goblet, of which he pressed his guests to partake. When they left the hospitable mansion, the younger guest secretly took the golden cup and hid it in the folds of his vesture. After they had proceeded some distance on their journey, the youth drew from the place of its concealment the golden goblet which had been so conspicuously displayed at the hospitable mansion-house. The hermit was confounded at the conduct of his companion.

The travelers passed on till near the close of day, when the sun became shrouded with black clouds, and the deep thunder rolled in the distance. It came nearer; the wind roared, the rain descended, the forked lightning

flashed around, and the thunder became loud and terrible. A turreted, castle-like building was seen on rising ground, to which they fled for shelter. The building was large and strong, and the extensive grounds about it were



[“ As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered, stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks
with fear; [heart:
So seemed the sire, he walked with trembling

And much he wished, but durst not ask to
part;
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it
hard,
That generous actions meet a base re-
ward.”]

unimproved. The owners of this habitation were, in temper, timorous and severe. They were considered unkind and griping, and every thing about their premises appeared desert-like and forbidding. Driven by the wind, and drenched by the rain, they arrived at the miser's door and knocked for admittance. For a long time it was in vain.

At length some pity seemed to move the miser's breast. It was the first time that his house had ever received a guest. Slowly he turned the creaking door with jealous care, and he half welcomes the suffering pair. With a few fagot sticks he lights the naked walls by which the travelers are able only to partially dry their clothing. A small quantity of the coarsest bread, and wine of the poorest quality, was

set before them; each, hardly granted, served them both for a meal. As soon as the tempest had ceased, and sufficient light had appeared, so that they could discern their pathway, they received an intimation to depart in peace.

As they parted from their miserly host, the youth drew from his vest and presented him with the golden cup he had taken from the generous landlord who had entertained them in so princely a manner. The miser received the glittering gift with startled eyes, and was so overwhelmed at the princely reward for his stinted kindness, that he sunk to the earth in surprise, and before he could sufficiently recover himself to thank his generous guests, they had traveled out of his sight and hearing.

The dark clouds were soon scattered,

the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone forth in splendor and beauty. The fragrant leaves displayed a fresher green, and all nature rejoiced in the light of the sun. The travelers continued their journey. The hermit's mind labored with uncertain thought. No cause appeared for his companion's acts. To steal a cup from a generous man and give it to a miserly creature who would scarcely admit them within his gate. One act seemed a vice, the other appeared like madness. While he detested the one he pitied the other. In the contemplation of both, his mind became lost, confused, and confounded.

Night again overtook the travelers, and again they sought a shelter. They soon found a mansion, neat and comfortable in appearance, "neither poorly low nor idly great." The soil was well improved around it, and every thing seemed to show the turn of its master's mind, of contentment, industry, and virtue. The weary travelers arriving at the mansion, greeted its master, and modestly asked for food and shelter. He received them courteously, and, without vanity, ostentation or grudging, he welcomed them to his house, piously remarking that as all he possessed was given him by God, he was



"His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white and flowed about his feet;

And wings whose colors glittered like the day
Wide at his back the dazzling plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,

And moves in all the majesty of light;
Surprise in chains the Pilgrim's words suspends,

And in a calm his settling temper ends;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke;
The voice of music ravished as he spoke."

under obligation, and felt willing to bestow a portion in acts of hospitality, charity, and mercy. A table of substantial and nutritious food was set before them, and they were bid welcome to whatever the house afforded. The evening was spent in religious and profitable conversation, and, be-

fore retiring to rest, the whole household called together, and the day and evening closed by prayer and praise.

Refreshed by calm repose, the two travelers arose, invigorated, to pursue their journey. But before they left the hospitable mansion of the good man, the youth, the younger guest, in a

stealthy manner crept up to the cradle, where the darling and only son lay sleeping. Grasping the neck of the landlord's little pride it was strangled; it grew black in the face, gasped and died. Struck dumb with horror at the deed, the hermit at once attempted to fly from the presence of one whose actions appeared to be those of an infernal demon. The hermit fled, trembling, but could make but little speed, being overwhelmed at the scene he had witnessed.

The youth pursued his steps; the road through the country which they had to pass being difficult to find, the good man at whose house they had last lodged, sent his servant for a guide. A river crossed the path; large trees had been felled across it, which served for a bridge. The youth, who followed the guide close behind, seemingly intent on mischief, watching his opportunity, thrust him off the perilous bridge into the stream below, where he perished amid the deep waters. When the hermit saw this last act of his companion, he could hold his peace no longer. Swelling with rage, he cried out, "*Detested wretch!*" He had scarcely pronounced these words when his strange partner seemed no longer man.

"Know," said the angel to the hermit, "I was sent to enlighten thy mind. Thy prayers and praise, and thy virtuous life, have arisen as a sweet memorial before the throne of the Eternal. I am but thy fellow-servant, commissioned to remove doubts which arise in thy mind when contemplating the goodness or equity of the Divine Government. The Maker of all things justly claims the world that he has made. He has the right to govern it according to his own will. He uses second means to accomplish his purposes, and sometimes appoints wicked and abandoned wretches to be his instru-

ments of justice upon others, though unperceived by mortal eyes. While men are accomplishing their own devices, God is overruling all things to bring about his sovereign purposes.

"True," said the angel still addressing himself to the hermit, "thou hast seen many strange things since we have been together;

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty
just,
And where thou can't unriddle, learn to
trust.

The rich man in the palace where we staid the first night, who made his guests drink large draughts of wine in his golden cup, has, by having it stolen, given up that bad custom. I gave the cup to the miser, to teach him that heaven can reward a generous action. The pious man, whose child I strangled, had long trod in virtue's path, but now the child began to wean his heart from God. To save the father the son was taken. To all but us the child seemed to die in fits, but I was sent to take its life. The guide whom I drowned, had he returned to the pious man, his master, would have that very night robbed and murdered him, and then how many poor and distressed persons would have suffered for the want of his charitable donations.

Thus heaven instructs thy mind; this trial
o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;

The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gazed and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done;"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THE
SUNDAY BOOK
OF
PLEASING AND COMFORTING LITERATURE,

PROSE AND POETRY,

FROM THE BEST WRITERS.

By HENRY HOWE,
AUTHOR OF HIST. COLS. OF OHIO, COLS. OF VIRGINIA, THE GREAT WEST, ETC., ETC.

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SUNDAY BOOK.

INTRODUCTORY.

HEREIN we have, according to our judgment, a collection adapted to the wants and tastes of that large class whose property in books is restricted to such very narrow limits, that, in many cases, to possess the acquaintance of even a single bookseller, would require the formality of a personal introduction. The bookseller is, in truth, the last man who emigrates—the last to be established in a new community.

Among humble people are delicate, sensitive spirits, exquisitely organized, gifted in mental powers, beautiful in moral qualities, but denied the benefits and delights of congenial, social intercourse. This arises from their personal isolation, or from the conventionalities of our even, as yet, imperfectly developed condition, which gives a false estimate to station, family, and material acquisitions, while the Christ-presented view of the value of the human soul, as the greatest of all created things, is only just beginning to be discerned. Thanks for this to Christian Literature; for it is the great leveler and the great elevator—a democrat and a more than king. Through it all alike have the best expressed ideas of the finest minds, the utterances of the noblest souls that away in the past ages towered above the forgotten myriads. Being dead, their spirits yet live, and without insulting exactions to pomp, without humiliations to arrogance, come to inform, refresh and solace even the most unobtrusive being that modestly moves along the sequestered paths. In their cheerful company the green pastures seem more peaceful, and as they lead us beside the still waters, the soft-tinted glories appear to rest there more sweetly.

We Americans are so much absorbed in developing the magnificent resources of our beautiful country, in building for those who are to inherit its blessings, that few, in their hurried lives, find calm, quiet hours in which to read and to enjoy. Hasty glances at the sheet given to the details of passing events, is about the sum total of the attention of the great mass of our people to the great world of letters. Compends of approved literature, arranged for fragments of time, as a kind of intellectual lunches, are therefore a general want and a public benefit.

Among much in this collection that is new will be found much that is old. And this last is not an objection. What we have read in youth, we often read again after the lapse of years with fresh delight. The old man grown wise as he approaches the softening twilight, on visiting the scenes of his boyhood, discovers new beauties in the landscape, derives new sensations from its blue arching sky. Memories of the far past tenderly unite themselves to the present with a sweet and soothing melancholy. He reflects upon what he was and what he is. Visions, too, of the future rise before him—perhaps visions of celestial glory, of eternal rest, of the bliss of an all-pervading, soul-absorbing love.

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SUNDAY BOOK OF PLEASING AND COMFORTING LITERATURE.

THE DRUID, THE JEW, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

[We begin this collection with an article from "Sketches of Christian Life in England." It comprises the opening chapter, entitled "Lights and Shadows of the Early Dawn." It is difficult for us Americans, descendants of Englishmen, to realize that, in the ages of antiquity, our forefathers could have been so sunken in the depths of superstition as to offer up human beings in sacrifice to the unknown spirits that they believed controlled the destinies of man. In this contemplation we can but see how awful the conception, where revelation has been withheld, of the Power that created and governs our world, and how the human heart, in all ages, has yearned for spiritual guidance and protection. To find in it, at last, a loving Father and most tender friend should seem a sweet surprise to a race individually given here but a brief duration—their own existence the most profound of mysteries, and enveloped in alternate gloom and sunshine.]

One midsummer's eve, more than seventeen centuries ago, the red gleams of a huge bonfire contended with the pale moonbeams in clothing with fantastic light and shade the gigantic piles of granite which crest, as with a natural fortress, that point of the Cornish coast now called Trerhyn Castle. The wild flickering of the flames leaped high enough at times even to touch with their fiery glow the edges of the mysterious Logan rock, which crowns the summit.

That it was no mere bonfire of merry-makers might be easily seen in the earnest faces and grave movements of the men gathered round it. They were not mingled in a confused throng, nor scattered in irregular groups, but moved solemnly round the fire from east to west, following the course of the sun, now hidden from the gaze from that shoreless ocean whose waves thundered ceaselessly against the base of the cliff on which they were assembled.

Their steps were the slow and measured movements of a sacred mystic dance; and as they circled round the blaze, they sang a wild, monotonous chant, to which the minor intervals gave, not the plaintive tenderness of a major melody broken by a minor fall, but rather the abrupt and savage restlessness of a combined wail and war-cry. From time to time, the song rose with the flames into a defiant shout, and then sank again into the low crooning of a dirge, the steps of the singers changing with the music from a rapid march to the slow tramp of a funeral procession. The sacred music of that old British race resolved itself into no calm, restful, major close.

Theirs was the worship of a conquered race, and of a proscribed religion. Driven by the Romans from their temples in the interior of the island—temples whose unhewn and gigantic grandeur not even the persistency of Roman enmity could ruin—this little band of the old lords of the land had met in that remote recess, not yet trodden by the conqueror's feet, to celebrate the rites of their ancient faith, under the guidance of one of their own proscribed Druid priesthood.

There, under the shadow of that grand natural fortress, to us so like one of their own Druid temples, they had kindled on May-day the sacred "Fire of God;" and here on midsummer eve they now gathered round the "Fire of Peace."

At length the rites, endeared to them as the last relics of their national existence, were finished; the wild chant was silent, succeeded by the ceaseless roar of the breakers; and the torches were kindled at the sacred fire, to relight once more, from a sacred source, the household fires that night, according to their custom, extinguished.

One by one the little British company dispersed, and could be traced along the cliffs, or inland across the unbroken moorland, by the glare of their torches.

The Druid was left alone. A solemn, solitary figure, he stood on the deserted space by the decaying fire, his fine form still erect, although the long beard, characteristic of his priestly office, was snow-white with age. The fitful glow of the expiring embers threw a mysterious light on the folds of his white robe, and gleamed on the rays of the broad golden circlet which bound his brow. Turning from the fire, he looked across the sea, scarcely more solitary or wild than the rugged shore on which he lingered.

It was always a dreary moment to him when the solemn rites were over, and the worshipers were gone. A few minutes since he had stood before the awe-stricken throng as one altogether apart and exalted, a medium of intercourse with the unknown supreme powers, a representative of the majesty so dimly understood, so vividly dreaded; and their faith had thrown back a reflected reality on his. But now he stood alone, a mortal man, to whom the unseen was, indeed, as unknown as to the meanest of those worshipers; and he felt he would gladly have borrowed from the meanest and most credulous among them that faith in the invisible which his presence inspired in others, but which he found it so hard to maintain in himself. His people, looking with dim and longing eyes into the infinite, at least saw *him*, while he saw only a blank infinity.

Musing thus, he gazed on that restless, boundless ocean, the broad sweep of

whose waves measured the long path of moonlight with their perspective of diminishing curves. Could it be possible, he thought, that at the end of that radiant pathway, human eyes (were they but pure enough) might see the silvery outlines of that "Isle of the Brave," where he taught his people the spirits of their dead were resting? Could it be that the waves which broke with that wild and wistful music at his feet might sound in human ears (were they but worthy to hear) the echoes of those deathless shores in the far west, where perhaps they had received their first impulse?

Thus he was musing, until his reverie was broken by the sound of footsteps close at hand. Turning hastily round, he saw between him and the fire a dark form wrapt in a Roman mantle.

"Who art thou," he asked abruptly, "that has tracked us thus to our last refuge? Thou hast lighted on what may prove to thee a treasure better than any of the mines thy people grudge us. Doubtless thou seest," he added bitterly, "that I am one of that proscribed Druid priesthood whom, unarmed and defenseless, your Roman armies so much dread. Denounce me to the rulers if thou wilt. I will follow thee without a struggle. Of what avail to me is life? And who knows what secret death may teach?"

"I am no Roman," said the stranger, sadly. "On my people, also, the wrath of those irresistible legions has fallen. I, also, am one of the priesthood of a proscribed religion, and of a conquered race. Far in the east, my people had once a city beautiful beyond all on earth, and a temple where white-robed priests, mitered with gold, ministered and sacrificed to Him whose name must not be uttered. Our temple is burned with fire, our city is laid waste, and trodden under foot of strangers; our people are scattered east and west, and I among them. I had lost my way to-night on this wild coast, as I was journeying to the port near this, whither of old our fathers came to traffic,

when seeing the unusual gleam of this fire, I came to learn what it meant. Thou seest no ally of the Romans in me."

The Druid was appeased, and lay aside his priestly vestments; he appeared in the ordinary Celtic plaid worn by his tribe. The two men found a strange link in their isolation from other men; and, piling up the scattered logs on the dying embers, they agreed to remain together there until the dawn should throw sufficient light on their path to enable them to travel safely along those rugged cliffs against which the waves, now hidden in the shades of night, seemed to roar and chafe like raging and disappointed beasts of prey.

"Your priestly vestments remind me strangely," said the Hebrew, when they were reseated by the fire, "of the sacred robes my forefather wore of old. Whence did your religion come?"

"The sources of sacred things are hidden in night," replied the Druid. "Some say our religion was taught direct from heaven; some, that it was brought, before the memory of man, from a land in the far East, whence, after the great flood, the father and the mother of our race came forth."

"In those distant ages," said the Jew, "doubtless your forefathers and ours were one. Since you had a priesthood, had you then also a temple and sacred rites?"

"We had many temples," was the reply; "gigantic circles of stone, as unheaven and as enormous as these amidst which we stand. Huge fragments of the solemn cliffs, and mountains, set up in unrivaled majesty on the solitary sweeps of our great inland plains, roofed by the heavens and floored by the bare unsmoothed earth. I laugh when I see the pigmy temples in which these Romans bow down before their little men and women gods."

"You had, then, no graven images?"

"Of old we had none, and never any in our temples. We have but one image of the highest; if, indeed," he added, in

a low and awed voice, "he is only an image! Our worship is directed to the sun. Following his eternal course from east to west, our sacred dances move. At his rising, we rejoice. When, in flowery May, his beams once more begin to make the earth fruitful, we kindle in his honor the Fire of God, and begin our year anew. When he has risen in midsummer to his highest seat in the heavens, and reigns in his fullest might, we kindle the sacred 'Fire of Peace,' as to-night, in honor of his peaceful and consummated dominion."

"Since, then, you had temples, had you also sacrifices?"

"We had," was the solemn reply; "but not such as those of the Romans; not only the white steer from the herd, or the spotless lamb from the flock; we offered to our gods costlier sacrifices than these, and dearer life."

"What life, then?" said the Jew in horror.

"The only life worthy to be accepted for the life of man," was the reply; "the only life worthy to be offered to the Immortal."

"Your altars were stained with human blood!" said the Jew, with a shudder; "your people had indeed, then, a different law from mine. But to whom," he continued, after a pause, "did you offer these terrible offerings?"

"The various tribes of our race had various names for him," said the Druid, in a low voice. "Some called him Hu, and some Dhia or Dhe, and some Be'al, the life of all life, the source of all being."

The Jew started as the name denounced by his prophets, and abhorred by his race, fell on his ear, yet strangely blended with a word like the uncommunicable name he might not utter, the mysterious Jah.

"It is very strange!" he said at length.

"Your words sound to me like the echo of the utterances of the prophets of my people, resounding through the ages as the waves through one of these ocean

caverns, broken as they rebound in strange discords and wild confusion. Had you then no sacred writings?"

"We have none," said the Druid. "Our aged priests teach the sacred words in solemn chants to the priestly neophytes, and initiate them in the sacred rites. So we were taught; so shall we teach those that follow, if the world of our race is to endure."

"But," said the Jew, "did you never shrink from the sufferings of the victims as you sacrificed them, or think whether there might not be some piety in the Eternal, which might revolt from such rites?"

"Am I not a man?" was the reply. "Doubtless my heart often ached at the sufferings of those we sacrificed, especially at first. But the sufferers were, for the most part, criminals, or captives taken in war; and what was I, to be wiser than the aged who taught me?"

The remembrance of the sacred name, revealed to the law-giver of his nation, rushed in on the heart of the Jew—of "Jehovah Jehovah Elohim," the eternal and the mighty, "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abounding in goodness and truth, yet by no means clearing the guilty;" and with it came the recollection of that ritual so stern in its demands for the acknowledgment of sin, and of the forfeited right of the sinner to life, yet so jealous in its guard over that human life it declared forfeit.

"Are you sure that your god hears you when you thus invoke and sacrifice to him?" he said, after a pause.

"We assure the people of these things," was the evasive reply; "and also of rewards and punishments in the world beyond. The people need the barriers of such belief to keep them from crime."

"But you do not teach what you do not believe?"

"Belief is not so easy for the instructed," was the reply. "Who that has looked into the depths of life can rest and believe like the ignorant?"

"Our faith," said the Jew, mournfully, "was a faith for all; our most sacred truths was for the peasant as well as for the priest. Among us the seers revealed what they had seen, and the prophets believed what they taught."

The Druid listened long, with grave interest, as the Hebrew spoke of that God who was revealed to his people as at once so awful and so near, before whom the prophet said, "The holy hosts above veil their faces," and yet their shepherd-king could say, "He is my shepherd." At length he said:

"But since you had such revelations, and such a faith, and were a nation so honored by the highest, how can it be that you are a banished man like me? Did you not speak of the city of your people as laid waste, and their sanctuary as desecrated? What does this mean?"

"I know not, or at least I can only partly conjecture," was the sad reply. "Our people had sinned, and our God is one who will not clear the guilty. Once before, our fathers were driven from their homes into that yet further East, whence first they came, and our holy and beautiful house was burned with fire. Yet then, in their exile, they had prophets and promises; and a limit fixed to their disgrace, at the end of which they were, indeed, restored. But now, alas! we have no prophets, nor any one who can interpret. Scattered hither and thither, we lose the record of our lineage. Our glory is all in the past. In all the future I can see no vision of hope. It seems to me, sometimes, as if our nation had made shipwreck in the night, on some unknown sunken rock. Around us and before us is no shore, nor any light in view, save in that distant past to which the blazing ruins of our temple warn us we may not return."

"Yet," resumed the Druid, "had it been otherwise with your nation, scarcely would your prosperity have brought hope to the world, to other races, or to mine. You say it was to your nation only God

spoke; to your nation alone those promises were made, which, in some incomprehensible way, you have lost. The world, then, has lost little in your fall."

"I know not," replied the Jew. "Our prophets spoke of the veil being rent from all people, and of all nations coming to the brightness of the rising of a King who was to reign over ours."

"Did this King, then, never come?"

"How can he have come?" said the Jew, with a strange impatience. "How should I then be here, an exile without a country? And was not our King to come as a conqueror and a Redeemer for our nation, as a sun flashing his unquestionable glory upon *all* nations? There is, indeed," he added, "a fanatical sect who sprang from our race, who assert that our King has come, and that it is for rejecting him we are rejected. But who can believe this?"

"It would be terrible, truly, for your people to believe it!" said the Druid. "Those among you who think thus might be a mourning and wretched company."

"Nay," was the answer, "they are not. Their delusion leads them to profess themselves the most blessed of men. They think that he whom they call King and Lord, who, not much more than a hundred years ago, was crucified by the Romans in our city, has arisen from the dead, and lives in heaven, and they say they are glad to depart to him."

"Their hope extends, then, beyond death," said the Druid, abstractedly. "There are, then, some who think they know of one who visited the 'Isle of the Brave,' and has come back to tell what he saw!"

As they spoke, the dawn began to break over the green slopes of the shore on a promontory of which they sat. One by one the higher points of that magnificent series of rock bastions which guard our country from the Atlantic, like a fortress of God, caught the early sunbeam. Soon the ocean was also bathed in another ocean of light, broken only

by the shadow of the cliffs, or by the countless purple cups of shade, which gave an individual existence to every one of those wonderful translucent green waves. The two priests of the two religions moved slowly across the pass between the rocks which separates the natural castled bulwark, where they had passed the night, from the green slopes of the coast within.

"See," exclaimed the Druid, "how the fire which, during the hours of darkness, was all our light, now lies a faint red stain on the daylight; while the waves, which all night roared around us like angry demons, quietly heave in the sunshine. The earth has her dawns renewed continually. Will no new sun ever rise for man? Must the golden dawn for us be always in the past?"

Too deep a shadow rested for the Jew on the glorious predictions of his prophets for him to give an answer, and silently they went along the cliffs.

When they had walked inland thus for some time, they saw before them a laborer, in an earth-stained and common dress, going to his work in one of the mines which of old had tempted the Phenicians to those very shores.

This miner was evidently very young, and had the lithe grace of the south about his form and movements. As he walked he sang, and the tones of his rich southern tenor rose clear and full through the clear morning air. The cadence was different from any music the Druid had ever heard. There was a repose about the melody quite foreign to the wild wails or the war songs of his people. And, as they drew near, the language was to him as strange. They stepped on softly behind the singer, and listened.

"Strange words to hear in such a place," murmured the Jew, at length. "They are Greek—the language of a people who dwelt of old, and dwell still, in the East, near the home of my forefathers."

They drew near and greeted the

stranger. There was a gentle and easy courtesy in his manner as he returned their salutations, which, in a son of the North, would have betokened high breeding, but in him might be merely the natural bearing of his acute and versatile race. He willingly complied, when the Jew asked him to repeat his song, which he translated thus to the Druid:

Glory to God in the highest,
And on Earth peace,
Good will among men.
We praise Thee,
We bless Thee,
We worship Thee
For Thy great glory,
O Lord, heavenly King.
O God the Father, ruling all;
O Lord, the only-begotten
Son,
Savior, Messiah;
With the Holy Spirit,

O Lord God,
Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,
Who takest away the sins of
the world,
Receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right
hand of the Father,
Have mercy on us,
For Thou only art holy—
Thou only art the Lord,
Savior and Messiah—
To the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

"Ask him if he has any other such sacred songs," said the Druid; "the words sound to me beautiful and true, like an echo of half-forgotten music, heard long ago in some former life, from which perchance my soul came unto this."

"I will chant you our evening hymn," said the miner; and he sang again:

Joyful light of heavenly
glory,
Of the immortal heavenly
Father,
The holy and the blessed
Jesus Christ!
We, coming at the setting of
the sun,
Seeing the evening light,

Hymn the Father and the
Son,
And the Holy Spirit, God.
Worthy art Thou at all times
to be praised
With holy voices, Son of God,
Thou who givest light.
Therefore, doth the world
glorify Thee.

"Wonderful words," said the Jew, after translating them. "They seem almost like a response from heaven to what you said; like the promise of the dawn for man for which you longed. Friend," he said to the miner, "how camest thou hither? Thy learning is above thy calling."

"Not so," replied the other, meekly. "I was never other than a poor man. These truths are common to the most unlettered among us."

"To whom does he allude by 'us'?" asked the Druid, when he understood.

"We are the Christians, the men of Christ," said the stranger, replying to the Druid in his own native Celtic language, although with a foreign accent.

"I was a vine-dresser on the sunny hills near Smyrna. My father learned the faith from the Apostle John, the Beloved; and I was exiled hither to work in the mines in the far West, because I could not deny my Lord."

"Bitter change," said the Jew, "from those vine-clad southern hills to toil in the darkness on these cold northern shores."

"Where I am going there will be no need of the sun," was the calm reply; but the ominous hectic flush deepened on his hollow cheek.

"How, then," said the Druid, "is your faith maintained in this life of exile and bondage? Here you can have no temple and no priest."

"We have a temple!" was the joyful reply, "not made with hands; and a priest, though not now seen by mortal eyes."

"He speaks in parables," said the Druid.

"I speak no parables," said the Christian, "but simply matters of fact, of which we are all assured."

"Have you then also sacrifices?" asked the Druid.

"We have a sacrifice," was the low and reverent reply; "one spotless and eternal, never more to be repeated. The Highest gave his Son. The Holy One yielded up himself. *God has provided the Lamb.* The Lamb of God and the Son of God are one."

"He speaks of the promise made to our father Abraham," exclaimed the Jew.

"Life for life," murmured the Druid; "life of man for life of man."

"Nay, it was not man who made the sacrifice," said the Christian, "but God. Not the sinner's life was required; the Son yielded up his own."

"You have, then, no sacrifices to offer now," said the Druid.

"Not so," said the Christian, joyfully; "we have a daily, ceaseless sacrifice to offer—a living sacrifice, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ; even *ourselves*, to

do and suffer all the holy will of God—we ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, to fulfill the will of Him who loved us and redeemed us with his precious blood of God."

"But," resumed the Druid, "is that holy life, which you say was willingly yielded up for man, extinct forever? Shall the holy perish, and the guilty live?"

"Nay," was the reply, in a tone of concentrated fervor, "that immortal life could not perish. The Son of God is risen from the dead, and dieth no more. And now," he continued, speaking eagerly, as one who has good news to tell, "he sitteth enthroned at the right hand of God, the Sun of the City above."

"Have you, then, also a sacred city?" said the Jew, in a tone of surprise."

"It lieth toward the sun-rising," replied the Christian, in the words of an early martyr, "Jerusalem the heavenly, the city of the holy."

"Your golden age, your holy city, are then in the future, not in the past?" said both.

"You speak of an immortal life for each man," added the Druid; "but is there never to be a good time for mankind?"

"It is written that the King, the Christ, will come again in glory, to judge the wicked and to raise the just," was the reply; "and that then truth and righteousness shall reign on earth; for he is holy, and just, and true, and in Him all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."

Often during the months that followed, the Hebrew and the Druid sought that lowly miner's hut. There Jew and Gentile learned together concerning Him who is the Hope of Israel and the Desire of all nations.

The blank wall of darkness, which, to the Jew, had seemed so strangely and abruptly to close the long path of prophetic light and promise, parted and dissolved, displaying to his adoring gaze a sacrifice to whom all sacrifices pointed,

the Priest in whom all priesthood is consummated, the King of whom Hebrew kings and prophets sang, in whom all dominion centers.

To the Druid, the dim desires of his heart were at once explained and fulfilled. Sin and falsehood were discovered and brought to shame. "Life and immortality were brought to light." And on both gradually dawned, as the power and wisdom of God, not a doctrine merely, nor the ritual, but the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Thus along on the rocky shores of the Atlantic rose, in threefold harmony, the Christian hymns to Him who heareth always; the Sun whose presence is day to faith, the glory for which Israel waited, the Redeemer for whom all nations blindly groped and longed, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

There, also, erelong, in that lowly hut, those strangers watched, as brothers, by the death-bed of the Smyrniate exile, now one with them in Christ. And there, on that bleak shore, they buried him, in a quiet nook, consecrated by solitude, and thenceforth by the immortal seed of "the body that shall be." Races have passed away since then, and civilizations; rituals and religious systems have grown up, run to seed, and perished; but from those early ages to this, that new song of life and hope has never been entirely silenced on our British shores.

CONSCIENCE.

[Edward Young, born in 1681; author of the celebrated "Night Thoughts," a work of genius, but oppressive from its gloomy views of life and religion.]

O TREACHEROUS Conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lulled with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong Appetite the slackened rein,
And give us up to License, unrecalled,
Unmarked;—see, from behind her secret stand
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.

THE SABBATH.

JAMES GRAHAM'S.

[These lines are from a poem entitled "The Sabbath," by James Graham, a modest Scotch clergyman, who died half a century ago. A pleasant anecdote is related connected with its publication. He had not affixed his name to the book, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition. Taking a copy home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; at length she broke out in praise of the poem adding, "Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!" The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides.]

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear;—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew.
The distant bleating, mid-way up the hill.
Calinness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him, who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
dale,

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village
broods:

The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on
man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's
cold,

And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks

In each green tree, that proudly spreads the
bough,

As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its root; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

UNENDING LIFE ON EARTH UNDESIRABLE.

[Soame Jenyns, an old English writer.]

To live a hundred years, or e'er so few,
Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A Fair where thousands meet, but none can
stay;

An Inn where travelers bait, then post away;
A Sea where man perpetually is tost,
Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost;
Who leaves it first, the peaceful port first gain.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing, in her power to give:
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvied honors, wit and eloquence,
A numerous offspring to the world well known,
Both for paternal virtues and their own;
E'en at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round.
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroyed by time.

THE DYING CHILD.

[George W. Fulcher; died in Sudbury, England, in 1855.]

COME closer, closer, dear mamma, my heart is
filled with fears,

My eyes are dark,—I hear your sobs, but can not
see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips, that are so
icy cold;

Come closer, closer, dear mamma, give me your
hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn, "How doth the busy
bee,"

Which every day I used to say, when sitting on
your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers; and, dear mamma,
you know

That the great God will angry be if I forget them,
too.

And dear papa, when he comes home, O will he
not be vexed?

"Give us this day our daily bread;"—what is it
that comes next?

Hush, darling! you are going to the bright and
blessed sky,

Where all God's holy children go, to live with him
on high.

But will he love me, dear mamma, as tenderly as
you?

And will my own papa, one day, come and live
with me, too?

But you must first lay me to sleep where grand-
papa is laid;—

Is not the church-yard cold and dark, and sha'n't
I feel afraid?

And will you every evening come, and say my
pretty prayer

O'er poor Lucy's little grave, and see that no
one's there?

And promise me that when you die, that they
your grave shall make

Next unto mine, that I may be close to you when
I wake?

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma, your watch
beside me keep;

My heart feels cold; the room's all dark; now lay
me down to sleep:—

And should I sleep to wake no more, dear, dear,
mamma, good-by;

Poor nurse is kind; but oh! do you be with me
when I die!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Oliver Goldsmith was born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728, the son of a poor Irish curate. No author in our language has so endeared himself as he by the artless benevolence shown in his works, and by his mellow, flowing, and softly-tinted style. Washington Irving says his writings "put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men." One never tires of the Vicar of Wakefield, nor of the Deserted Village. The memory of poor Oliver is endeared to all, for "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." He was a mere child in all the business affairs of life; but his heart was as big as a mountain. Among the amusing anecdotes, illustrating his utter disregard of himself when his sympathies for the suffering were aroused, this is told: While a student, he failed one morning to fulfill an appointment to breakfast with a companion. The latter, thereupon, went to his room, and found Goldsmith immersed in his chin in the feathers. It seems he had, the night before, met in the streets a poor woman, a stranger, with five small children, from the country, without food and destitute, who implored his charity. He was poor and penniless himself; but he brought her to the college gate, stripped his bed of its blankets and gave her to shelter her little ones, and took off part of his clothes for her to sell and purchase food. Finding himself shivering in the night, he had cut open the tick and buried himself in the feathers; and, destitute of clothes, he could not leave his room.]

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked over the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went
round;

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would those looks
reprove;

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints the smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires thy echoes with unvaried cries;

Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall:

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* * * * *

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangled walks, and ruined grounds,

And, many a year relapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings through this world of
care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare when hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

* * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spake the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,

The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering
sound,

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head so high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye.
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
The parlor-splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting
day,

That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still return to weep!

The good old sire, the first prepared to go,
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovlier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band!
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

SWEETNESS OF NIGHT.

[Nathaniel Cotton, an English poet of the last century,
and friend of Cowper.]

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passion rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl;
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes:

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine:
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[Alexander Pope, born in 1688; died in 1744.]

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives;
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O! teach my heart
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 And impious discontent
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath:
 O lead me, whereso'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise!
 All nature's incense rise!

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

[John Gay; born in 1683; died in 1732.]

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light the Almighty word obeyed,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame,
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no
 more.

THE DIVINE GOODNESS APPARENT IN THE ADAPTATION OF THE EARTH TO MAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE universe may be considered as the palace in which the Deity resides, and the earth as one of its apartments. In this all the meaner races of animated nature mechanically obey him, and stand ready to execute his commands without hesitation. Man alone is found refractory; he is the only being endued with the power of contradicting these mandates. The Deity was pleased to exert superior power in creating him a superior being—a being endued with a choice of good and evil, and capable, in some measure, of cooperating with his own intentions. Man, therefore, may be considered as a limited creature, endued with powers imitative of those residing in the Deity. He is thrown into a world that stands in need of his help; and he has been granted a power of producing harmony from partial confusion.

If, therefore, we consider the earth as allotted for our habitation, we shall find that much has been given us to enjoy, and much to amend; that we have ample reasons for gratitude, and many for our industry. In those great outlines of nature, to which art can not reach, and where our greatest efforts must have been ineffectual, God himself has finished every thing with amazing grandeur and beauty. Our beneficent Father has considered these parts of nature as peculiarly his own; as parts which no creature could have skill or strength to amend; and he has, therefore, made them incapable of alteration, or of more perfect regularity. The heavens and the firmament show the wisdom and glory of the workman. Astronomers, who are best skilled in the symmetry of systems, can find nothing

there that they can alter for the better. God made these perfect, because no subordinate being could correct their defects.

When, therefore, we survey nature on this side, nothing can be more splendid, more correct, or amazing. We there behold a Deity residing in the midst of an universe, infinitely extended every way, animating all, and cheering the vacuity with his presence! We behold an immense and shapeless mass of matter, formed into worlds by his power, and dispersed at intervals, to which even the imagination can not travel! In this great theater of his glory, a thousand suns, like our own, animate their respective systems, appearing and vanishing at divine command. We behold our own bright luminary, fixed in the center of its system, wheeling its planets in times proportioned to their distances, and at once dispensing light, heat, and action. The earth also is seen with its two-fold motion; producing, by the one, the change of seasons; and, by the other, the grateful vicissitudes of day and night. With what silent magnificence is all this performed! with what seeming ease! The works of art are exerted with interrupted force; and their noisy progress discovers the obstructions they receive; but the earth, with a silent, steady rotation, successively presents every part of its bosom to the sun, at once imbibing nourishment and light from that parent of vegetation and fertility.

But not only provisions of heat and light are thus supplied, the whole surface of the earth is covered with a transparent atmosphere, that turns with its motion, and guards it from external injury. The rays of the sun are thus broken into a genial warmth; and, while the surface is assisted, a gentle heat is produced in the bowels of the earth, which contributes to cover it with verdure. Waters also are supplied in healthful abundance, to support life, and assist vegetation. Mountains rise, to diversify

the prospect, and give a current to the stream. Seas extend from one continent to the other, replenished with animals that may be turned to human support; and also serving to enrich the earth with a sufficiency of vapor. Breezes fly along the surface of the fields, to promote health and vegetation. The coolness of the evening invites to rest; and the freshness of the morning renews for labor.

Such are the delights of the habitation that has been assigned to man; without any one of these, he must have been wretched; and none of these could his own industry have supplied. But, while many of his wants are thus kindly furnished, on the one hand, there are numberless inconveniences to excite his industry, on the other. This habitation, though provided with all the conveniences of air, pasturage, and water, is but a desert place without human cultivation. The lowest animal finds more conveniences in the wilds of nature than he who boasts himself their lord. The whirlwind, the inundation, and all the asperities of the air, are peculiarly terrible to man, who knows their consequences, and, at a distance, dreads their approach. The earth itself, where human art has not pervaded, puts on a frightful, gloomy appearance. The forests are dark and tangled; the meadows are overgrown with rank weeds, and the brooks stray without a determined channel. Nature, that has been kind to every lower order of beings, seems to have been neglectful with regard to him; to the savage uncontriving man, the earth is an abode of desolation, where his shelter is insufficient, and his food precarious.

A world, thus furnished with advantages on one side, and inconveniences on the other, is the proper abode of reason, and the fittest to exercise the industry of a free and a thinking creature. These evils, which art can remedy, and prescience guard against, are a proper call for the exertion of his faculties; and they tend still more to assimilate him to his

Creator. God beholds, with pleasure, that being which he has made, converting the wretchedness of his natural situation into a theater of triumph; bringing all the headlong tribes of nature into subjection to his will, and producing that order and uniformity upon earth, of which his own heavenly fabric is so bright an example.

BEAUTIES FROM WILLIS.

[A little boy of nine years of age, one day in early autumn, stood under the leafy shadows of the proudly-arching elms on the green at New Haven, watching a joyous group of students of Yale playing ball. One of them, whom he then saw for the first time, from his graceful, aerial like beauty of person, so struck the child with a sense of admiration, that now, after the lapse of forty years, it remains a pleasant vision in the memory of the man. The student was N. P. Willis, then a tall, slender, blue-eyed youth, with sunny flowing curls, mild and gentle expression, and a complexion soft and delicate as a girl's. The exquisite aroma of his sacred poems can but touch and comfort Christian hearts.]

CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM

He sat upon the "ass's foal and rode
On to Jerusalem. Beside him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve:
And on before him went a multitude,
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands,
Strewing their garments thickly on his way.
Th' unbroken foal beneath him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song
Of "welcome to the Son of David" burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly trode onward with its slender feet.

The dew's last sparkle from the grass had
gone,
As he rode up Mount Olivet. The woods
Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west;
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way,
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind
Sent o'er the Mount from Jordan. As he
reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Savior raised
His calm blue eye—there stood Jerusalem!
Eagerly he bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wonted slightness of his perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fullness of his heart.
There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked—
The silver sun on all her palaces,

And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires,
Tending their terrace flowers; and Kedron's
stream

Lacing the meadows with its silvery band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she
stood—

Jerusalem—the city of his love,
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem—
That knew him not, and had rejected him;
Jerusalem—for whom he came to die!
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled
With odor from the trampled olive-leaves—
But "Jesus wept." The loved disciple saw
His master's tears, and closer to his side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Savior leant with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned—How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings—but ye would
not!

He thought not of the death that he should
die—

He thought not of the thorns he knew must
pierce

His forehead—of the buffet on his cheek—
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul
scorn!

Gethsemane stood out beneath his eye
Clear in the morning sun, and there, he knew,
While they who "could not watch with him
one hour"

Were sleeping, he should sweat great drops of
blood,

Praying the "cup might pass." And Golgotha
Stood bare and desert by the city wall,
And in its midst, to his prophetic eye,
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
Were numbered all: the nails were in his
feet—

Th' insulting sponge was pressing on his lips—
The blood and water gushing from his side—
The dizzy faintness swimming in his brain—
And, while his own disciples fled in fear,
A world's death-agonies all mixed in his!
Ay! he forgot all this. He only saw
Jerusalem—the chosen, the loved, the lost!
He only felt that for her sake his life
Was vainly given, and, in his pitying love,
The sufferings that would clothe the heaven's
in black,

Were quite forgotten. Was there ever love,
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

HUMAN LOVE.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in reason—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsunned temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the wall of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed
away.

The law of heaven is *love*; and though its
name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time;
Still, the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel.
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how every thing was *made to love*.
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride!

THE PLEASANT PATH IN LIFE.

THERE is a softer winding path through life,
And man may walk it with unruffled soul,
And drink its wayside waters till his heart
Is stilled with its o'erflowing happiness.
The chart by which to traverse it is writ
In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things;
To love the voice of waters and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine; reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering
tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!
It is to linger on "the magic face
Of human beauty," and from light and shade
Alike to draw a lesson; 'tis to know
The evidences of voices that are tuned
By majesty and purity of thought;
To gaze on woman's beauty as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair;

And from the spell of music to awake,
And feel that it has purified the heart!
It is to love all virtue, like the light,
Dear to the soul as sunshine to the eye,
And when the senses and the mind are filled,
Like wells from these involuntary springs,
It is to calm the trembling depths with prayer,
That it may be but a reflected heaven.

CONTEMPLATION.

"THEY are all up—the innumerable stars—
And hold their place in heaven. My eyes have
been
Searching the pearly depths through which
they spring
Like beautiful creations, till I feel
As if it were a new and perfect world,
Waiting in silence for the word of God
To breathe into motion. There they stand
Shining in order, like a living hymn
Written in light, awaking at the breath
Of the celestial dawn, and praising him
Who made them with the harmony of spheres.
I would I had an angel's ear to list
That melody. I would I might float
Up in that boundless element, and feel
Its ravishing vibrations. like the pulse
Beating in heaven! My spirit is athirst
For music—rarer music! I would bathe
My soul in a serener atmosphere
Than this; I long to mingle with the flock
Led by the 'living waters,' and to stray
In the 'green pastures' of the better land!
When wilt thou break, dull fetter? When
shall I
Gather my wings, and like a rushing thought
Stretch onward, star by star up into heaven?"

CHILDHOOD.

Who could paint
The young and shadowless spirit? Who could
chain
The sparkling gladness of a heart that lives,
Like a glad fountain, in the eye of light,
With an unbreathing pencil? Nature's gift
Has nothing that is like it. Sun and stream,
And the new leaves of June, and the young
lark
That flees away into the depths of heaven,
Lost in his own wild music, and the breath
Of spring time, and the summer eve, and noon
In the cool autumn, are like fingers swept
Over sweet-toned affections—but the joy
That enters to the spirit of a child
Is deep as his young heart; his very breath,
The simple sense of being, is enough.

To ravish him, and like a thrilling touch
He feels each moment of his life go by.

Beautiful, beautiful childhood! with a joy
That like a robe is palpable, and flung
Out by your every motion! delicate bud
Of the immortal flower that will unfold
And come to its maturity in heaven!
I weep your earthly glory. 'Tis a light
Sent to the new born spirit, that goes out
With the first idle wind. It is the leaf
Freshly flung upon the river, that will dance
Upon the wave that stealth out its light,
Then sink of its own heaviness. The face
Of the delightful earth will to your eye
Grow dim; the fragrance of the many flowers
Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
Of nature in her gentleness will be
To manhood's senseless ear inaudible.

INTERESTING INFORMATION IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

MOSES was the earliest of the sacred writers. Genesis and Job appear to have been compiled by him when an exile from Egypt, during his forty years' residence at Midian. They were probably sketched in hieroglyphical characters, and written out for the use of the people, while he was employed to lead and instruct the Israelites during forty years, in the deserts of Arabia. Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy were written by Moses some time before the close of his extraordinary ministry, A. M. 2453, B. C. 1551, for the instruction of the Israelites in their obedience to God, and for the regulation of their civil, judicial, and religious affairs. Some few additions were made to the five books of Moses after his death, especially the last chapter of Deuteronomy, probably by Joshua or by Samuel. Moses, though "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts vii. 22), did not acquire from that people the art of alphabetical writing; neither was it an invention of his own ingenuity. Various expedients have been devised to solve the difficulties with which the subject is involved—by some letters are supposed to have been a merely human invention, ingeniously contrived to

facilitate the invaluable purposes of commerce; many of the heathen considered letters to have been the gift of their imaginary gods; but Christian and Jewish authors of the greatest judgment believe that letters were given to Moses by the immediate inspiration of JEHOVAH, the true God.

Joshua wrote the former part of the book bearing his name, which Samuel completed; that venerable prophet compiled the books of Judges and Ruth, and commenced the *first* book of Samuel, the latter part of which and the *second* book were written by his successors in the prophetic office, probably by Nathan and Gad. The books of Kings and Chronicles are compilations from the national records, by various prophets and scribes, and from the public genealogical tables, made or completed by Ezra, on the return of the Jews from Babylon. Ezra and Nehemiah are historical collections from similar records, some of which were originally written by themselves. Esther was written by some distinguished Jew, perhaps Mordecai, though some conjecture that it was composed by Ezra. The Psalms were written mostly by David, some by Asaph, Moses, and other pious persons, all, or most of the book of Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and the book of Ecclesiastes, by King Solomon; the latter book was composed when that prosperous king, toward the latter end of his life, had been led to reflect upon the vanity of all human gratifications, and to repent of his foolish and criminal idolatry; his penitence and his writings were influenced by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Isaiah, Jeremiah, with the book of Lamentations, Ezekiel, and the other books of the prophets, were written by the several holy men whose names they bear, on occasions arising from their connection with the succeeding ages, as fore-appointed by the infinite wisdom of God. Ezra labored in revising the sacred books, aided by the Great Synagogue, consist-

ing of *one hundred and twenty* of the elders, by whom the Jewish church was restored and reformed. "Simon the Just," who died in the year 292 B. C., was the last of them, a man of extraordinary wisdom and holiness; he is believed to have made the last revision of the Old Testament, completing the sacred canon, by adding the books of Esther and Malachi.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the four Gospels, were written by the evangelists whose names they bear. Matthew and John were Apostles of Christ, and his personal attendants; Mark and Luke were intimately acquainted with some of the apostles, and the latter was a fellow-laborer and companion of Paul. Luke was also the writer of the Acts of the Apostles. Romans and other books of the New Testament were written by the apostles to whom they are inscribed, there being the most satisfactory evidence that Hebrews was written by the apostle Paul, although it does not bear his name, and that the apostle John was the author of the book of Revelation.

Readers of the Scriptures should know that the divisions of the sacred books into chapters and verses were human inventions, adopted for the convenience of reading and reference, and not an arrangement made by the Divine inspiration. This consideration may relieve the mind from a measure of difficulty in relation to some of the divisions, which interrupt the sense and obscure the meaning of the writer.

Both parts of the sacred volume include sixty-six distinct books—thirty-nine in the Old Testament, and twenty-seven in the New Testament. Those in the former were classed by the ancient Jews in three divisions: I. The Law; II. The Prophets; III. The Holy Writings—in Hebrew, *Kethubim*; in Greek, *Hagiographa*.

"The Law" comprised the five books of Moses, and was called, as before remarked, the Pentateuch. "The Prophets" comprehended the books of Joshua,

Judges, Samuel, and the Kings, which were called "the Former Prophets;" and Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor prophetic books, from Hosea to Malachi, which were denominated "the Latter Prophets." "The Holy Writings" included the books of Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Solomon's Song, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the Chronicles. Slight differences from this plan, but not of any importance, were made by some of the learned Jews in their numbering and arrangement of the sacred books of the Old Testament.

Originally, and for a long period, the sacred writings had no marks of punctuation. As was the case in all profane writings, the words were not separated from each other, but letter followed letter, as if every line were only a single word; a reader had, therefore, extreme difficulty, as he was obliged, mentally, to separate and combine the letters, so as to form the words, before he could perceive the sense of the writer; and this was the case so late as the fourth century with the writings of the New Testament.

Public reading rendered some punctuation indispensable; and hence many believe that it was commenced by Ezra, and greatly extended by the Jewish Masorites, or writers of tradition, to the fourth or fifth century, whose notes and criticisms relate to the books, verses, words, letters, vowel-points, and accents of the Old Testament.

The book of Psalms was always divided into its distinct compositions, as is evident from its several pieces, and from reference found in the New Testament; but originally no divisions are believed to have existed in any other of the sacred books.

The following calculations in regard to the contents of the Bible were published by an anonymous writer of the last century, the fruit, it is said, of three years' labor:

<i>In the Old Testament.</i>	<i>In the New Testament.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Books.....	39	27
Chapters.....	929	260
Verses.....	23,214	7,159
Words.....	592,439	181,233
Letters.....	2,723,100	838,890

APOCRYPHA.

Chapters, 133	Verses, 6,081	Words, 152,185
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Some brief notices of the translation of the Scriptures will be found interesting. The Old Testament was first translated into Greek nearly three hundred years before Christ. This version is called by scholars the Septuagint, frequently expressed in short thus, "LXX," from the number of seventy, or seventy-two Jewish elders, who were said to have been employed in this important work, to gratify Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The true reason of this translation, according to the most learned men, was the dispersion of the Jews among the nations using the Greek language, by intercourse with whom they forgot their native tongue, and were unable to read the Scriptures or understand them in the original Hebrew.

The first complete translation of the Bible into English was made by John Wickliffe, about the year 1380; and there exist several manuscript copies of his translation in public libraries. The translation of William Tyndale was the first ever printed. He was obliged, however, to withdraw to the continent to prosecute his work in security. His translation of the New Testament was published in 1526, at Antwerp or Hamburg, and a few years later the whole of the Bible. Tyndale was apprehended as a heretic by Charles V, and was burnt to ashes near Antwerp, in 1536. "King James's Bible," our present authorized version, was made by forty-seven learned divines, and published in 1611. They were engaged upon it for three years. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter, and every point seemed to have been weighed with the nicest exactness. It is justly regarded by scholars as the most faithful translation made into any modern language.

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, especially, is considered admirable both for style and accuracy. To use the words of a profound modern scholar, "It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it." The following are Tyndale's translations of the Magnificat and Lord's Prayer, in the spelling of the original edition:

"And Mary sayde, My soul magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.

"For he hath looked on the povre degre of his honde mayden. Beholde now from hens forth shall all generacions call me blessed.

"For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

"And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

"He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.

"He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalthed them of lowe degre.

"He hath filled the hungry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

"He hath remembered mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israhel.

"Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed forever.

"Oure father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede us not into tentacion, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen."

The first Bible translated in America was in the Indian language. Rev. John

Eliot, the celebrated missionary to the Indians of Massachusetts, translated the whole of the Bible into the Nattick or Nipmuc dialect. It was printed at Cambridge in 1663, and is the first Bible printed on this continent. It is related that when he was engaged upon the work, he came to the following passages in Judges v, 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *lattice*," etc. He described to the Indians the meaning of *lattice* as a sort of frame-work or netting, and they gave him a word which he thought was what he wanted for his Bible. Some years afterward, when he had grown more familiar with their language, he burst into a laugh as he discovered what word he had used and printed, which the reader will see at the end of this quotation: "The mother of Sisera looked out of the window, and cried through the *celpot*."

The following is a part of the Lord's Prayer in the Indian tongue from Eliot's Bible:

Our Father	heaven in	hallowed	thy name
Nushun	kesigut;	Quttinatananach	klowesunok;
come	thy kingdom	thy will	done
Peyawmutch	kuk ketassulamoonk:	Kutlenatanamoonk nen	nach
Earth on	as Heaven in	our food	daily
ohkeit	neane kesikquit	Nunmeetsuogash	aseksaukokish
give us	this this	day and	forgive us
esamainean	yeuycen	keukod;	kah
our sins.		ahquontamaunean	
nunmatchesongash.			

A second edition of this Bible was printed in 1685, in the correction of which Mr. Eliot received great assistance from Mr. John Cotton.

WHAT IS IN HEAVEN.

[These lines are from an ancient poem, entitled "The Pricks of Conscience," written by Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of Saint Augustine, full five hundred years ago. It is a curiosity as showing the English language in the century previous to that in which Columbus was born.]

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe withoute ony elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf;
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie;

And ther is more worships and honour,
Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call;
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

[This poem is by Francis Quarles, who lived in the times of Charles I, whose cause he espoused. The opposite party so harassed him, injuring his property, plundering him of his books, and destroying his rare manuscripts, that it broke down his health and spirits, and is said to have occasioned his death. His book of Divine Emblems, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, for a long time after, were found in the cottages of the peasants.]

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their many-toned notes delight me:
But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing
madness;
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of
thee.

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

EDWARD YOUNG.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.

THE NEW JERUSALEM,

OR THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

[This grand old hymn, by an unknown author, has existed for centuries. "It has rung in triumphant notes through the arches of mighty cathedrals; it has been chanted by the lips of kings and queens and nobles; it has ascended in the still air above the cottage roofs of the poor; it has given utterance to the hopes and expectations of the Christian on every continent, by every sea-shore, in hall and hovel, until it has become, in one or another of its forms, the possession of the whole Christian world. Innumerable lips that here have been touched by its beauty and power, have gone to sing other and nobler songs up yonder."

"Since Christ's fair truth feeds no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
Nor hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death, nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre can not dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, and weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of an English dean, was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1672, and died in 1719. On his death-bed, he sent for a friend whom he wished to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. "I have sent for you," he said, "that you may see in what peace a Christian can die." The uniform tendency of his writings is so excellent; displaying, on his part, such qualities of mind and heart, that it is said that they convey the impression "like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has long been estranged." His style is regarded by scholars as a model of purest English.]

Among other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it, which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at

present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments; were her faculties to be full-blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensible, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely-wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligence, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to

receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterward to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever

enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness?

THE COMMON LOT.

[JAMES MONTGOMERY, born in Scotland in 1771; died 1804.]

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this—there lived a man!

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London, 1716. At thirty-four years of age, he wrote to his friend Walpole, that "a thing whose beginning he had seen long afore had at last got an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted." This thing was the far-famed Elegy. It appears that the piece was never intended for the public, but that Gray wrote it to gratify a few of his friends. Walpole showed it about, copies were taken, and it was soon put to press. It was received with delight, and quickly ran through eleven editions. It is said that on the memorable night preceding the taking of Quebec, Gen. Wolfe repeated the elegy. Upon concluding the recitation, he said to his companions in arms, "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
 breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.
 Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 fined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
 muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply.
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slew through the church-way path we see him
borne:

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)
a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE ANCIENT MAN.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Looking Toward Sunset" is a charming book to those who have arrived beyond their noon, and have their eyes fixed upon the western hills that bound the great journey. It is the rich gleanings of a life harvest from all literatures, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, gathered from sources, old and new, original and selected, consisting of such articles in prose and poetry that tend most to comfort and gladden one's later years while moving along in the quiet lengthening shadows of the declining rays. The subject annexed is translated from the German of "Jean Paul Richter's memoir of Fibel, author of the Bienenroda Spelling Book." It describes the last days of a very aged man, golden in the mellow sunset glow of a pure and tranquil life.]

"He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet. He is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by Nature led
To peace so perfect, that the young behold
With envy what the old man hardly feels."

Wordsworth.

THE stream of Fibel's history having vanished under ground, like a second river Rhone, I was obliged to explore where story or stream again burst forth, and for this purpose I questioned every one. I was told that no one could better inform me than an exceedingly aged man, more than a hundred and twenty-five years old, who lived a few miles from the village of Bienenroda, and who, having been young at the same time with Fibel, must know all about him. The prospect of shaking hands with the very oldest man living on the face of the earth enraptured me. I said to myself that a most novel and peculiar sensation must be excited by having a whole past century before you, bodily present, compact and alive, in the century now passing; by holding, hand to hand, a man of the age of the antediluvians, over whose head so many entire generations of young mornings and old evenings have fled, and before whom one stands, in fact, as neither young nor old; to listen to a human spirit, outlandish, behind the time, almost mysteriously awful; sole survivor of a thousand gray, cold sleepers, coevals of his own remote, hoary age; standing as sen-

tincl before the ancient dead, looking coldly and strangely on life's silly novelities; finding in the present no cooling for his inborn spirit-thirst, no more enchanting yesterdays or to-morrows, but only the day-before-yesterday of youth and the day-after-to-morrow of death. It may, consequently, be imagined that so very old a man would speak only of the *farthest* past, of his *early* day-dawn, which, of course, in the long evening of his protracted day, must now be blending with his midnight. On the other hand, that one like myself would not feel particularly younger before such a millionaire of hours as Bienenroda Patriarch must be, and that his presence must make one feel more conscious of death than of immortality. A very aged man is a more powerful memento than a grave, for the older a grave is the further we look back to the succession of young persons who have moldered in it; sometimes a maiden is concealed in an ancient grave, but an ancient dwindled body hides only an imprisoned spirit.

An opportunity for visiting the Patriarch was presented by a return coach-and-six, belonging to a count, on which I was admitted to a seat with the coachman. Just before arriving at Bienenroda, he pointed with his whip toward an orchard, tuneful with song, and said: "There sits the old man, with his little animals around him." I sprang from the noble equipage, and went toward him. I ventured to expect that the count's six horses would give me, before the old man, the appearance of a person of rank, apart from the simplicity of my dress, whereby princes and heroes are wont to distinguish themselves from their tinsel lackeys. I was, therefore, a little surprised that the old man kept on playing with his pet hare, not even checking the barking of his poodle, as if counts were his daily bread, until, at last, he lifted his oil-cloth hat from his head. A buttoned overcoat, which gave room to see his vest, a long pair of knit

overalls, which were, in fact, enormous *stockings*, and a neckerchief which hung down to his bosom, made his dress look modern enough. His time-worn frame was far more peculiar. The inner part of the eye, which is black in childhood, was quite white; his tallness, more than his years, seemed to bow him over into an arch; the outturned point of his chin gave to his speech the appearance of mumbling; yet the expression of his countenance was lively, his eyes bright, his jaws full of white teeth, and his head covered with light hair.

I began by saying: "I came here solely on your account, to see a man for whom there can, assuredly, be little new under the sun, though he himself is something very new under it. You are now strictly in your five-and-twenties, since, after a century, a new reckoning commences. For myself, I confess, after once clambering over the century terminus, or church-wall, of a hundred years, I should neither know how old I was, nor whether I was myself. I should begin fresh and free, just as the world's history has often done, counting again from the year one, in the middle of a thousand years. Yet, why can not a man live to be as old as is many a giant tree of India, still standing? It is well to question very old people concerning the methods by which they have prolonged their lives. How do you account for it, dear old sir?"

I was beginning to be vexed at the good man's silence, when he softly replied: "Some suppose it is because I have always been cheerful, because I have adopted the maxim, 'Never sad, ever glad;' but I ascribe it wholly to our dear Lord God, since the animals which here surround us, though never sad, but happy for the most part, by no means so frequently exceed the usual boundary of their life, as does man. He exhibits an image of the eternal God, even in the length of his duration."

Such words concerning God, uttered

by a tongue one hundred and twenty-five years old, had great weight and consolation, and I at once felt their beautiful attraction. On mentioning animals, the old man turned again to his own, and, as though indifferent to him who had come in a coach-and-six, he began again to play with his menagerie—the hare, the spaniel, the silky poodle, the starling, and a couple of turtle-doves on his bosom. A pleasant bee colony in the orchard also gave heed to him; with one whistle he sent the bees away, and with another he summoned them into the ring of creatures which surrounded him like a court-circle.

At last, he said: "No one need be surprised that a very old man, who has forgotten every thing, and whom no one but the dear God knows or cares for, should give himself wholly to the dear animals. To whom can such an old man be of much use? I wander about in the villages, as in cities, wholly strange. If I see children, they come before me like my own remote childhood. If I meet old men, they seem like my past hoary years. I do not quite know where I now belong. I hang between heaven and earth. Yet God ever looks upon me bright and lovingly, with his two eyes, the sun and the moon. Moreover, animals lead into no sin, but rather to devotion. When my turtle-doves brood over their young and feed them, it seems to me just as if I saw God himself doing a great deal, for they derive their love and instinct toward their young as a gift from him."

The old man became silent, and looked pensively before him, as was his wont. A ringing of christening bells sounded from Bienenroda among the trees in the garden. He wept a little. I know not how I could have been so simple, after the beautiful words he had uttered, as to have mistaken his tears for a sign of weakness in his eyes. "I do not hear well, on account of my great age," he said, "and it seems to me as if the bap-

tismal bell from the distant sanctuary sounded up here very faintly. The old years of my childhood, more than a hundred years ago, ascend from the ancient depths of time, and gaze on me in wonder, while I and they know not whether we ought to weep or laugh." Then, addressing his silky poodle, he called out, "Ho! ho! come here old fellow!"

The allusion to his childhood brought me to the purpose of my visit. "Excellent sir," said I, "I am preparing the biography of the deceased Master Gottlieb Fibel, author of the famous Spelling Book, and all I now need to complete it is the account of his death." The old man smiled, and made a low bow. He continued: "No one is more likely to know the particulars of his decease than yourself, and you are the only person who can enrich me with the rare traits of his childhood, because every incident inscribed on a child's brain grows deeper with years, like names cut into a gourd, while later inscriptions disappear. Tell me, I pray you, all that you know concerning the departed man, for I am to publish his life at the Michaelmas Fair."

He murmured: "Excellent genius, scholar, man of letters, author most famous—these and other fine titles I learned by heart and applied to myself while I was that vain, blinded Fibel, who wrote and published the ordinary spelling book in question."

So, then, this old man was the blessed Fibel himself! A hundred and twenty-five notes of admiration, ay, eighteen hundred and eleven notes in a row, would but feebly express my astonishment.

[Here follows a long conversation concerning Fibel, after which the narrative continues, as follows:]

The old man went into his little garden-house, and I followed him. He whistled, and instantly a black squirrel came down from a tree, whither it had gone more for pleasure than for food. Nightingales, thrushes, starlings, and

other birds flew back into the open window from the tops of the trees. A bulfinch, whose color had been changed by age from red to black, strutted about the room, uttering droll sounds, which it could not make distinct. The hare pattered about in the twilight, sometimes on his hind feet, sometimes on all fours. Every dog in the house bounded forward in glad, loving, human glee. But the most joyful of all was the poodle; for he knew he was to have a box, with compartments, fastened to his neck, containing a list of the articles wanted for supper, which it was his business to bring from the inn in Bienenroda. He was Fibel's victualer, or provision-wagon. Children, who ran back and forth, were the only other ones who ministered to his wants.

In allusion to his pets, he said: "We ought to assist the circumscribed faculties of animals, by educating them, as far as we can, since we stand toward them, in a certain degree, as their Lord God; and we ought to train them to good morals, too, for very possibly they may continue to live after death. God and the animals are always good, but not so with man."

Aged men impart spiritual things, as they give material things, with a shaking hand, which drops half. In the effort to gather up his recollections, he permitted me to quicken his memory with my own, and thus I obtained a connected account of some particulars in his experience. He said he might have been about a hundred years old when he cut a new set of teeth, the pain of which disturbed him with wild dreams. One night he seemed to be holding in his hand a large sieve, and it was his task to pull the meshes apart, one by one. The close net-work, and the fastening of the wooden rim gave him indescribable trouble. But as his dream went on, he seemed to hold in his hand the great bright sun, which flamed up into his face. He woke with a newborn feeling, and slumbered

again as if lying on waving tulips. He dreamed, again, that he was a hundred years old, and that he died as an innocent yearling child, without any of the sin and woe of earth; that he found his parents on high, who brought before him a long procession of his children, who had remained invisible to him while he was in this world, because they were transparent, like the angels. He rose from his bed with new teeth and new ideas. The old Fibel was consumed, and a true phoenix stood in his place, sunning its colored wings. He had risen glorified, out of no other grave than his own body. The world retreated; heaven came down. When he had related these things, he at once bade me good-night. Without waiting for the return of his ministering poodle, and with hands folded for prayer, he showed me the road. I withdrew, but I rambled a long time round the orchard, which had sprung entirely from seed of his own planting. Indeed, he seldom ate a cherry without smuggling the stone and burying it in the ground for a resurrection. This habit often annoyed the neighboring peasants, who did not want high things growing on their boundaries. "But," said he, "I can not destroy a fruit-stone. If the peasants pull up a tree it produces, it will still have lived a little while, and die as a child dies."

While loitering in the orchard, I heard an evening hymn played and sung. I returned near Fibel's window, and saw him slowly turning a hand-organ, and accompanying the tune by softly singing an evening hymn. This organ, aided by a fragment of a voice, sufficed, in its monotonous uniformity, for his domestic devotion. I went away repeating the song.

Beautiful was the orchard when I returned the next morning. And the hoarfrost of age seemed thawed and fluid and to glisten only as morning dew on Fibel's after-blossom. The affection of his animals toward him rendered the

morning still more beautiful, in an orchard every tree of which had for its mother the stone of some fruit that he had enjoyed. His animals were an inheritance from his parents, though, of course, they were the great, great, great-grandchildren of those which had belonged to them. The trees were full of brooding birds, and by a slight whistle he could lure down to his shoulders this tame posterity of his father's singing-school. It was refreshing to the heart to see how quickly the tender flutterers surrounded him.

With the infantile satisfaction of a gray-headed child, he was accustomed to hang up on sticks, or in the trees, wherever the rays of the sun could best shine upon them, little balls of colored glass; and he took indescribable delight in this accordion of silver, gold, and jewel hues.

These particolored sun-balls, varying the green with many flaming tints, were like crystal tulip-beds. Some of the red ones seemed like ripe apples among the branches. But what charmed the old man most were reflections from the landscape from these little world-spheres. They resembled the moving prospects shadowed forth in a diminishing mirror. "Ah," said he, "when I contemplate the colors produced by the sunshine, which God gives to this dark world, it seems to me as if I had departed, and were already with God. And yet, since He is in us, we are always with God."

I asked him how it happened that, at his age, he spoke German almost purer than that used even by our best writers. Counting his birth from the end of his century (the new birth described in his dream), he replied: "I was somewhere about two years old, when I happened to hear a holy, spiritual minister, who spoke German with such an angel-tongue, that he would not have needed a better in heaven." He could not tell me the preacher's name, but he vividly described his manner in the pulpit. He told how he spoke with no superfluity of

words, airs, or gestures; how he uttered, in mild tones, things the most beautiful and forcible; how, like the Apostle John, with his resting-place close to heaven, this man spoke to the world, laying his hands calmly on the pulpit desk as an arm-case; how his every tone was a heart, and his every look a blessing; how the energy of this disciple of Christ was imbedded in love, as the firm diamond is incased in the ductile gold; how the pulpit was to him a Mount Tabor, whereon he transfigured both himself and his hearers; and how, of all clergymen, he best performed that which is the most difficult—the *praying* worthily.

My feelings grew constantly warmer toward this time-worn man, while I did not require a full return of affection from him any more than I should from a little child. But I remembered that I ought not to disturb the evening of his days with things of the world, and that I ought to depart. I would have him preserve, undisturbed, that sublime position of old age, where man lives, as it were, at the pole; where no star rises or sets; where the whole firmament is motionless and clear, while the Pole-star of another world shines fixedly overhead. I therefore said to him that I would return in the evening and take my leave. To my surprise, he replied that perhaps he should himself take leave of the whole world at evening, and that he wished not to be disturbed when dying. He said that he should that evening read to the end of the Revelation of St. John, and perhaps it might be the end with *him*, also. I ought to have mentioned previously that he read continually, and read nothing but the Bible, regularly from the beginning to the end; and he had a fixed impression that he should depart on concluding the twentieth and twenty-first verses of the twenty-second chapter of the Revelation of John: "He which testifieth of all things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus. The grace

of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." In consequence of this belief, he was in the habit of reading the last books of the Bible faster.

Little as I believed in so sudden a withering of his protracted after-blossom, I obeyed his latest-formed wish. Whenever a right wish is expressed by any man, we should do well to remember that it may be his *last*. I took my leave, requesting him to intrust me with his testamentary commissions for the village. He said they had been taken charge of long ago, and the children knew them. He cut a twig from a Christmas-tree, coeval in his childhood, and presented me with it as a keepsake.

In the beautiful summer evening, I could not refrain from stealthily approaching the house, through the orchard, to ascertain whether the good old man had ended his Bible and his life together. On the way, I found the torn envelope of a letter, sealed with a black seal, and over me the white storks were speeding their way to a warmer country. I was not much encouraged when I heard all the birds singing in his orchard, for their ancestors had done the same when his father died. A towering cloud, full of the latest twilight, spread itself before my short-sighted vision, like a far-off, blooming, foreign landscape; and I could not comprehend how it was that I had never before noticed this strange-looking, reddish land; so much the more easily did it occur to me that this might be his Orient, whither God was leading the weary one. I had become so confused as actually to mistake red bean-blossoms for a bit of fallen sunset. Presently I heard a man singing, to the accompaniment of an organ. It was the aged man singing his evening hymn:

"Lord of my life, another day
Once more hath sped away."

The birds in the room, and those in the distant branches, also, chimed in with his song. The bees, too, joined in

with their humming, as in the warm summer evening they dived into the cups of the linden-blossoms. My joy kindled into a flame. He was alive! But I would not disturb his holy evening. I would let him remain with Him who had surrounded him with gifts and with years, and not call upon him to think of any man here below. I listened to the last verse of his hymn, that I might be still more certain of the actual continuance of his life, and then tardily I slipped away. To my joy, I still found, in the eternal youth of Nature, beautiful references to his lengthened age; from the everlasting rippling of the brook in the meadow to a late swarm of bees, which had settled themselves on a linden tree, probably in the forenoon, before two o'clock, as if, by taking their lodging with him, he was to be their bee-father, and continue to live. Every star twinkled to me a hope.

I went to the orchard very early in the morning, wishing to look upon the aged man in sleep—death's angel prelude, the warm dream of cold death. But he was reading, and had read, in his large printed Bible, far beyond the deluge, as I could see by the engravings. I held it to be a duty not to interrupt his solitude long. I told him I was going away, and gave him a little farewell billet, instead of farewell words. I was much moved, though silent. It was not the kind of emotion with which we take leave of a friend, or a youth, or an old man; it was like parting from a remote stranger-being, who scarcely glances at us from the high, cold clouds which hold him between the earth and the sun. There is a stillness of soul which resembles the stillness of bodies on a frozen sea, or on high mountains; every loud tone is an interruption too prosaically harsh, as in the softest adagio. Even those words, "for the last time," the old man had long since left behind him. Yet he hastily presented to me my favorite flower, a blue Spanish vetch in an earthen

pot. This butterfly flower is the sweeter inasmuch as it so easily exhales its perfume and dies. He said he had not yet sung the usual morning hymn, which followed the service of his death-evening; and he begged me not to take it amiss that he did not accompany me, or once look after me, especially as he could not see very well. He then added, almost with emotion, "O friend, may you live virtuously! We shall meet again, where my departed relatives will be present, and also that great preacher, whose name I have forgotten. We meet again."

He turned immediately, quite tranquilly to his organ. I parted from him as from a life. He played from his organ beneath the trees, and his face was turned toward me; but to his dim eyes I knew that I should soon become a motionless cloud. So I remained till he began his morning hymn, from old Neander:

"The Lord still leaves me living,
I hasten him to praise;
My joyful spirit giving,
He hears my early lays."

While he was singing, the birds flew round him; the dogs, accustomed to the music, were silent; and it even wafted the swarm of bees into their hive. Bowed down as he was by age, his figure was so tall that, from the distance where I stood, he looked sufficiently erect. I remained until the old man had sung the twelfth and last verse of his morning hymn:

"Ready my cause to finish,
And come, O God, to Thee;
A conscience pure I cherish,
Till death shall summon me."

THE GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHER.

O softly wave the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory worn so long
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
And while your tears of sorrow fall,
Let sweet thanksgiving swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long
years,
A varied web has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole softly on,
Like flakes of falling snow,
That wrap the green earth lovingly,
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done;
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lips,
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been,
With brightness born of heaven,
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

O, gently fold the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
O, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to thee and me!

THE HOUR OF SETTING DAY.

[The foul spirit of detraction was the origin of these beautiful lines from a pure heart. The authoress was an elderly lady, a widow, Mrs. Browne, of Munson, Mass., who had thrown upon her the responsibility of a house full of little children, of whom she was the loving grandmother. Weary and heaven-laden with her many cares, she was accustomed at evening to retire for a brief period to the seclusion of an arbor for quiet meditation and secret prayer. This seeming neglect of her household duties occasioned unhappy comments from some of her neighbors, when coming to the ears of this humble daughter of God, drew forth from her an apology in these sweet verses. As she wrote it, the expression "from every cumbering care," was "from little ones and care."

This hymn was the remote cause of another of perhaps equal merit. As detraction originated the one, so selfishness originated the other. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, applied to the publishers of the hymn-book, in which Mrs. Browne's poem first appeared, for permission to copy it for a collection which he was compiling. This being refused, he wrote some lines expressing similar thoughts: "The Evening Hour," which we also give, and below the other. Both are curious instances of a frequent result, in Providence, of evil producing good.]

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

THE EVENING HOUR.

DR. LEONARD BACON.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away
To him who heareth prayer.

How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace;
While to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

How sweet through long-remembered years
His mercies to recall,
And pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond the fading sky,
And hear them call his children up
To his fair home on high.

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in Life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

THE SUMMER MORNING.

How beautiful the morning when summer days
are long;
O we will rise betimes and hear the wild-bird's
happy song;
For when the sun pours down his ray, the bird
will cease to sing;
She'll seek the cool and silent shade, and sit with
folded wing.

Up in the morning early, 'tis Nature's gayest
hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass and fra-
grance fills the flower.
Up in the morning early, and we will walk
abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody, and raise our
songs to God.

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

I.

Going home from the house of God,
The flower at her foot, and the sun overhead,
Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child,
Something may do to please the Lord."
"Now what," thought she, and half sadly
smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?"

"Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness, kindly shown."
Little Christel looked down at the grass
Rising like incense before the throne.

"Well, a day is before me now,
Yet what," thought she, "can I do, if I try?"
If an angel of God should show me how,
But silly am I, and the hours they fly."

Then a lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
"Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God,
But who would have thought the little lark
knew?"

II.

Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand, and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

The child had a windmill that would not move,
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, happy windmill, that has but to
whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so.

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by;
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O, happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's
day,
You have made the flower look fresh and well;"
Then she rose, and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the
brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its
course;
And the gurgling water seemed to say, "Look!
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse!"

"How these stones obstruct my road!"
How I wish they were off and gone;
Then I could flow, as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone."

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings, "Thanks to you
sweet!"

O, then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"
And she stumbles, and falls, and can not rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound;
The little babe crows at the cottage door;
And the red rose blooms, but Christel lies
drowned.

V.

Come in softly, this is the room;
Is not that an innocent face?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume—
Think child, of Heaven, and the Lord his
grace.

Three at the right, and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft,
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold.

VI.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide.

Saying, "I am a river of joy from Heaven;
You helped the brook, and I help you,
I sprinkle your brow with life-drops seven,
I bathe your eyes with healing dew.

Then a rose-branch in through the window
came,
And colored her cheeks and lips with red;
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright small form to her cold neck
clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, "I am a cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, "Who put these flowers in my
hand?"
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,
Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
"Ah! I have slept and dreamed in the porch;
It is a very drowsy day."

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

I WAS yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes, and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same

manner, when I consider that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or to creatures which are more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes, and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet traveled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked in the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves can not attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must, of course, neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings, of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and, consequently, his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we can not forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the pooriness of our conceptions is such that it can not forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succor, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent, and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose center is every-where, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He can not but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as a receptacle, or, rather, the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead.

Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty can not but perceive, and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance or thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" says Job. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive him; on the left hand, where he does work, but I can not behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I can not see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assure us that he can not be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

Now, in this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He can not but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to the anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

OUR IMPERFECT KNOWLEDGE OF A FUTURE STATE, SUITED TO THE CONDITION OF MAN.

[Hugh Blair, D.D.; born in Edinburg in 1713.]

THE skeptic, who is dissatisfied with the obscurity which Divine Providence has wisely thrown over the future state, conceives that more information would be reasonable and salutary. He desires to have his view enlarged beyond the limits of this corporeal scene. Instead of resting upon evidence which requires discussion, which must be supported by much reasoning, and which, after all, he alleges, yields very imperfect information, he demands the everlasting mansions to be so displayed as to place faith on a level with the evidence of sense. "What noble and happy effects," he exclaims, "would instantly follow, if man thus beheld his present and his future existence at once before him! He would then become worthy of his rank in the creation. Instead of being the sport, as now, of degrading passions and childish attachments, he would act solely on the principles of immortality. His pursuit of virtue would be steady, his life would be undisturbed and happy. Superior to the attacks of distress and to the solicitations of pleasure, he would advance, by a regular progress, toward those divine rewards and honors which were continually present to his view." Thus fancy, with as much ease and confidence as if it were a perfect judge of creation, erects a new world to itself, and exults with admiration of its own work. But let us pause, and suspend this admiration, till we coolly examine the consequences that would follow from this supposed reformation of the universe.

Consider the nature and circumstances of man. Introduced into the world in an indigent condition, he is supported at first by the care of others; and, as soon as he begins to act for himself, finds labor and industry to be necessary for sustaining his life and supplying his wants. Mutual defense and interest

give rise to society; and society, when formed, requires distinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good. The services of the poor and the protection of the rich become reciprocally necessary. The governors and the governed must coöperate for general safety. Various arts must be studied—some respecting the cultivation of the mind, others the care of the body; some to ward off the evils, and some to provide the conveniences of life. In a word, by the destination of his Creator, and the necessities of his nature, man commences at once an active, not merely a contemplative, being. Religion assumes him as such. It supposes him employed in this world as on a busy stage. It regulates, but does not abolish the enterprise and cares of ordinary life. It addresses itself to the various ranks in society—to the rich and to the poor, to the magistrate and the subject. It rebukes the slothful, directs the diligent how to labor, and requires every man to do his own business.

Suppose, now, that veil to be withdrawn, which conceals another world from our view. Let all obscurity vanish, let us no longer “see darkly, as through a glass;” but let every man enjoy that intuitive perception of divine and eternal objects, which the skeptic was supposed to desire. The immediate effect of such a discovery would be to annihilate, in our eye, all human objects, and to produce a total stagnation in the affairs of the world. Were the celestial glory exposed to our admiring view, did the angelic harmony sound in our enraptured ears, what earthly concerns could have the power of engaging our attention for a single moment? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labors, which now employ the activity of man, which support the order, or promote the happiness of society, would lie neglected and abandoned. Those desires and fears, those

hopes and interests, by which we are at present stimulated, would cease to operate. Human life would present no objects sufficient to rouse the mind, to kindle the spirit of enterprise, or to urge the hand of industry. If the mere sense of duty engaged a good man to take some part in the business of the world, the task, when submitted to, would prove distasteful. Even the preservation of life would be slighted, if he were not bound to it by the authority of God. Impatient of his confinement within this tabernacle of dust, languishing for the happy day of his translation to those glorious regions which were displayed to his sight, he would sojourn on earth as a melancholy exile. Whatever Providence has prepared for the entertainment of man would be viewed with contempt. Whatever is now attractive in society would appear insipid. In a word, he would be no longer a fit inhabitant of this world, nor be qualified for those exertions which are allotted to him in his present sphere of being. But, all his faculties being sublimated above the measure of humanity, he would be in the condition of a being of superior order, who, obliged to reside among men, would regard their pursuits with scorn, as dreams, trifles, and puerile amusements of a day.

But to this reasoning it may, perhaps, be replied that such consequences as I have now stated, supposing them to follow, deserve not much regard. For what though the present arrangement of human affairs were entirely changed, by a clearer view, and a stronger impression of our future state, would not such a change prove the highest blessing to man? Is not this attachment to worldly objects the great source both of his misery and his guilt? Employed in perpetual contemplation of heavenly objects, and in preparation for the enjoyment of them, would he not become more virtuous, and, of course, more happy, than the nature of his present employments and attachments permits him to be? Allowing, for

a moment, the consequence to be such, this much is yielded, that, upon the supposition which was made, man would not be the creature which he now is, nor human life the state which we now behold. How far the change would contribute to his welfare comes to be considered.

If there be any principle fully ascertained by religion, it is that this life was intended for a state of trial and improvement to man. His preparation for a better world required a gradual purification, carried on by steps of progressive discipline. The situation, therefore, here assigned him, was such as to answer his design, by calling forth all his active powers, by giving full scope to his moral dispositions, and bringing to light his whole character. Hence it became proper that difficulty and temptation should arise in the course of his duty. Ample rewards were promised to virtue, but these rewards were left, as yet, in obscurity and distant prospect. The impressions of sense were so balanced against the discoveries of immortality as to allow a conflict between faith and sense, between conscience and desire, between present pleasure and future good. In this conflict the souls of good men are tried, improved, and strengthened. In this field their honors are reaped. Here are formed the capital virtues of fortitude, temperance, and self-denial; moderation in prosperity, patience in adversity, submission to the will of God, and charity and forgiveness to men, amid the various competitions of worldly interest.

Such is the plan of divine wisdom for man's improvement. But put the case that the plan devised by human wisdom were to take place, and that the rewards of the just were to be more fully displayed to view, the exercise of all those graces which I have mentioned, would be entirely superseded. Their very names would be unknown. Every temptation being withdrawn, every worldly attachment being subdued by the overpowering discoveries of eternity, no trial of sin-

cerity, no discrimination of characters would remain; no opportunity would be afforded for those active exertions which are the means of purifying and perfecting the good. On the competition between time and eternity depends the chief exercise of human virtue. The obscurity which at present hangs over eternal objects preserves the competition. Remove that obscurity, and you remove human virtue from its place. You overthrow that whole system of discipline by which imperfect creatures are, in this life, gradually trained up for a more perfect state.

This, then, is the conclusion to which at last we arrive: that the full display which was demanded of the heavenly glory would be so far from improving the human soul, that it would abolish those virtues and duties which are the great instruments of its improvement. It would be unsuitable to the character of man in every view, either as an active being or a moral agent. It would disqualify him from taking part in the affairs of the world; for relishing the pleasures or for discharging the duties of life; in a word, it would entirely defeat the purpose of his being placed on this earth. And the question why the Almighty has been pleased to leave a spiritual world and the future existence of man under so much obscurity, resolves, in the end, into this: Why there should be such a creature as man in the universe of God. Such is the issue of the improvements proposed to be made on the plans of Providence. They add to the discoveries of the superior wisdom of God, and of the presumption and folly of man.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MRS. HEMANS.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;

Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called by harvest work to leave—
 Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

THE EVENING BELLS.

MOORE.

THOSE evening bells! those evening
 bells
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
 That tuneful peel will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening
 bells!

THE THREE SONS.

[James Moultree, an English clergyman; born in 1799.]

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five
 years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and
 mind of gentle mold.

They tell me that unusual grace in all
 his ways appears,
 That my child is grave and wise of heart
 beyond his childish years.
 I can not say how this may be, I know
 his face is fair,
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his
 sweet and serious air;
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I
 know he loveth me,
 But loveth yet his mother more with
 grateful fervency;
 But that which others most admire is the
 thought which fills his mind,
 The food for grave inquiring speech he
 every-where doth find.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me,
 when we together walk;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or
 talks as children talk.
 Nor cares he much for childish sports,
 dotes not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhood's ways and works,
 and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and often-
 times perplexed
 With thoughts about this world of ours,
 and thoughts about the next.
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she
 teacheth him to pray,
 And strange, and sweet, and solemn then
 are the words which he will say.
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to
 manhood's years like me,
 A holier and a wiser man I trust that he
 will be;
 And when I look into his eyes, and
 stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel,
 were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child
 of three;
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his
 little features be,
 How silver sweet those tones of his when
 he prattles on my knee;
 I do not think his light blue eye is, like
 his brother's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought
as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of
kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light,
rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country
folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he
looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with
cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when
left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to
gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and
sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God
grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as
now for earthly love ;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our
aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which
we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age
I can not tell,
For they reckon not by years and months
where he is gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months, his
infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and
went to live in Heaven.
I can not tell what form his is, what
looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his
shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things
which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this)
that he is now at rest,
Where other blest saints be, on their
Savior's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this
weary load of flesh,

But his sleep is blest with endless dreams
of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath
their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes
of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his
mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all
tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his*
bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but
his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their
soul's from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he*
must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is,
and what we still must be ;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect
bliss, and *this* world's misery ;
When we groan beneath this load of sin,
and feel this grief and pain,
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than
have him here again.

THE INSECT OF A DAY.

ARISTOTLE says, that upon the river
Hypanis there exist little animals who
live only one day. Those who die at
eight o'clock in the morning, die in
their youth ; those who die at five o'clock
in the evening, die in a state of de-
crepitude.

Suppose one of the most robust of
these Hypanians as old, according to
these nations, as time itself ; he would
have begun to exist at the break of
day, and, through the strength of his
constitution, would have been enabled
to support an active life during the in-
finite number of seconds contained in
ten or twelve hours. During so long
a succession of instants, by his own
experience, and by his reflections on
all he had seen, he must have acquired
great wisdom ; he looks upon his fel-
lows that have died at noon as creatures

happily delivered from the great number of infirmities to which old age is subject. He may have to relate to his grandsons an astonishing tradition of facts anterior to all the memory of the nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who have lived but an hour, approach the venerable patriarch with respect, and listen, with admiration, to his instructive discourse. Every thing he relates to them appears a prodigy to this generation, whose life has been so short. A day appears to them the entire duration of time, and the dawn of day would be called, in their chronology, the great era of their creation.

Suppose, now, that the venerable insect, this Nestor of the Hypanians, a short time before his death, about the hour of sunset, assembles all his descendants, his friends and acquaintances, to give them, with his dying breath, his last advice. They gather from all parts under the vast shelter of the mushroom, and the dying sage addresses them in the following manner: Friends and compatriots, I feel that the longest life must have an end. The term of mine has arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my great age has become a burden to me, and there is nothing new under the sun for me. The revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities that afflict our species, and the misfortunes that have happened to my own family—all that I have seen in the course of a long life—has only too well taught me this great truth, that happiness, placed in things which do not depend upon ourselves, can never be certain and lasting. An entire generation has perished by a violent wind; a multitude of our imprudent youth has been swept into the water by a

brisk and unexpected breeze. What terrible floods a sudden rain has caused! Our firmest shelters even are not proof against a hail-storm. A dark cloud causes the most courageous hearts to tremble.

I lived in the early ages, and conversed with insects of larger growth, of stronger constitutions, and I may say of greater wisdom, than any of the present generation. I conjure you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the sun, which seems not far from the earth, I have seen in times past fixed in the middle of the heavens, its rays darting directly upon us. The earth was much lighter in past ages, the air was much warmer, and our ancestors were more sober and virtuous.

Although my senses are enfeebled, my memory is not; I can assure you that this glorious luminary moves. I have seen it rising over the summit of that mountain; and I began my life about the time that it commenced its immense career. It has, during several centuries, advanced in the heavens with an astonishing heat and brilliancy, of which you can have no idea, and which assuredly you could not have supported; but now, by its decline, and the sensible diminution of its vigor, I foresee that all nature must shortly terminate, and that this world will be buried in darkness in less than a hundred minutes.

Alas! my friends, how I flattered myself, at one time, with the deceitful hope of always living on this earth! how magnificent were the cells I had hollowed out for myself! what confidence did I put in the firmness of my limbs and in the strength of my wings! But I have lived long enough for nature and for glory, and none of those I leave behind me will have that same satisfaction in the century of darkness and decay that I see about to begin.

RELIGION THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT.

[This much-admired composition is from the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the literary giant of England, one hundred years ago.]

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found, one evening, a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated. The man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection, he started, as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the Angel of Adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I can not remove, I may, at least, enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years since our mighty lord, the caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sus-

tained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labor, was singing at my work when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency, perceiving that, though it was mean, it was neat, and though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though, by my answers, I always endeavored to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and, therefore, inquired his country and his name. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied. He who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me. 'Hassan,' said he, 'forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered: 'Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hands, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.' 'Hassan,' he replied, 'I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away; thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and

anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can suppress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast, therefore, neither avarice nor ambition; to exalt thee would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.

"He then rose up, and, commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the caliph left me, I began to regret that my behavior had intercepted his bounty, and accused that cheerfulness of folly which was the concomitant of poverty and labor. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated; I neglected my labor because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigor, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my movables for subsistence, and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

"In the first moon of the following year, the caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as

deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness, but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head and was speechless. 'Hassan,' said he, 'what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labor of thine own hand? and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, 'Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who, rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb forever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed; thou hast raised wishes, which, indeed, I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?'

"When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I perceive, not with indignation, but with regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I can not, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But, as I have taken

from thee that which I can not restore, I will, at least, gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.' I sprung from the ground, as it were, with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the se-raglio. I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations; but I soon discovered that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labor procured an appetite, no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited, and no time so well enjoyed as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

"Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigor of his life, expired suddenly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

"His son, Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace—a command which my enemies executed with so much rigor, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina. indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the hab-

its of luxury and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have traveled from Medina to Mecca; but I can not fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter, for the pleasures of neither can return." Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and, looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life, the Prophet has, in mercy, appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labor, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labor no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyment was but the lethargy of soul, and the distress which is now suffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to

thy labor; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also shall be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labor with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

LITTLE THINGS.

[Thomas Davis, an Irish poet; died in 1845.]

THE flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that bends the flower,
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Springs from the mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where well nigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings;
What lifted her so lightly there?—
Small feathers in her wings.

What form, too, then the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and
skies?—
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over-fervid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad?—
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass?—
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs,
Would scorn his little self.

THE UNREGARDED TOILS OF THE POOR.

[Mary Howitt; born in England about 1800.]

ALAS! what secret tears are shed,
What wounded spirits bleed:
What loving hearts are sundered,
And yet man takes no heed!

He goeth in his daily course,
Made fat with oil and wine,
And pitieth not the weary souls
That in his bondage pine—
That turn for him the mazy wheel,
That delve for him the mine!
And pitieth not the children small
In smoky factories dim,
That all day long, lean, pale, and faint,
Do heavy tasks for him!

To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie:
It entereth not his thoughts that they
With him claim sympathy:
It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan,
That in his righteous eye their life
Is precious as his own.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

[William Cullen Bryant; born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794.]

THE summer day is closed, the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright
hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground

Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young
twig

Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their grave await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright al-
coves,

In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of tumultuous towns,
Mothers have clasped with joy the newborn babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted
friends

That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed: and it hath heard, from lips which
late

Were eloquent with love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit;
By those who watch the dead, and those who
twine

Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of
men—

Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life

Even now while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently, so have good men taught,
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further (Sat. iii, ver. 7), which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her gar-

ments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few vain efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, and large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise distempers, of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than

real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came laden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundles, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast away their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

It was with unspeakable pleasure that

the whole human species was thus delivered of its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought blessings and pleasures of life, and wonder how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made—for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy

among themselves in bartering for features—one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are, in some measure, suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back gentleman, mentioned before, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face but he made such a grotesque figure in it that, as I looked at him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a fool-

ish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality

to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

MY PSALM.

[John Greenleaf Whittier; born in Haverhill, Mass. 1805.]

I MOURN no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope and fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

I plow no more a desert land
For harvest, weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand,
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away,
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of
praise,
The south wind softly sigh;
And sweet, calm days in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the
sword,
Make not the blade less strong.

Enough that blessings undeserved,
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense,
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light;
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife,
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to this day.

THE HAPPY SOUL.

ISAAC WATTS.

O happy soul, that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day;
And patient waits his Savior's will,
To fetch his soul away.

ELOQUENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

STACKHOUSE.

IF we consider the nature of eloquence in general, as it is defined by Aristotle, to be a faculty of persuasion, which Cicero makes to consist in three things, instructing, delighting, and moving our reader's or hearer's mind, we shall find that the Holy Scriptures have a fair claim to these several properties.

For where can we meet with such a plain representation of things in point of history, and such cogent arguments in point of precept, as this one volume furnishes us with? Where is there a history written more simply and naturally, and at the same time more nobly and loftily, than that of the creation of the world? Where are the great lessons of mortality taught with such force and perspicuity, (except in the sermons of Christ, and the writings of the apostles.) as in the book of Deuteronomy? Where is the whole compass of devotion in the several forms of confession, petition, supplication, thanksgivings, vows, and praises, so punctually taught us as in the book of Psalms? Where are the rules of wisdom and prudence so convincingly laid down as in the Proverbs of Solomon, and the choice sentences of Ecclesiastes? Where vice and impiety of all kinds more justly displayed, and more fully

confuted than in the threats and admonitions of the prophets? And what do the little warmths which may be raised in the fancy by an artificial composure and vehemence of style signify, in comparison of those strong impulses and movements which the Holy Scriptures make upon good men's souls, when they represent the frightful justice of an angry God to stubborn offenders, and the bowels of his compassion and unspeakable kindness to all true penitents and faithful servants?

The Holy Scripture, indeed, has none of those flashy ornaments of speech wherewith human compositions so plentifully abound; but then it has a sufficient stock of real and peculiar beauties to recommend it. To give one instance for all out of the history of Joseph and his family; the whole relation, indeed, is extremely natural, but the manner of his discovering himself to his brethren is inimitable: "And Joseph could no longer refrain himself; but, lifting up his voice, with tears, said: I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said to his brethren, Come near me. I pray you; and they came near. And he said, I am Joseph, your brother, whom yesold into Egypt." Nothing, certainly, can be a more lively description of Joseph's tender respect for his father and love for his brethren; and, in like manner, when his brethren returned and told their father in what splendor and glory his son Joseph lived, it is said that "Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; but when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent for him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die." Here is such a contrast of different passions, of utter despondency, dawning hope and confirmed faith, triumphant joy and paternal affection, as no orator in the world could

express more movingly, in a more easy manner, or shorter compass of words.

Nay, more: had I leisure to gratify the curious, I might easily show that those very figures and schemes of speech which are so much admired in profane authors, as their great beauties and ornaments, are nowhere more conspicuous than in the sacred.

One figure, for instance, esteemed very florid among the masters of art, is when all the members of a period begin with the same word. The figure is called *anaphora*; and yet (if I mistake not) the 15th Psalm affords us a very beautiful passage of this kind: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly; he that backbiteth not with his tongue; he that maketh much of them that fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that does these things shall never be moved."

The ancient orators took a great deal of pride in ranging finely their *antitheta*. Cicero is full of this, and uses it many times to a degree of affectation; and yet I can not find any place wherein he has surpassed that passage of the prophet, "He that killeth an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, is as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood." But above all other figures that whereon poets and orators love chiefly to dwell, is the *hypotyposis*, or lively description; and yet we shall hardly find in the best classic authors any thing comparable, in this regard, to the Egyptians' destruction in the Red Sea, related in the song of Moses and Miriam; to the description of the leviathan, in Job; to the descent of God, and a storm at sea, in the Psalmist; to the intrigues of an adulterous woman in the proverbs; to the pride of the Jewish ladies, in Isaiah; and to the

plague of locusts, in Joel, which is represented like the ravaging of a country and storming a city by an army: "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, and nothing shall escape them. Before their face people shall be pained; all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every one in his way, and they shall not break their ranks. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter into the windows as a thief." The description is more remarkable because the analogy is carried quite throughout without straining; and the whole processes of a conquering army, in the manner of their march, their destroying the provision and burning the country, in their scaling the walls, breaking into houses, and running about the vanquished city, are fully delineated and set before our eyes.

From these few examples (for it would be endless to proceed in instances of this kind), it appears that the Holy Bible is far from being defective in point of eloquence, and (what is a peculiar commendation of it) its style is full of a graceful variety—sometimes majestic as becomes that "high and holy one who inhabiteth eternity," sometimes so low as to answer the other part of his character, "who dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit," and at all times so proper, and adapted so well to the several subjects it treats of, that whoever considers it attentively will perceive in the narrative parts of it a strain so simple and unaffected, in the prophetic and devotional something so animated and sublime, and in the doctrinal and preceptive such an air of dignity and authority as seems to speak its original divine.

We allow, indeed, that method is an

excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but when we affirm that it is an art of modern invention in comparison to the times when the sacred penman wrote, and incompatible with the manner of writing which was then in vogue, we, indeed, in Europe, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from Greece, can hardly read any thing with pleasure that is not digested into order and sorted under proper heads; but the eastern nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by methodical limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind as much as we do a school-boy's theme, with all the formalities of its exordiums, ratios, and confirmations. And if this was no precedent for other nations, much less can we think that God Almighty's method ought to be confined to human laws, which, being designed for the narrowness of our conceptions, might be improper and injurious to His, whose "thoughts are as far above ours as the heavens are higher than the earth."

The truth is, inspiration is, in some measure, the language of another world, and carries in it the reasoning of spirits, which, without controversy, is vastly different from ours. We, indeed, to make things lie plain before our understandings, are forced to sort them out into distinct partitions, and consider them little by little, so that, at last, by gradual advances, we may come to a tolerable conception of them; but this is no argument for us to think that pure spirits do reason after this manner. Their understandings are quick and intuitive; they see the whole compass of rational inferences at once, and have no need of those little methodical distinctions which oftentimes help the imperfections of our intellects. Now, though we do not assert that the language of the *Holy Scriptures* is an

exact copy of the reasoning of the spiritual world, yet, since they came by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it is but reasonable to expect that they should preserve some small relish of it, as books translated into another tongue always retain some marks of their originals. And hence it comes to pass, that though the Holy Ghost does vouchsafe to speak in the language of men, yet in his divine compositions there are some traces to be found of that bold and unlimited ratiocination which is peculiar to the heavenly inhabitants, whose noble and flaming thoughts are never clogged with the cold and jejune laws of human method.

ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

Poetry is sublime when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable beyond all other writings for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the Divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty as it is vain to look for in any human composition.

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life; its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out

as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel, they present religion to us in the most engaging dress, communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal, while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellences will desire to taste them yet again, and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best. And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labor. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then

he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations, on the songs of Zion he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for, when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

DAVID'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DEITY.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great: thou art clothed with honor and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire: who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up the mountains; they go down by the valleys, unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth a man's heart. The trees of the Lord

are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, which thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them, they gather: thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praises to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

OLD HYMN.

Who has this Book and reads it not
Doth God himself despise;
Who reads but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but savors not,
 He finds no rest in trouble;
 Who savors but obeyeth not,
 He hath his judgment double.

Who reads this book, who understands,
 Doth savor and obey,
 His soul shall stand at God's right hand,
 In the great Judgment Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

[Henry Wordsworth Longfellow; born in Portland, Maine,
 in 1807.]

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,
 In a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cher-
 ished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the road-side fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes the messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived, and died.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

[Sir Henry Wotton; born in 1568; died in 1639.]

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by
 praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong re-
 treat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day,
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

RESIGNATION.

LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and
tended,

But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflic-
tions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapors;
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems to be
so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affec-
tion—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor
protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and
seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air:

Year after year, her tender steps pur-
suing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep
unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though
unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For, when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her father's man-
sion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expan-
sion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with
emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like
the ocean
That can not be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the
feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE GRAND OBJECT OF RELIGION.

DR. CLARK.

THE end and design of all religion;
the proper effect and produce of good
principles; the good fruit of a good tree;
the ultimate view and the fundamental
intention of all religious truths implanted
in men, either by nature or teaching, is
the practice of virtue. For the word re-
ligion, in its very native and original
meaning, signifies an obligation upon
men, arising from the reason of things,
and from the government of God, to do

what is just, and virtuous, and good; to live in a constant, habitual sense and acknowledgment of God, in the practice of universal justice and charity toward men, and in a regular and sober government of their own passions, under a firm persuasion and continual expectation of the righteous distribution of rewards and punishment at their proper season, in the eternal judgment of God. This is the foundation of religion, the fundamental doctrine, in all places and at all times, invariable and eternal. This, being corrupted by numerous superstitions among the Jews, and by the absurdest idolatries and most enormous immoralities among the heathen, Christ came into the world to restore; and by the preaching of forgiveness upon true repentance and effectual amendment of life and manners, to bring back sinners to the kingdom of God, through the obedience of the Gospel. In proportion, therefore, as any doctrine of truth has a greater or more proper and more immediate tendency to promote this great end, to produce this fruit of the spirit, exactly the very same proportion has it of weight and excellency in the religious estimation of things; it is gold, or silver, or precious stones (in the Apostle's language) built upon the foundation of Christ. And, on the other side, any erroneous opinion, in proportion as it has any or no moral influence, in the very same proportion it is faulty or innocent. It is (in St. Paul's similitude) either wood, hay, stubble, something that is merely lost labor, useless only, and insignificant and of no strength in the building, or else it is opposite to and destructive of the very foundation of the temple of God. It is (in the analogy of our Savior's parable) that which denominates a man either to be a vine, in which are many fruitless branches, or that he is a thorn or a bramble bush, from which it is impossible to expect there should ever at all be gathered figs or grapes.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

GREGORY.

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connections. What resources can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away when those for whom we labor are cut off from us, those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where, then, can the soul find refuge but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of providence and futurity which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It should, therefore, be expected that those philosophers who stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind, and not endeavor to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals and to their happiness. It might be expected that humanity would prevent them from

breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable by making them doubt those truths in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN M'LEOD.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong, or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion:
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

R. SOUTHWELL.

My conscience is my crown:
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
A mean, the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth:
My mind to me an empire is
While Grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream,
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend;

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown;

And when, in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

[Simon Wastell, an Englishman; died 230 years ago.]

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or as the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
 E'en such is man;—whose thread is
 spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes—and man, he dies.
 Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan,
 E'en such is man;—who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life, and death.
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dews ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death,—man's life is
 done.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PARENTAL CHARACTER.

[Rev. Richard Cecil, a clergyman of the Church of England; born in 1748, died in 1810.]

THE influence of the parental character upon children is not to be calculated. Every thing around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly approach us on principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper only to laugh at it. But at length he had read the same things again and again, so often, that he began to think there must be truth in them, and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on a stone, but it will, in

the end, wear its way through. If there be, therefore, such a mighty influence in every thing around us, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper, but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention, and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterward counteracted, but that only proves that contrary currents may arise and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled, from time to time, out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible. Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions, I could sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, to see the "Minor." He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole; I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion; I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him; to me it was none. It could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation; I did. I knew there

was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him, it throws itself continually in his way.

I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day in laying down maxims in my family which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience, and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains, at length, such a hold on them that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children who, at night, in their chamber, in the dark, in a storm of thunder, will not feel. They can not cheat like other men. They recollect that *eternity* which stands in their way. It rises up before them, like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them, it thunders in their ears. After all, they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they can not be prevailed on to return to God without delay. I must be religious at one time or other, that is clear. I can not get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme, and then!

The opinions, the spirit, the conversation, the manner of the parent influences the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child, unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man, if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such an one and who married such an one; if he is a sensualist, a low wretch, his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man, his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping,

hard, miserly man, such will be his children. This I speak of as being *generally* the case. It may happen that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen that the child may be driven into disgust; the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, every thing seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he *casts his bread upon the waters*. And perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete *selfist*. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family" and their "family;" they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their *real regard*. They push for themselves. But God says, "No! You think your children shall be so and so; but they shall be rods for their own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is, parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.

In the exercise of this influence there are two leading dangers to be avoided.

Excess of *severity* is one danger. My mother, on the contrary, would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath, but wept, too, when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother. I was desperate. I would go on board a privateer. But there are soft moments to such desperadoes. God does not at once abandon them to themselves.

There are times when the man says, "I should be glad to return, but I should not like to meet that face!" if he has been treated with severity.

Yet excess of *laxity* is another danger. The case of Eli affords a serious warning on this subject. Instead of his mild expostulation of the flagrant wickedness of his sons—"Nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear"—he ought to have exercised his authority as a parent and magistrate in punishing and restraining their crimes.

HONOR NEALE.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

* * * * *

A little cottage girl
Was Honor Neale; and in the further west
Of Ireland stood her parents' lowly hut.
For some brief while this child was brought
within

The holy influence of a better faith
Than that her parents held, the faith of
Rome—

Attending for a season at a school
Where the pure doctrine and the lore of Christ
Was truly taught; and there this little child,
Though slow to learn, yet rendered earnest
heed

To all she heard; but after some short time,
Before it could be known if that good seed
Sown in her heart would put forth blade and
ear,

Her parents, whether of their own accord,
Or urged by some suggestion from without,
Withdrew her, and she labored in the fields
Beside her father. 'T was a late wet spring,
And she, of weakly frame, could ill endure
To carry heavy burdens on her back,
As she was tasked to do, till many times
She left her labor, and, returning home,
Sat down and cried for weariness and pain;
But still her mother, thinking that she made
More of her pains than need was, in the hope
She might be suffered to return to school,
A wish she failed not often to express,
Would sometimes ask her, had she then no
mind

To lend her father what small help she could,
On whom the burden of a family
Of many daughters with one only boy
Pressed heavily—and then without a word
She would return unto her work again.

But soon she evidently grew too weak
For toil, and soon too weak to leave the house,
And illness that was doubtless to be traced
To that hard toil, had settled in her joints,
And on her breast, long illness, full of pain.
Three years in all it lasted; in which while,
In a dark corner of the cottage sitting,
Much in her reading she improved herself,
And of her own accord she learned by heart
Some hymns with which she solaced lonely
hours;

But chiefly was delighted when they came
To visit her, as now they often did,
Who with a lively interest kept in mind
This child, somewhere a pupil in their care.
But if through gracious teaching from on high,
And through that lengthened discipline of
pain,

In spirit she grew fitter for her change,
In body she grew weaker day by day;
And by degrees her pains had so increased
That when it was announced that she was
gone,

What could they do, who knew what she en-
dured,

But render hearty thanks for her release?

Willing to speak some comfort if they might
Unto the sorrowing, willing too to learn
How at the last it was with this poor child,
The friends of whom I speak, not many days
After the tidings reached them of her death,
Knocked at the cottage-door yet once again.

Much was the mother at their entrance moved,
For all the past, associated with them,
Came to her mind; but presently she spoke,
And seemed to find much comfort and relief
In talking freely of her child, and all
Her sorrow into sympathizing ears
Outpouring, and abruptly thus began—

"For months before she died she slept with
me,

For I had pains and troubles of my own,
Which would have kept me waking anyhow,
And I was glad the others in the house,
Who had been toiling hard the whole day
long,

And could enjoy sound sleep, should have
their rest

Unbroken. Often in the dark dark night,
When all the house was quiet, she would say,
If I had risen to move her in the bed

More times than common, or to give her drink,
'Oh, mother, when you used to bid me do
Things which I did not like, how many times
I disobeyed you—I am much afraid
I oftener vexed and grieved you at the heart.'

'No, Honor, you were always a good child,'
I answered; and 'twas nothing more than
truth.

Ah! sir, if she were sitting by my side,
I should not now be praising her this way;
And it is rather I should grieve to think
I did not show more tenderness to her.
For, Honor, had I thought that you and I
Would have to part so soon, I would have
been

Much kinder to you. She has lain awake
For hours together, then, as if a thought
Suddenly struck her,—'This is not the way
I should be praying. Mother, lift me up,
And set the pillow under my sore knee.'
And then she has continued so, until
Her head grew heavy, and she asked again
To be set down. How often in the night,
When all is quiet in the lonesome house,
I now stretch out my hands and feel about,
Betwixt awake and sleeping, round the bed—
For this now comes of course, and when my
hands

Find nothing, feeling round in emptiness,
Oh then it is, or when the dreary light
Of morning comes, my grief sits heaviest on
me,

As though my loss were but of yesterday,
So that I scarce have strength to lift my hand,
Or go about the needful work o' the house.
But as the day gets forward, what with tasks
That must be done, and neighbors coming in,
And pleasant light of the sun, and cheerful
sounds,

My heart grows somewhat lighter, till the
weight
Of all comes back at evening again.

The very day before she died, she said,
'Dear mother, would you lift me in your arms,
And carry me this once over the door,
That I might look on the green fields again?
The day was cold and raw—and I refused,
Till seeing that her mind was set on this,
I wrapt the blanket round her safe and warm;
But when I took her in my arms, it went
Unto my heart—I raised her with such ease!
She had so pined and wasted that her weight
Was even as nothing; but I bore her out
Into the air, and carried her all round
The clover-field, and showed her every thing;
And as I brought her back she only said,
Supposing I was wearied with her weight,
'I never shall be asking this again.'

And the last day, the morning that she died,
She was as usual reading in the book

Which had been given her when she quitted
school;

Ah! sir, I have forgotten most of what
Was in that book; but when I call to mind
Its beautiful words, it makes me sad to think
That there was no such learning in my time,
For so I might be reading now myself
The very words that I have heard her read,
And maybe might find comfort for my grief;
I know at least that she found comfort there,
'T was that which made her happy at the last.
For at the first, when first her pains began,
She could not bear to think that she was
dying.

And would grow angry if a neighbor spoke
As though her end was near; and the first
time

She was persuaded she could not recover,
'Oh, mother!' she cried out in agony,
'Where am I going? Am I going where
I never can come back to you again?
And shall I not talk to you any more,
And never sit beside you, and look up
Into your face, when you are suffering pain,
And ask what ails you?' Then she would at
first

Be at some times impatient in her pains,
And then I could do nothing to her mind.
But for the last months of her life she seemed
To think that each thing was too good for her,
And any little service done by any,
And every little present which was brought
By a kind neighbor, was enough to make
The thankful tears to come into her eyes.
In all your life you never could have seen
One young or old so willing to depart,
Nor yet so ready; 't is not I alone
Say this, but one who had more right to know.

For 't was about three weeks before the last,
We saw that there was something on her mind,
And questioning her, she answered that she
wished

To see the Priest, and to confess herself
Once more before she died. He came at once,
And was alone with her for near an hour;
And when he just was standing at the door,
Ready to mount his horse, I heard him say
Unto some neighbors that were standing by—
'I never saw a happier, holier child
Than that is, ready to depart this world.'

But then as he was taking his last leave,
She fixed her eyes upon him with a look
As though she had left something still unsaid.
He asked her, 'Is there any thing, dear child,
You have forgotten which you wish to tell?

'You need not fear to speak before them all.'

'Well, sir,' she answered, 'I was thinking, then,

'Tis now about three years ago there lived
A little orphan here, and she and I
Were often sent into the fields together
To tend the cows; and when 't was cold and wet
I many times would run into the house,
That I might ask my mother for some food,
Or warm myself awhile, and did not care
To leave her out alone in all the cold:
I hoped I might have seen her before this,
And have her pardon asked before I died,
For that has ever since been on my mind,
And during all my illness troubling me;
For had she had a mother of her own,
She would have gone to her as stout and bold
As I to mine, and boldly asked of her
All that she wanted.' 'You are a happy child,
Dying this way, and grieving so your heart
For such a little sin;' and then he said,
The Priest in all our hearing said, 'I wish
That I had died when I was of your age,
So not to have more sin on me than yours
To answer for'—these were his very words.

But I was saying that the day she died
She had been reading for some little time,
And then complained her eyes were growing
dim,

And bade me wipe them. I was just then
sweeping

The hearth, and had made up our little fire;
But when I heard her speak this way, I
knew

What now was coming; but I wiped her eyes
As she desired—I knew it was no use,
And presently she gave me back the book:
'For, mother dear,' she said, 'I can not see
To read a single word;' and just as though
She felt she would not want it any more,
Bade me to place it carefully aside,
And, putting on the cover, set it by
In the hand-basket. There was no one else
In all the house, excepting she and me—
The others all were gone unto their work.
And now I knew the time was close at hand,
Which had been drawing on for near three
years.

And presently I spoke to her again,
And now she made no answer—only stretched
Her hand out to me. I took hold of it,
But in a moment let it go again,
And lighting the twelve tapers held them
there—

It was a custom that my mother had,
When one was dying—so I lighted them,

And being lighted, held them all myself,
For there were none beside me in the house.
But when I saw the breath was leaving her,
I dropped them all, and by her side fell down,
But soon recovering picked them up again,
And held them there till they were all burned
down,
And as the last of them was going out
She breathed at the same moment her last
breath.

And she is gone, sir—but what matter now,
What matter? She was but a little child,
Yet Nature can not choose but sometimes
grieve,

And must have way: why had it only been
A stranger's child I had been rearing thus,
And tending for now nearly fourteen years,
My heart would needs be sad to let her go.
But my own child, my darling Honoreen,—
Though when I think on all things, I believe
That I am glad he took her to himself;
It may be I shall follow before long,
For I am a poor weak creature that have
seen

Much toil and trouble. Blessed be his name
That took her first: if I had gone the first,
And left her a poor cripple in the world,
No doubt they would have all been kind to
her;

But who is like a mother?—even if they
Had wished it most, they never could have
done

What I have done for her; and then at last.
She might have wearied all their patience out.
Then blessings be upon his holy name,
Who called her out of this poor sinful world,
And took her to himself.

They buried her

Down in the valley in the old churchyard,
Beside the ruined church. I wished to go
And see her laid within her little grave;
'T would have been better for me, I believe,
If they had suffered me to go with them;
But they were all against it, and that time
They might have had their way in any thing
But when I saw the little funeral
Wind down the field, I turned and shut the
door,

And sitting on a stool I hid my face;
I know not what it was came over me,
But I grew giddy, and fell down, and struck
My head against the corner of a chair,
And there has been a noise there ever since.

And now I thank you. Many a journey long

You took through wet and cold to see my child,
And she found much of comfort in your words;
And at the last I think was better pleased
To go than stay. Then why should I so
grieve? And why should I not rather feel and say,
'T was the best nursing that I ever did,
To nurse her and to bring her up for Him,
Who called her to the knowledge of Himself,
Then took her out of this poor sinful world?"

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

TRENCH.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view;
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Thou can'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope for
action see,

Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be
spent

In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more
free

From outward hindrance or impediment.

For presently this hindrance thou shalt
find

That without which all goodness were a
task

So slight, that Virtue never could grow
strong:

And would'st thou do one duty to his
mind,
The Imposer's--overburdened thou shalt
ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere-
long.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the
wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his
mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native
bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's early
morn;
While memory each scene gaily covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose and secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer to ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in
the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm
tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss, unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom
holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest--

"O, God! thou hast blest me; I ask for no
more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on
his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now alarms his
ear?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—

Amazement confronts him with images dire;

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;

Where now is the picture where fancy touched bright,

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main

Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,

And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye:

O, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

THE THREE WARNINGS.

MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;

'T was, therefore, said, by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years;

So much, that, in our latter stages,

When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,

Which all confess, but few perceive,

If old assertions can't prevail,

Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay

On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,

Death called aside the jocund groom,

With him into another room;

And, looking grave, "You must," says he,

"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."

"With you! and quit my Susan's side!

With you!" the hapless husband cried;

"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!

Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;

My thoughts on other matters go,

This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more, he urged, I have not heard,

His reasons could not well be stronger;

So death the poor delinquent spared,

And left to live a little longer.

Yet, calling up a serious look,

His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,

"Neighbor," said he, farewell! no more

Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;

And, further, to avoid all blame

Of cruelty upon my name,

To give you time for preparation,

And fit you for your future station,

Three several warnings you shall have,

Before you're summoned to the grave.

Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve,

In hopes you'll have no more to say,

But, when I call again this way,

Well pleased, the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,

And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely—and
how well

It pleased him, in his prosperous course,
To smoke his pipe and pat his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chattered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived the growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And, now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries;
"So soon, d'y'e call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before,

"'T is six and thirty years, at least,
And you are now foresecore."

"So much the worsel!" the clown re-
joined,

"To spare the aged would be kind;
Besides, you promised me three warn-
ings,

Which I have looked for nights and
mornings."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the
best,

I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least,
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your
strength,"—

"Hold!" says the farmer, not so fast:
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies,
However, you still keep your eyes;

And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;

But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort, still," says
Death:

"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cried he, "and if there
were,

I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,

"These are unreasonable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient
warnings;

So come along! No more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart;

And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THE PRESENT LIFE PREPARATORY TO THE HAPPINESS OF ETERNITY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged
hermit go by him barefoot, "Father,"
said he, "you are in a very miserable
condition if there is not another world."
"True, son," said the hermit, "but
what is thy condition if there is?"
Man is a creature designed for two
different states of being, or rather for
two different lives. His first life is
short and transient; his second, per-
manent and lasting. The question we
are all concerned in is this: in which
of these two lives it is our chief interest
to make ourselves happy. Or, in other
words, whether we should endeavor to
secure to ourselves the pleasures and
gratifications of a life which is uncertain
and precarious, and, at its utmost length,
of a very inconsiderable duration; or
to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a
life which is fixed and settled, and will
never end. Every man, upon the first
hearing of this question, knows very
well which side of it he ought to close
with. But, however right we are in
theory, it is plain that in practice we
adhere to the wrong side of the ques-

tion. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were to never have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would he not think that we were a species of beings made for different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honors? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are, indeed, prescribed to us. And, truly, according to such imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above three-score and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavors for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence—when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations! Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of three-score and ten years, and neglecting to

make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavors for making ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavor to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavors will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of our schoolmen: Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or a particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing, then, that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable forever after; or, supposing that you might be happy forever after on condition that you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed that, in this case, so many thousand years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though, in reality, they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them as a unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason, therefore, tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might, in such case, be so overset by the imagination as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say,

might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only three-score and ten—nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity—what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which, in such a case, makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens, that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

VAGUE HOPES OF NATURE.

POPE.

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a world to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land be-
hold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

THE BEACON.

[Thomas Moore; born in Dublin in 1794; died in 1852.]

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it.
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched
sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire
blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope;
All hushed was the billow's commotion;
And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as
Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul
flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

THE CREATION.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well!

JOY IN BELIEVING.

[The religious novel in our day is growing more and more a power to enforce truth. The common mind often finds it difficult to comprehend abstract principles. Christ himself set the example, by parables, of illustrating truth through personal action. Human sympathies, to be aroused, must be excited by events in the drama of life. No book of this class has been more admired, or productive of more happy results, than the "Chronicles of the Schouberg-Cotta Family." The Cotta family were among Martin Luther's earliest friends—were associated with him while he was a Catholic priest. In the form of a diary, fictitious, of course, the authoress, an English lady, makes the members of this family record their daily experience as connected with the history of the Reformation; and that, too, with wondrous skill. The opening chapter of this Sunday Book is by the same writer. The extract here given is from the Chronicles of Else, an innocent-hearted maiden, who at last has succeeded in disentangling herself from the more gloomy views of the Catholic faith. The joy of an artless soul in discovering what a simple thing Christianity in reality is, and its outpouring gratitude, are drawn with surpassing beauty, tenderness, and power.]

MARCH, 1513.

DR. LUTHER has consented to be our confessor; and, thank God, I do believe at last I have found the religion which may make me, *even me*, love God. Dr. Luther says I have entirely misunderstood God and the Lord Jesus Christ. He seemed to understand all I have been longing for and perplexing myself about all my life, with a glance. When I began to falter out my confessions and difficulties to him, he seemed to see them all spread before him, and explained them all to me. He says I have been think-

ing of God as a severe judge, an exacter, a harsh creditor, when he is a giver, a forgiving savior, yea, the very fountain of inexpressible love.

"God's love," he said, "gives in such a way that it flows from a Father's heart, the well-spring of all good. The heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious; as among ourselves we say of even a trifling gift, 'It comes from a hand we love,' and look not so much at the gift as at the heart.

"If we will only consider him in his works, we shall learn that God is nothing else but pure, unutterable love, greater and more than any one can think. The shameful thing is that the world does not regard this, nor thank him for it, although every day it sees before it such countless benefits from him; and it deserves for its ingratitude that the sun should not shine a moment longer, nor the grass grow; yet it ceases not, without a moment's interval, to love us, and to do us good. Language must fail me to speak of his spiritual gifts. Here he pours forth for us, not sun and moon, nor heaven and earth, but his own heart, his beloved Son, so that he suffered his blood to be shed, and the most shameful death to be inflicted on him, for his wretched, wicked, thankless creatures. How, then, can we say any thing but that God is an abyss of endless, unfathomable love?

"The whole Bible," he says, "is full of this, that we should not doubt, but be absolutely certain, that God is merciful, gracious, patient, faithful, and true; who not only will keep his promises, but already has kept and done abundantly beyond what he promised, since he has given his own Son for our sins on the cross, that all who believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"Whoever believes and embraces this," he added, "that God has given his only Son to die for us poor sinners, to him it is no longer any doubt, but the most certain truth, that God reconciles us to

himself, and is favorable and heartily gracious to us.

"Since the Gospel shows us Christ the Son of God, who, according to the will of the Father, has offered himself up for us, and has satisfied for sin, the heart can no more doubt God's goodness and grace—is no more affrighted, nor flies from God, but sets all its hope in his goodness and mercy.

"The apostles are always exhorting us," he says, "to continue in the love of God; that is, that each one should entirely conclude in his heart that he is loved by God, and set before our eyes a certain proof of it, in that God has not spared his Son, but given him for the world, that through his death the world might again have life.

"It is God's honor and glory to give liberally. His nature is all pure love; so that if any one would describe or picture God, he must describe one who is pure love, the divine nature being nothing else than a furnace and a glow of such love that it fills heaven and earth.

"Love is an image of God, and not a dead image, nor one painted on paper, but the living essence of the divine nature, which burns full of all goodness.

"He is not harsh, as we are to those who have injured us. We withdraw our hand and close our purse; but he is kind to the unthankful and the evil.

"He sees thee in thy poverty and wretchedness, and knows thou hast nothing to pay. Therefore, he freely forgives, and gives thee all.

"It is not to be borne," he said, "that Christian people should say, We can not know whether God is favorable to us or not. On the contrary, we should learn to say, I know that I believe in Christ, and, therefore, that God is my gracious Father."

"What is the reason that God gives?" he said one day. "What moves him to it? Nothing but unutterable love, because he delights to give and bless. What does he give? Not empires mere-

ly, not a world full of silver and gold, not heaven and earth only, but his Son, who is as great as himself, that is eternal and incomprehensible—a gift as infinite as the Giver, the very spring and fountain of all grace; yea, the possession and property of all the riches and treasures of God."

Dr. Luther said, also, that the best name we can think of God is Father. "It is a loving, sweet, deep, heart-touching name; for the name of father is, in its nature, full of inborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must confess ourselves children of God, since there is not a sweeter sound to the father than the voice of the child."

All this is wonderful to me. I scarcely dare to open my hand, and take this belief home to my heart.

It is then, indeed, thus we must think of God. Is he, indeed, as Dr. Luther says, ready to listen to our feeblest cry, ready to forgive us and to help us!

And if he is indeed like this, and cares what we think of him, how I must have grieved him all these years?

Not a moment longer, I will not distrust him a moment longer. See, heavenly Father, I have come back!

Can it indeed be possible that God is pleased when we trust him, pleased when we pray, simply because he loves us?

Can it indeed be true, as Dr. Luther says, that love is our greatest virtue; and that we please God best by being kind to each other, just because that is most like him?

I am sure it is true. *It is so good it must be true.*

Then it is possible for me, even for me, to love God. How is it possible for me not to love him? And it is possible for me, even for me, to be religious, if to be religious is to love God, and to do whatever we can to make those around us happy.

But if this is indeed religion, it is happiness, it is freedom, it is life!

Why, then, are so many of the religious people I know of a sad countenance, as if they were bond-servants, toiling for a hard master?

I must ask Dr. Luther.

APRIL, 1513.

I have asked Dr. Luther, and he says because it is the devil makes a great deal of the religion we see; that he pretends to be Christ, and comes and terrifies people, and scourges them with the remembrance of their sins, and tells them they must not dare to lift up their eyes to heaven; God is so holy, and they are so sinful. But it is all because he knows that if they *would* lift their eyes to heaven, their terrors would vanish, and they would see Christ there, not as the judge and the hard, exacting creditor, but as the pitiful, loving Savior."

I find it a great comfort to believe in this way in the devil. Has he not been trying to teach me his religion all my life? And now I have found him out. He has been telling me lies, not about myself (Dr. Luther says he can not paint us more sinful than we are), but lies about God. It helps me almost as much to hear Dr. Luther speak about the devil as about God—"the malignant, sad spirit," he says, "who loves to make every one sad."

With God's help, I will never believe him again. But Dr. Luther said I shall, often; that he will come again and malign God, and assail my peace in so many ways that it will be long before I learn to know him.

I shuddered when he told me this; but then he reassured me by telling me a beautiful story, which, he said, was from the Bible. It was about a Good Shepherd and silly wandering sheep, and a wolf who sought to devour them. "All the care of the shepherd," he said, "is in the tenderest way to attract the sheep to keep close to him; and when they wander, he goes and seeks them, takes them on his shoulder, and carries

them safe home. All our wisdom," he says, "is to keep always near this Good Shepherd, who is Christ, and to listen to his voice."

I know the Lord Jesus Christ is called the Good Shepherd. I have seen the picture of him carrying the lamb on his shoulder. But, until Dr. Luther explained it to me, I thought it meant that he was the Lord and owner of all the world, who are his flock. But I never thought that he cared for *me* as his sheep, sought me, called me, watched me, even me, day by day.

Other people, no doubt, have understood all this before. And yet, if so, why do not the monks preach of it? Why should Aunt Agnes serve him in the convent by penances and self-tormentings, instead of serving him in the world by being kind and helping all around? Why should our dear, gentle mother have such sad, self-reproachful thoughts, and feel as if our family were under a curse?

Dr. Luther said that Christ was "made a curse for us;" that he, the unspotted and undefiled Lamb of God, bore the curse for us on the cross; and that we, believing in him, are not under the curse, but under the blessing—that we are blessed.

This, then, is what the crucifix and the Agnus Dei means. Doubtless many around me have understood all this long ago. I am sure, at least, that our Eva understood it.

But what inexpressible joy for me, as I sit at my embroidery in the garden, to look up through the apple-blossoms and the fluttering leaves, and to see God's love there; to listen to the thrush that has built his nest among them, and feel God's love, who cares for the birds, in every note that swells his little throat; to look beyond to the bright blue depths of the sky, and feel they are a canopy of blessing, the roof of the house of my Father; that if clouds pass over, it is the unchangeable light they veil; that,

even when the day itself passes, I shall see that the night itself only unveils new worlds of light; and to know that if I could unwrap fold after fold of God's universe, I should only unfold more and more blessing, and see deeper and deeper into the love which is at the heart of all!

And then what joy again to turn to my embroidery, and, as my fingers busily ply the needle, to think,

This is to help my father and mother; this, even this, is a little work of love. And as I sit and stitch, God is pleased with me, and with what I am doing. He gives me this to do, as much as he gives the priests to pray and Dr. Luther to preach. I am serving him, and he is near me in my little corner of the world, and is pleased with me, *even with me!*

* * * * *

Oh, the change which has come over my heart, now that I have learned, through Dr. Luther's teaching, that God is love—is our Father; that Christ is the Savior, who gave himself for our sins, and loved us better than life; that heaven is our Father's house; that holiness is *simply loving God*, who *is so good*, and who has so loved us, and loving one another, that the service we have to render is simply to give thanks and to do good; when, as Dr. Luther said, that word "our" was written deeply in my heart—that for *our* sins he died, for mine; that for all, for us, for *me*, he gave himself up.

THE LOWLY HEART.

[This much-admired poem is by Miss Ann Letitia Waring, an English lady of our time, "an Evangelical Quakeress, who has learned her sweet, submissive strain in the school of suffering."]]

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

LORD REMEMBER ME.

THOMAS HAWES, 1792.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way;
And ills I can not flee:
O, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

Distressed in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me!

If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!

The hour is near; consigned to death
I own the just decree:
"Savior!" with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

LOVE-SONG OF THE ANGELS.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1860.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

REST IN JESUS.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTF, 1833.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms and bids the weary come;
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes! he is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings, [power,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go! worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Savior's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with naught beside;
And poor without him, though of all possessed;
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

Whatever may change, in him no change is seen;
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines;
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Savior's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;
Which, in return, before his feet I throw;
Grieved that I can not better grace his shrine,
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more;
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

[Augustus Montague Toplady was an English clergyman of the last century, of the school of Calvin. Rev. H. W. Beecher, in his lecture talks, says of the "Rock of Ages," that it expresses jointly the feeling of longing, the sense of personal helplessness, and the sense of the divine sufficiency to a degree scarcely equaled in any hymn within his knowledge. Another exquisitely-beautiful hymn, by the same author, follows.]

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

CONSOLATION IN SICKNESS.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1777.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In Life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more;

Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was laid;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain!

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me!
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

O, may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

NEARER MY GOD.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1848.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
And all thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So, by my woes, to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSING.

IZAAK WALTON.

[Isaak Walton, two hundred years ago, was an old man, living in the heart of London, who, in the midst of close and successful application to business, retained a childlike simplicity of character, and an unusual fondness for country life. He was passionately devoted to fishing, and his "Complete Angler" is one of the curiosities of literature. Among the variety of natural objects dwelt upon in this rare, quaint book are singing birds, "those little nimble musicians of the air that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature has furnished them, to the shame of art." And, then, having described the cheerful, rejoicing notes of his favorite songsters, he concludes with the beautiful thought: "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

In the extract which we here make, he is supposed to be talking to a companion as they are going on a fishing excursion. Fishing he regarded as a very happy employment. He took especial pride in the fact that four of Christ's apostles were fishermen, and that our Savior never reproved them for their employment, or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers; for "He found that the hearts of such men were, by nature, fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits," such as honest Isaak himself was, as the reader will see from his talk here given.]

"WELL, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk toward it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you, also, may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very

time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and, therefore, let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us, therefore, rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and, therefore, let us praise him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men can not purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches,

when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but

a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and, at last, into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for, you must remember, that both were rich, and must, therefore, have their wills. Well, this willful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed till she, also, chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him "if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Savior says in St. Matthew's gospel; for he there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted,

and, at last, come to the kingdom of heaven, but, in the mean time, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward the kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart; and let us, in that, labor to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting

of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy; but let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And, therefore, my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money can not buy—and, therefore, value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence,

enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

THE SPOTLESS CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[When the Pilgrims landed on the rock at Plymouth, Jeremy Taylor was a boy seven years of age. He became one of the most eloquent and imaginative of all the English divines. His writings are described as possessing an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy. His delineation of the character of Christ has probably never been equaled.]

BESIDES that God gave testimony from heaven concerning Jesus, he also gave this testimony of himself to have come from God, because that he "did God's will;" for he that is a good man, and lives, by the laws of God and of his nation, a life innocent and simple, prudent and wise, holy and spotless, unproved and unsuspected, he is certainly by all wise men said, in a good sense, to be the son of God; but he who does well and speaks well, and calls all men to glorify and serve God, and serves no ends but of holiness and charity, of wisdom of hearts and reformation of manners, this man carries great authority in his sayings, and ought to prevail with good men in good things, for good ends, which is all that is here required.

But his nature was so sweet, his manners so humble, his words so wise and composed, his comportment so grave and winning, his answers so reasonable, his questions so deep, his reproof so severe and charitable, his pity so great and merciful, his preaching so full of reason and holiness, of weight and authority, his conversation so useful and beneficent, his poverty great, but his alms frequent, his family so holy and religious, his and their employment so profitable, his meekness so incomparable, his passions without difference, save

only where zeal or pity carried him on to worthy and apt expressions; a person that never laughed, but often wept in a sense of the calamities of others: he loved every man and hated no man; he gave counsel to the doubtful, and instructed the ignorant; he bound up the broken hearts, and strengthened the feeble knees; he relieved the poor, and converted the sinners; he despised none that came to him for relief, and as for those that did not, he went to them; he took all occasions of mercy that were offered him, and went abroad for more; he spent his days in preaching and healing, and his nights in prayers and conversation with God: he was obedient to the laws and subject to princes, though he was the prince of Judea in right of his mother, and of all the world in right of his father; the people followed him, but he made no conventions, and when they were made, he suffered no tumults; when they would have made him a king, he withdrew himself; when he knew they would put him to death, he offered himself; he knew men's hearts, and conversed secretly, and gave answer to their thoughts, and prevented their questions; he would work a miracle rather than give offense, and yet suffer every offense rather than see God his Father dishonored; he exactly kept the law of Moses, to which he came to put a period, and yet chose to signify his purpose only by doing acts of mercy upon their Sabbath, doing nothing which they could call a breach of a commandment, but healing sick people, a charity which themselves would do to beasts, and yet they were angry at him for doing it to their brethren.

In all his life, and in all his conversation with his nation, he was innocent as an angel of light; and when by the greatness of his worth, and the severity of his doctrine, and the charity of his miracles, and the noises of the people, and his immense fame in all that part of the world, and the multitude of his disciples,

and the authority of his sermons, and his free reproof of their hypocrisy, and his discovery of their false doctrines and weak traditions, he had branded the reputations of the vicious rulers of the people, and they resolved to put him to death, they who had the biggest malice in the world, and the weakest accusations, were forced to support their want of articles against him by making truth to be his fault, and his office to be his crime, and his open confession of what was asked him to be the article of condemnation; and yet, after all this, they could not persuade the competent judge to condemn him, or to find him guilty of any fault; and, therefore, they were forced to threaten him with Cæsar's name, against whom then they would pretend him to be an enemy, though in their charge they neither proved, nor indeed said it against him; and yet to whatsoever they objected he made no return, but his silence and his innocence were remarkable and evident, without labor and reply, and needed no more arguments than the sun needs an advocate to prove that he is the brightest star in the firmament.

MARRIAGE.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THEY that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And, though the man can run from many

hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the peddlers, and the fruiterers shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. * * *

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage—watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretense can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

There is nothing can please a man

without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

* * * It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast; I will only show it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall

be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joy shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

THE BABY SOLDIER.

ANOTHER little private mustered in
The army of temptation and of sin;
Another soldier arming for the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles of a life.

Another little sentry who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl on every hand.
Lord, our little darling guide and save
'Mid the perils of the march to the grave.

LITTLE MARY'S GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

[These lines, by an unknown author, commend themselves to the heart of every parent by their touching beauty of sentiment, so full are they of the innocence and simplicity of childhood. A little soul of only a few years of experience, is so filled with joy at its happy surroundings, that it overflows with grateful greeting to the kind Father of all.]

"O! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
And she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-bed;
"It is morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
O! give me one kiss for good-morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet 'good-morning to Mary.'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes!
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun—for you rise
Early, to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl;
"Happy as can be—but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and the sun."

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod:
"Mamma, may I say, Good morning to God?"
"Yes," little darling one, "surely you may;
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray!"

Mary knelt solemnly down with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother—
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said;

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O! keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

REJOICING IN OUR RISEN LORD.

[Schönberg-Cotta Family.]

SMILE praises, O sky! soft breathe them,
O air,

Below and on high, and every-where!
The black troop of storms has yielded
to calm,
Tufted blossoms are peeping, and early
palm.

Awake ye, O spring! ye flowers come
forth,

With thousand hues tinting the soft
green earth!
Ye violets tender and sweet roses bright,
Gay Lent-lilies blended with pure
lilies white.

Sweep tides of rich music the new world
along,
And pour in full measure, sweet lyres,
your song!
Sing, sing, for he liveth! he lives, as he
said;
The Lord hath arisen unharmed from
the dead!

Clap, clap your hands, mountains! ye
valleys resound!

Leap, leap for joy, fountains! ye hills
catch the sound!

All triumph, he liveth! he lives, as he
said;

The Lord has arisen unharmed from
the dead!

JUST AS I AM.

C. ELLIOT.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou biddest me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The length, breadth, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

BEAUTIES FROM COWPER.

[One of the most delightful of men and sweetest of poets was William Cowper, the son of an English rector, whose long life upon earth ended in the last year of the last century. In speaking of himself, he said: "My learning lies in a very narrow compass. It is school-boy learning somewhat improved, and very little more. From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law. From thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not a magazine or a review in my hand, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced as an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and which will probably be my last." The most tender-hearted of mortals, his biographer says of him, the principal pleasure that he

appeared capable of receiving was, indeed, that which he derived from the happiness of others; not a sufering they endured that did not add to his pain. Filled with love of God, his mind for an unusual course of years was kept in perfect peace. "His great poem, the Task, is a remarkable production. "A vein of religious thinking pervades every page; and he discourses, in a strain of the most finished poetry, on the insufficiency of human pursuits." From the Task, we make a series of detached extracts, beginning with a musical description of

RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading
wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they
fall
Upon loose pebbles, loose themselves at
length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone, whose
notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for
me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

CITY AND COUNTRY COMPARED.

But, though true worth and virtue in the
mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only
there,
Yet not in cities oft—in proud and gay
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities sloth and lust.

And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught,
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.

* * * * *

God made the country, and man made the town.

What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

* * * * *

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure passed!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.

A HOME SCENE.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

* * * * *

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat

To peep out upon the world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates

At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.

OPPRESSION.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith

Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,

Weeps when he sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,

And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No, dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

LIBERTY.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luster and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.

SPIRITUAL LIBERTY.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs can not grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from heaven;
Bought with his blood who gave it to man-kind,
And sealed with the same token! It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of God! His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.

* * * * *

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,

And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,

That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Sampson his green
withes.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
mind

With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a
world

So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all its roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor
holds

His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind be-
fore:

Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight

Till then unfelt, what hands divine have
wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces
prone

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his
praise,

But not its author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from
heaven,

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the
world,

Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought.
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at
once

Its only just proprietor in him.
To soul that sees him, or receives sublimed,
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and in the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its luster to an insect's wings,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

PLEASURE FROM THE ENJOYMENT OF ANIMALS.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not
pleased

With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of
heart,

And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops and snorts, and, throwing high his
heels, starts to the voluntary race again;

The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,*
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth

Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act an utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind nature graces every scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to his call
Who formed him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crowned as never king was since.

God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood
The new-made monarch, while before him passed,
All happy, all perfect in their kind,
The creatures summoned from their various haunts

To see their sovereign and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'T was his sublimest privilege to feel
And own—the law of universal love.

MAN'S INDEBTEDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Distinguished much by reason, and still more

By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brute's in theirs,
Are ofttimes vanquished and thrown far behind.

Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn,

But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absense, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favors lasting as the life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace,
the fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search,
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.

She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;

He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.

He can not skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts
from earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never withering wreaths, compared with
which

The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling
silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,

Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but can not hinder thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble
sphere

Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe,
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than
seen,

Must drop, indeed, the hope of public praise;
But he may boast what few that win it can—
That if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual
world

Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offense.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because the world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake,
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling, and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold

Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with
care

Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me, weary, to a safe retreat
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

THE HERMIT.

[James Beattie; born 1735; died 1803.]

At the close of the day when the ham-
let is still,

And mortals the sweets of forgetful-
ness prove,

When naught but the torrent is heard
on the hill,

And naught but the nightingale's
song in the grove;

'T was thus, by the cave of the mount-
ain afar,

While his harp rung symphonious, a
hermit began;

No more with himself or with nature
at war,

He thought as a sage, though he felt
as a man.

* * * *

"T is night, and the landscape is lovely
no more;

I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn
not for you;

For morn is approaching, your charms
to restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance and
glittering with dew;

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I
mourn;

Kind Nature the embryo blossom will
save.

But when shall spring visit the molder-
ing urn!

O! when shall it dawn on the night
of the grave!

"T was thus, by the glare of false sci-
ence betrayed,

That leads to bewilder; and dazzles
to blind;

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade
onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow
behind.

'O, pity, great Father of Light,' then
I cried,

'Thy creature, who fain would not
wander from thee;

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my
pride,

From doubt and from darkness thou
only canst free!

"And darkness and doubt are now fly-
ing away,

No longer I roam in conjecture for-
lorn;

So breaks on the traveler, faint and
astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence
of morn.

See Truth, Love and Mercy in triumph
descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's
first bloom!

On the cold cheek of death smiles and
roses are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from
the tomb."

DIVERSITY IN THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Virtuous and vicious every heart must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by part we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each in lividial seeks a several goal;
But heaven's great view is one, and that the
whole;

That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To Kings presumption, and to cowards belief
That virtue's end from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend;

Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all
Wants, frailties, passions closer still ally
The common interest or endear the tie;
To those we owe our true friendship, love sincere,
Each homefelt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same, we learn in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one would change his neighbor with himself;
The learned is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, the lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views,
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight;
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And cards and counters are the toys of age;
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride;
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain;
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this: Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

LOVE OF NATURE TENDS TO LOVE OF GOD.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[No writer in this century has done so much to expose the false in art, and to illustrate the philosophy of the beautiful and the sublime in God's universe, as the Englishman, John Ruskin. A close observer, alike microscopic and telescopic in his seeing—a profound, original thinker—he is regarded in his special department as a great creating mind. A devout spirit animates and inspires the man, and renders luminous his writings. We can not but feel grateful to one who thus opens our eyes, and gives us exquisite delight in pointing out, through his more delicate perceptions and subtle analysis, beauties in the natural world which our own unaided vision would fail to perceive. With this added knowledge and ever-continuing source of pleasure, the joys of living on earth are enhanced. It has been said of him, "He furnishes his readers with a lens through which all natural objects are glorified; the sky assumes new beauty; the clouds are decked with wondrous magnifi-

cence; and even each individual tree excites curiosity and intense admiration. As he exults over them, we are ready to exclaim, with one of our own eloquent writers, "What a thought that was when God thought of a tree."
We present from his writings a few paragraphs, in a condensed form.]

THE Bible is distinguished from all other early literature by its delight in natural imagery; and the dealings of God with his people are calculated peculiarly to awaken this sensibility within them. The Hebrew literature is full of expressions, not only testifying a vivid sense of the power of nature over man, but showing that *sympathy with natural things themselves*, as if they had human souls, which is the especial characteristic of true love of the works of God. Only consider such expressions as that tender and glorious verse in Isaiah, speaking of the cedars on the mountains as rejoicing over the fall of the king of Assyria:

"Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since *thou* art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us."

See what sympathy there is here, as if with the very hearts of the trees themselves. So, also, in the words of Christ, in his personification of the lilies:

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Consider such expressions as

"The sea saw that, and fled."

"Jordan was driven back."

"The mountains skipped like rams; and the little hills like lambs."

Try to find any thing in profane writing like this. And note further that the whole book of Job appears to have been chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart.

The books of the Old Testament, as distinguished from all other early writings, are thus prepared for an everlasting influence over humanity; and, finally, Christ himself, setting the concluding example to the conduct and thoughts of men, spends nearly his whole life in the fields, the mountains,

or the small country villages of Judea; and in the very closing scenes of his life, will not so much as sleep within the walls of Jerusalem, but rests at the little village of Bethphage, walking in the morning, and returning in the evening, through the peaceful avenues of the Mount of Olives, to and from his work of teaching in the temple.

It would thus naturally follow, both from the general tone and teaching of the Scriptures, and from the example of our Lord himself, that wherever Christianity was preached and accepted, there would be an immediate interest awakened in the works of God, as seen in the natural world.

The whole force of education, until very lately, has been directed, in every possible way, to the destruction of the love of nature. The only knowledge which has been considered essential among us is that of words, and, the next after it, of the abstract sciences; while every liking shown by children for simple natural history has been either violently checked, (if it took an inconvenient form for the housemaids,) or else scrupulously limited to hours of play; so that it has really been impossible for any child earnestly to study the works of God but against its conscience; and the love of nature has become inherently the characteristic of truants and idlers. * * *

We shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will *always* be found to have more faith in God than the other. Nature worship will be found to bring with it such a sense of the presence and power of a Great Spirit as no mere reasoning can either induce or controvert; and where that nature worship is innocently pursued, i. e., with due respect to other claims on time,

feeling, and exertion, and associated with the higher principles of religion, it becomes the channel of certain sacred truths, which can, by no other means, be conveyed.

This is not a statement which any investigation is needed to prove. It comes to us at once from the highest of all authority. The greater the number of words which are recorded in Scripture, as directly spoken to men by the lips of the Deity, are either simple revelations of his law, or special threatenings, commands, and promises relating to special events. But two passages of God's speaking, one in the Old and one in the New Testament, possess, it seems to me, a different character from any of the rest. The one was to effect *the last necessary change* in the mind of a man whose piety was in other respects *perfect*, and the other as the first statement to all men of the *principles of Christianity by Christ himself*. I mean the thirty-eighth to the forty-first chapters of the book of Job, and the Sermon on the Mount.

Now the first of these passages is, from beginning to end, nothing else than a direction of the mind which was to be perfected to a humble observance of the works of God in nature, and the other consists only in the inculcation of *three things*:

1st. Right conduct.

2d. Looking for Eternal Life.

3d. Trusting God, through watchfulness of his dealings with his creation.

And the entire contents of the Book of Job and the Sermon on the Mount will be found resolvable simply into these three requirements from all men, that they should act rightly, hope for heaven, and watch God's wonders and work in the earth—the right conduct being always summed up under the three heads of *justice, mercy, and truth*, and no mention of any doctrinal point whatsoever occurring in either piece of divine teaching.

As far as I can judge of the ways of men, it seems to me that the simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed; and I suppose that well-meaning people, in general, would rather regulate their conduct and creed by almost any other portion of Scripture whatsoever than by that Sermon on the Mount, which contains the things which Christ thought it first necessary for all men to understand. * * * *

The love of nature, I believe, is precisely the most healthy element which belongs to us, and that out of it, cultivated in earnestness and as a duty, results will spring of an importance at present inconceivable; and lights arise, which, for the first time in man's history, will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field for his energies, and the true relations between him and his Maker. * * * *

The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day; of costly and wearisome music; of costly and burdensome dress; of chagrined contention for place, or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude; and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in quiet. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the plow-share or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are *the things that make men happy*; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. * * * *

The time will come, I do verily believe, when the world will understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss fibers, that men may be happy

in seeing him at his work, and that in resting quietly beside him, and watching his working; and, according to the power he has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance he grants, in carrying out his purposes of peace and charity among all his creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.

When the active life is nobly fulfilled, and the mind is then raised beyond it into clear and calm beholding of the world around us, the tendency manifests itself in the most tender way; the simplest forms of nature are strangely animated by the sense of the Divine presence; the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God; and we, ourselves, their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they only in having a greater portion of the Divine power exerted on our frames, and all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory—to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion.

CHIMES OF NOON.

[Miss Edna Dean Proctor; a New England lady.]

Noon by God's unerring dial—highest noon of earth and time,
Through the great cathedral heavens,
hark! the chimes peal out sublime;
Chimes that marked the rounding ages,
ever grander in their play,
Ringing clear when right was victor,
up through all the morning gray;
Now they blend and rise triumphant—
blessed bells! how sweet your
singing!

'Tis the chorus of the ages, 'tis the
noonday chimes are ringing!

God be praised! we softly echo, as the
wondrous music swells,

Swaying all the warm tides hidden
deep in feeling's holy wells;
God be praised, it is the singing earth
has yearned so long to hear
Stealing through the tumult, promise of
the nobler year!

"Liberty for every creature!"—thus the
mellow measures flow—

"Liberty, and love, and honor!" chant
the bells serene and slow.

Fainter now the peans falter, while a
wailing alien strain,

Winding through its mournful minor,
thrills the air with sudden pain;
List! the happy voices drown it, sor-
row shall not mar the boon

Of the bells that high and cheerly
sound the glorious airs of noon!

"Liberty the wide earth over!"—still
the measures rise and fall—

"God, the Father, Man, the brother, so
an end of scorn and thrall."

Chimes celestial! we are drifting by
your calm, melodious tune,
Out of cloudy, misty morning into
sunlit afternoon.

There are seas for wary sailing, there
are mountains steep to climb,

Ere we gain the placid regions of the
world's millennial prime;

Still the rage and roar of battle, still
the pride and power of wrong,

Yet our labor shall be lighter, hearing
sweet your prophet-song.

From the future, while we listen, fades
the filmy veil away;

Broad the sunset glory brightens, burns
to greet the eternal day!

Vanish earth's despairing shadows—o'er
her plains what splendor shine!

Drained the brimming cup of vengeance,
now she quaffs divinest wine!

Clearer, sweeter chimes are rising as in
radiance melts the sun—

'Tis the welcome of the angels. Al-
leluia! heaven is won!

FOLLOW ME

VOYAGER on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to Eternity,
Turn from earthly things away;
Vain they are, and brief their stay:
Chaining down to earth the heart,
Nothing lasting they impart.
Voyager, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow Me.

Traveler on the road of life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife;
Know the world can never give
Aught on which the soul can live:
Grasp not riches, seek not fame—
Shining dust and sounding name.
Traveler, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow Me.

Wanderer from thy Father's throne,
Hasten back—thine errands own;
Turn—thy path leads not to heaven:
Turn—thy sins will be forgiven:
Turn—and let thy songs of praise
Mingle with angelic lays.
Wanderer, here is bliss for thee;
Leave them all to follow Me!

SOLILOQUY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk (the original of DeCoe's fiction of Robinson Crusoe), during his solitary abode on the desert island of Juan Fernandez.]

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, Solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

CONTENTMENT.

ANCIENT SONGS.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by kind:
Though much I want what most men
have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice—
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look—what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get—they toil—they spend with
care:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe—I scorn no friend:
I dread no death—I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor—though much they
have,
And I am rich—with little store.
They poor, I rich: they beg, I give:
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will:
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plain; I climb no hill:
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.
This is my choice; for why—I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

[Peabody, a poet of New England.]

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering
leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore:
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

[Jas. G. Percival; born in Connecticut in 1795; died in Wisconsin in 1856.]

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along, on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then, like visions, hurry by:

Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

A SABBATH RETROSPECT.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden
sun

Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering
leaves,
That on the window lay.

FRITZ INSTRUCTING THE CHILDREN.

[The Schönberg Cotta Family.]

JULY, 1527.

FRITZ is at home. It was delightful to see what festival his return was, not only in the home, but in the village—the children running to the doors to receive a smile, the mothers stopping in their work to welcome him. The day after his return was Sunday. As usual, the children of the village were assembled at five o'clock in the morning to church. Among them were our boys, and Chriemhild's and Eva's twins, Heinz and Agnes—rosy, merry children of the forest they are. All, however, looked as good and sweet as if they had been children of Eden, as they tripped after each other over the village green, their bright little forms passing in and out of the shadow of the great beech-tree which stands opposite the church.

The little company all stood together

in the church before the altar, while Fritz stood on the step and taught them. At first they sang a hymn, the elder boys in Latin, and then altogether in German; and then Fritz heard them say Luther's Catechism. How sweetly the lisping, childish voices answered the deep, manly voice, like the rustling of countless summer leaves outside, or the fall of the countless tiny cascades of the village stream in the still summer morning!

"My dear child, what art thou?" he said.

Answered from the score of little hushed, yet ringing voices—

"I am a Christian."

"How dost thou know that?"

"Because I am baptized, and believe on my dear Lord Jesus Christ."

"What is it needful that a Christian should know for his salvation?"

Answer—"The Catechism."

And afterwards, in the part concerning the Christian faith, the sweet voices repeated the creed in German:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty!"

And Fritz's voice asked gently—

"What does that mean?"

Answer—"I believe that God has created me and all creatures; has given me body and soul, eyes, ears, and all my limbs; reason, and all my senses; and still preserves them to me; and that he has also given me my clothes and my shoes, and whatsoever I eat or drink; that richly and daily he provides me with all needful nourishment for body and life, and guards me from all danger and evil; and all this out of pure, fatherly divine goodness and mercy, without any merit of deserving of mine. And for all this I am bound to thank and praise him, and also to serve and obey him. This is certainly true."

Again:

"I believe in Jesus Christ," etc.

"What does that mean?"

"I believe that Jesus Christ, true

God, begotten from the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord, who has redeemed me a lost and condemned human creature; has purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with his own holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying, that I may be his own, and live in his kingdom under him, and serve him in endless righteousness, innocence, and blessedness, even as he is risen from the dead, and lives and reigns forever. This is certainly true."

And again:

"I believe in the Holy Ghost."

"What does that mean?"

"I believe that not by my own reason or power can I believe on Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to him; but the Holy Ghost has called me, through the Gospel, enlightened me with his gifts, sanctified and kept me in the right faith, as he calls all Christian people on earth; gathers, enlightens, sanctifies them, and through Jesus keeps them in the right and only faith, among which Christian people he daily, richly forgives all sins, to me and all believers, and, at the last day, will awaken me and all the dead, and to me and all believers in Christ will give eternal life. This is certainly true."

And, again, on the Lord's prayer, the children's voices began:

"Our Father, who art in heaven."

"What does that mean?"

"God will, in this way, sweetly persuade us to believe that he is our true Father, and that we are his true children; that cheerfully, and with all confidence, we may ask of him as dear children ask of their dear fathers."

And, at the end,

"What does Amen mean?"

"That I should be sure such prayers are acceptable to the Father in heaven, and granted by him, for he himself

has taught us thus to pray; and promised that he will hear us. Amen, amen—that means, Yes, yes, that shall be done."

And when it was asked,

"Who receives the holy Sacrament worthily?"

Softly came the answer:

"He is truly and rightly prepared who has faith in these words: 'Given and shed for you for the forgiveness of sins.' But he who doubts or disbelieves these words is unworthy and unprepared; for the words, '*for you*,' need simple believing hearts."

As I listened to the simple living words, I could not wonder that Dr. Luther often repeats them to himself, or, rather, as he says, "*to God*," as an antidote to the fiery darts to the wicked one.

And so the childish voices died away in the morning stillness of the church, and the shadows of the columns fell silently across the grassy mounds or wooden crosses, beneath which rest the village dead; and as we went home, the long shadow of the beech-tree fell on the dewy village green.

Then, before eleven o'clock the church-bell began to ring, and the peasants came trooping from the different clearings of the forest. One by one we watched the various groups in their bright holiday dresses, issuing out of the depths of the dark green shade, among them, doubtless, many a branch of the Luther family who live in this neighborhood. Afterwards each door in the village poured out its contribution, and soon the little church was full, the men and women seated on the opposite side of the church, and the aged gathered around the pulpit. Fritz's text was Eva's motto, "*God so loved the world*." Simply with illustrations such as they could understand, he spoke to them of God's infinite love, and the infinite cost at which he had redeemed us; and of the love, and trust, and

obedience we owe him; and, according to Dr. Luther's advice, he did not speak too long, but "called black black, and white white, keeping to one simple subject, so that the people may go away and say, 'The sermon was about this.'" For, as I heard Dr. Luther say, "We must not speak to the common people of high difficult things, or with mysterious words. To the church come little children, maid-servants, old men and women, to whom high doctrine teaches nothing; for if they say about it, 'Ah, he said excellent things; he has made a fine sermon!' And who asks, 'What about, then?' they reply, 'I know not.'" Let us remember what pains our Lord Christ took to preach simply. From the vineyard, from the sheepfold, from trees he drew his illustrations, all that the people might feel and understand."

That sermon of Fritz's left a deep rest in my heart. He spoke not of justification and redemption merely, but of God redeeming and justifying us. Greater service can no one render us than to recall to us what God has done for us, and how he really and tenderly cares for us.

In the afternoon the children were again gathered, for a little while, in the school-room, and questioned about the sermon. At sunset again we all met for a short service in the church, and sang evening hymns in German, after which, the pastor pronounced the benediction, and the little community scattered once more to their various homes.

With the quiet sunshine, and the light shed on the home by Fritz's return, to-day seemed to me almost a day in Paradise.

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The Evening Herd wind slowly o'er the Sea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

No further seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Fragities from their dead Blood,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Boorn of his Father, & his God.

Your humble Serv^t F. Gray

FAC-SIMILE OF THE HAND-WRITING OF THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY
WRITTEN IN
A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.
BY THOMAS GRAY.



STOKE-POGES CHURCH—SCENE OF THE ELEGY.

WITH 34 ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS OF ENGLAND.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,
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INTRODUCTION
TO
GRAY'S ELEGY.

THOMAS GRAY, the author of the Elegy, "for its size the most popular poem ever written in any language," was born at Corn-hill, London, in 1716. His father, like that of Milton, was an Exchange Broker.

He was a man of correct morals, but yet so harsh and violent in disposition that his wife was forced to separate from him. It was to the exertions of this excellent woman, as a partner with her sister in the millinery business, that the poet was given the advantages of a university education. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth lent a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray, which is visible in his poetry. Gray was a severe scholar, who loved learning for learning's sake. As a man he was nice, reserved and delicate. He wrote but little; but that little was polished to the last degree. In 1749, when he was 33 years of age, his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard" was printed. It is said he had it in preparation many years, which is doubtless true, for it is finished with the most exquisite polish. Every line, every word, even every syllable was a subject of continuous and oft-repeated pains-taking, careful study. It became immediately popular with all classes, although not regarded by some scholars as the highest of his productions. "The highest poetry," it has been said, "can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will convey

pleasure to a greater number of persons than the most successful efforts of accomplished musical taste and genius; and in like manner poetry which deals with subjects of familiar life must find more readers than those inspired flights of imagination or learned allusions, however grand with the charms of poetry, which can only be enjoyed by persons of fine sensibility and something of kindred taste and knowledge." If here by the term "highest poetry" is meant that which from its similes and allusions the learned alone can understand, none can controvert the statement. But for simple poetry to which all hearts palpitate in delight, as great genius is required as for the recondite productions whose meaning is closed to only the burrowing worm of the books. What more simple than the plain, common words of the Psalms, yet how unapproachable in grandeur and majesty!

Gray studied in the school of the Italian and ancient poets, "laboring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit and their melody into his own compositions. In his country tours the poet carried with him a plano convex-mirror which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene into a view in miniature. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting and fixing and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural and interesting, but, being compressed, is seen but for a moment and then vanishes." A keen observer of Nature, he took notes as he traveled, on the spot. He would not "trust to memory," for, said he, "it is ten times worse than a lead pencil. Half a word fixed on or near the spot is worth a cart load of recollection." On one of these occasions he said, "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry."

Some years since, the Earl of Carlisle, in a public lecture upon the Poetry of Gray, made these truthful remarks upon this world-renowned production:

"I have reserved for the last topic of observation the Elegy in a Country Church-yard. And let me here say that however artificial the poetry of Gray may have been sometimes denominated, I believe I do not go too far in stating that his Elegy is, for its size, the most popular poem ever written in any language.

In corroboration of this rather positive opinion, I may appeal to the common verdict of mankind; to its lines forming household words in all memories; to its being the subject of incessant quotation, and of scarcely less frequent translation, imitation and parody. I prefer to repeat no other terms of eulogy than those of Dr. Johnson himself. His words are, "In the character of the Elegy, I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must truly rest all claim to poetical honor. The Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and sentiments to which every bosom finds an echo.

Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him. "But I am able to adduce testimony still higher, more affecting, and probably unparalleled in its kind, to the merits of this surpassing poem, and its influence over the human heart. We are always glad to have our own judgments assisted and guided by the thoughts and sayings of eminent men; and these acquire a more impressive and thrilling interest if they have been expressed shortly before the close of their lives." His Lordship then alluded to the well-authenticated incident of the immortal Wolfe reciting the poem to his brother officers just before his glorious death on the blood-stained Heights of Quebec. In substance it is as follows:

"Wolfe, reduced to straits by the failure of Johnson's co-operation, saw defeat inevitable except he won victory by the boldest enterprise. Just recovering from illness, and with strength only sufficient for imperative business, he conceived the design of landing his troops beneath the Heights of Abraham, and of ascending by a winding path, scarcely wide enough to permit two to walk abreast. Drawing the attention of the French to other points, he collected as many boats as he could, without raising suspicion, for the embarkation of his troops. At one o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, the night dark and the tide flowing in the favorable direction, he suddenly gave the order to embark. Silently, swiftly the boats moved upon the tide, every mind occupied with the thought of the dawn and its work. No word was spoken. Wolfe alone,

bending to the officers near him, broke the stillness, repeating stanzas of Gray's Elegy. What stanzas we do not know, one was

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

"How prophetic! Wolfe himself was, at that moment in the path of glory, and on the day about to dawn it led to the grave! When he had finished the recitation, he said: '*Gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.*' The Elegy was then a recent production. It was published about 1750. Wolfe took Quebec in 1759."

"But," continued his Lordship, "I pass on to a more recent instance. About two months ago the great American Statesman, Mr. Webster, was lying upon his death bed. Of course this is not the place for estimating the character and qualities of Mr. Webster. Upon two points I think there can be little difference of opinion—the force of his intellectual powers, and the affecting and ennobling account we have received of his dying hours. But from the particulars which are there recorded, we find that even in the intervals of severe pain, even in the language of decaying nature, even amid the appropriate and exalted topics of Christian penitence and hope, there was a further craving of the dying man yet unsatisfied. We are told that he was heard to repeat, somewhat indistinctly, the words '*Poet, poetry,—Gray, Gray.*' His Son repeated the first line of the Elegy,

'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.'

"'*That's it! that's it!*' exclaimed Mr. Webster. The book was brought, and other stanzas read, which seemed to give him pleasure. Surely it is not a slight thing to have satisfied, so far as the world they were about to leave was concerned, the latest aspirations of such a hero as Wolfe, and such a statesman as Webster.

"The very popularity and general acceptance of so brief a poem discourages any multiplied quotations from it. The open-

ing of the description at once puts the village life of England before us, even though the very commencing word—the curfew—is rather a recollection of obsolete habits.* In the second stanza is there not twilight in the very sounds?

'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.'

"All is so purely appropriate, without being, for an instant, tame or undignified, which is the great difference, to my mind, between Gray and more modern schools. Then we have the picture of the specific subject of the poem taken more closely:

'Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

"All sermons are here concentrated, and here every expression comes up to the full dignity of the most solemn of all human themes, without the slightest strain or inflation. You would justly blame me if I forbore to remind you, how it is said with most eloquent truth,

'Perchance, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.'

"I must not pursue the description of the care-crazed, or love-crazed youth and his epitaph, I would rather ask you to judge what the excellence of the finished poem must be from which the author deliberately rejected two such stanzas as these, after they had been once inserted.

* The ringing of a bell at nightfall, originally designed as a signal to the inhabitants to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest: the practice was instituted by William the Conqueror.

'Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
 In still, small accents breathing from the ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.'

"And this description of the rustic tomb of the village scholar:

'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
 The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

"Such were the still, melancholy, but gentle and tender reveries of the poet to whom we must now bid farewell in the church-yard of Stoke-Poges; for although its claim to be the actual scene of the "Elegy" is disputed with a neighboring village, I can not question that the one which was nearest to the place of his residence, answering adequately as it does to all the touches in his description, and which has since received his mother's remains and his own, was the real scene of inspiration."

An American traveler, who "turned his footsteps toward the church of Stoke-Poges," eloquently describes his impression of this venerable spot

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"At a distance of two or three miles from Windsor," he writes, "far removed from the public highway and within the fine old park, formerly belonging to the family of William Penn, stands the church of Stoke-Poges. Here under the "aged elm and yew-tree's shade" lie the ashes of Thomas Gray. On a tablet under the east window of the church is the following inscription:

Opposite this stone, in the same tomb in which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of THOMAS GRAY, the Author of the Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard, etc. etc. He was buried August 6th, 1771.

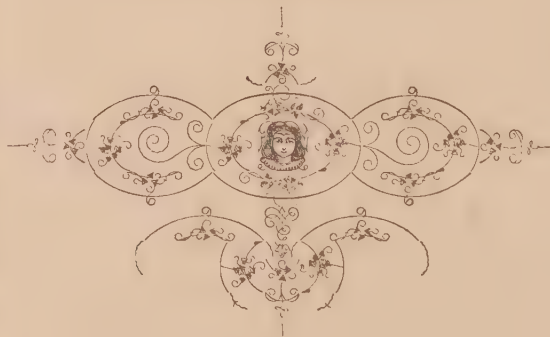
A plain unpretending tomb covers the poet and his mother. At Stoke-Poges the elms and the yew-trees shade the graves of the hamlet forefathers. I sat for a long time beneath those yews, thinking that, in all human probability, the blood of these men were still flowing in the veins of my own countrymen; for around me I saw the graves of Parry, of Cooper, of Goddard, of Gould, of Geere, and many other names familiar in our own land. And then I thought how much more desirable was the fame of the poet than of the king. This country church-yard has attractions not found beneath the roof of the Royal Chapel of St. George. Few care as to where rest the ashes of Charles the First, of George the Third, of George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. But the country church-yard where Gray wrote his Elegy, and where sleeps all that was mortal of him, is precious and sacred to every reader of the English language. The vision rises to view in city and country, in hall and in cottage, in the groves of the academy, and in the primeval forest where the smoke from the woodman's hut gives notice of advancing civilization. I remained musing for a long time. No human voice disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. The deer, which had been feeding in the park, were gathering and lying down to their rest. The songs of the birds in the leafy elms had ceased, for the shades of evening were advancing. The morn would break on the morrow, but

'The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn'

would never arouse the poet, or those who sleep around him, 'from their lowly beds.' 'Peace to their ashes!' was my humble benediction, as I bade farewell to this sequestered and beautiful spot consecrated by genius."

The Elegy has been a favorite subject for illustration with artists. Thirty-three years since, a beautiful edition of the Poem was issued in London, under the auspices of JOHN MARTIN, from original designs by LANDSEER, WESTALL, CONSTABLE, COPLEY FIELDING and other eminent English painters of that day. They were re-produced in one of the earlier volumes of the monthly of the Harper's, of which those here

are identical. Being in miniature and in exquisite delicacy, the crowded form there given failed to convey the distinctness of impression due to their great merit. We here obviate the difficulty by presenting them in ample relief, each on a page by itself. An elegant edition of the *Elegy*, in Holiday garb and price corresponding, is now published by W. H. Appleton, New York. The designs are also copies of those in the London work of Martin, but much enlarged and wanting in delicacy, yet so bold and brilliant as to impart pleasure, especially to impaired vision.





GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of G. BARRETT.

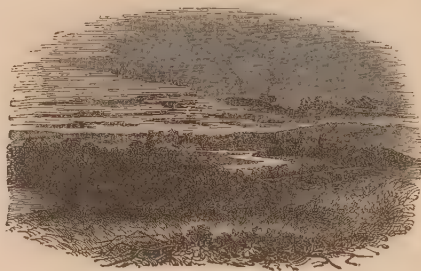
VERSE I.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of COPLEY FIELDING.

VERSE II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. CONSTABLE, R. A.

VERSE III.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,

The moping Owl does to the Moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of G. CATTERMOLLS.

VERSE IV.

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. CONSTABLE, R. A.

VERSE V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-bull shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,

No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of T. STOTHARD, R. A.

VERSE VI.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,

Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of P. DEDMON.

VERSE VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team a-field!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of W. BOWALL.

VERSE VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of S. A. HART, A. R. A.

VERSE IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,

Await, alike, th' inevitable hour ;—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

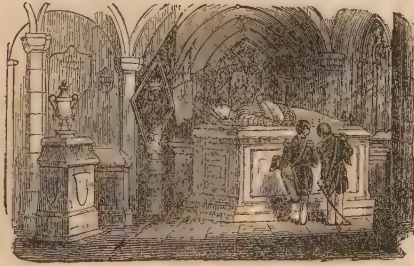


GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of G. CATTEMOLE.

VERSE X.

*Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. CONSTABLE, R. A.

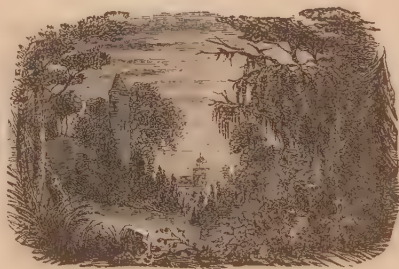
VERSE XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of THOMAS LANDELL.

VERSE XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid

Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of FRANK HOWARD.

VERSE XIII.

*But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of W. WESTALL, A. R. A.

VERSE XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of W. CALCOTT, R. A.

VERSE XV.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. H. NIXON.

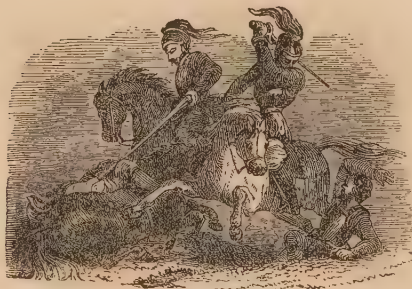
VERSE XVI.

Th' applause of listening senates to command;

The threats of pain and ruin to despise;

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of A. COOPER, B. A.

VERSE XVII.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of W. MURRAY, R. A.

VERSE XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. W. WRIGHT.

VERSE XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of CHARLES LANDSEER.

VERSE XX.

*Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED

Engraved from the Design of J. J. CHALON, A. R. A.

VERSE XXI.

*Their name, their years, spell by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of H. HOWARD, R. A.

VERSE XXII.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of R. WESTALL, R. A.

VERSE XXIII.

*On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of J. W. WATGHT.

VERSE XXIV.

*For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Does in these lines their artless tale relate;
If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of COPLEY FIELDING.

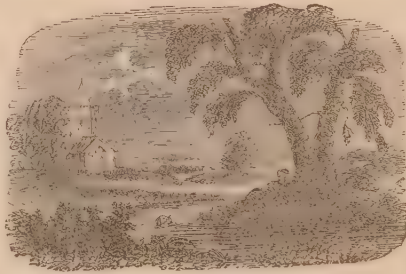
VERSE XXV.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say:

“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,

Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,

To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of G. BARRETT.

VERSE XXVI.

*“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.*

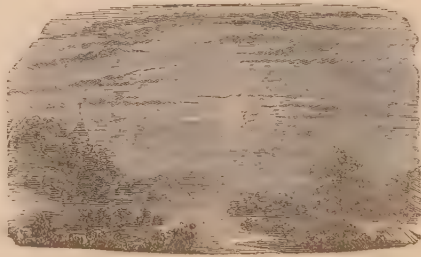


GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of THOMAS FIELDING.

VERSE XXVII.

*“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove :
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.*

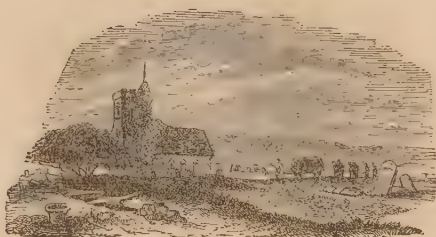


GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of C. R. STANLEY.

VERSE XXVIII.

*“One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;*

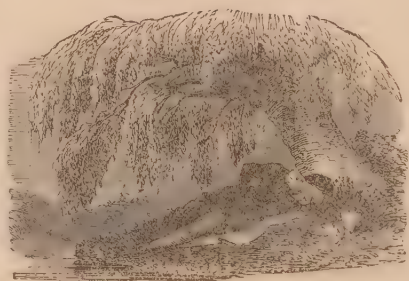


GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of W. COLLINS, R. A.

VERSE XXIX.

*"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of FRANK HOWARD.

VERSE XXX.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of H. HOWARD, R. A.

VERSE XXXI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;

Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to Misery all he had—a tear ;

He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.



GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

Engraved from the Design of S. A. HART, A. R. A.

VERSE XXXII.

*No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*



